

MODERN SCREEN

APRIL



Claudette
Colbert

SCOOP!

NORMA SHEARER talks about JOAN CRAWFORD

1933 WILL BE FAMED FOR ONE PICTURE!

HELL BELOW



with ROBERT
MONTGOMERY

WALTER HUSTON
MADGE EVANS
JIMMY DURANTE

Directed by
JACK CONWAY

Every year one picture leaps out of the parade of pictures to startle, amaze and thrill the world! For months Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has secretly prepared for you a dramatic spectacle more ambitious than anything yet undertaken by this producing organization. Previewed in Hollywood as this magazine goes to press it is acclaimed as greater than "Hell Divers." Watch for it!

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!



*Never fails to use Lipstick—
Neglects her Teeth and Gums
and she has "pink tooth brush"!*

IT HAS never dawned upon this girl that lipstick draws attention to her dull, dingy-looking teeth—or she would take better care of her teeth and gums.

Are *your* teeth dull—or bright? Are your gums firm—or flabby?

If your gums bleed easily—if you have "pink tooth brush"—the soundness of your gums, the

brightness of your teeth, and the attractiveness of your smile may be in danger.

"Pink tooth brush" may lead to gum troubles as serious as gingivitis, Vincent's disease, or even pyorrhea. It is a threat to the good-looks of your teeth—and sometimes to the teeth themselves.

Try the Ipana method of keeping your teeth sparkling, and your gums firm and healthy.

Soft modern foods rob your gums of the stimulation they need. To give them this necessary stimulation, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums each time you clean your teeth.

Almost immediately your teeth will brighten. Soon, you'll see an improvement in your gums. Continue with Ipana and massage, and you needn't be bothered about "pink tooth brush."

IPANA



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. K-43
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a three-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

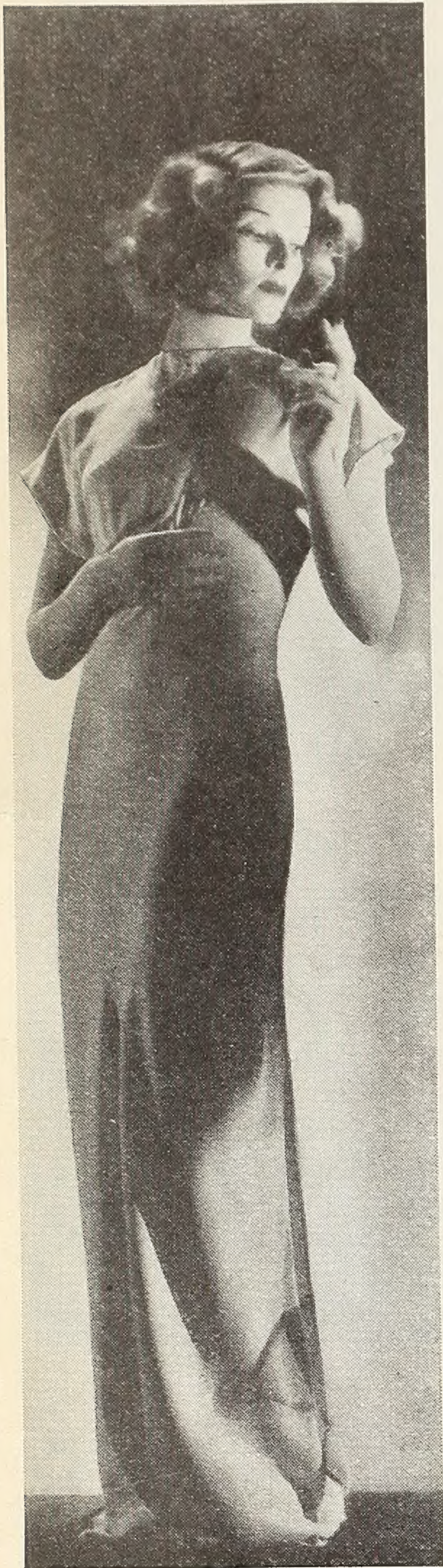
Street.....

City..... State.....

A Good Tooth Paste, Like a Good Dentist, Is Never a Luxury

This Month in
MODERN SCREEN

We present "Glamor," a
magazine within
a magazine



The picture of Katharine Hepburn, above, is, in a way, symbolic of the new feature we will bring to you each month, commencing with this issue. We have called this feature "Glamor"—a magazine within a magazine. It will bring you the very latest—the most authentic news—about fashion, beauty and the home.

In this first issue of "Glamor," you will find "Your Spring Wardrobe" by Margery Wells, Mary Biddle's "Beauty Advice," "In Your Own Home—a Corner of Pickfair" and—just to show you that glamor has its practical side, too—our regular Modern Hostess department. There is also the Hollywood Charm Gossip—a column which brings you fascinating chatter about the stars' wardrobes, homes, parties, and beauty secrets.

Watch this new feature! If you're interested in your appearance, your clothes, your health, your home and your happiness—and what woman isn't?—you can't afford to be without this every month.

MODERN SCREEN

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Ernest V. Heyn, Editor

K. Rowell Batten, Associate Editor

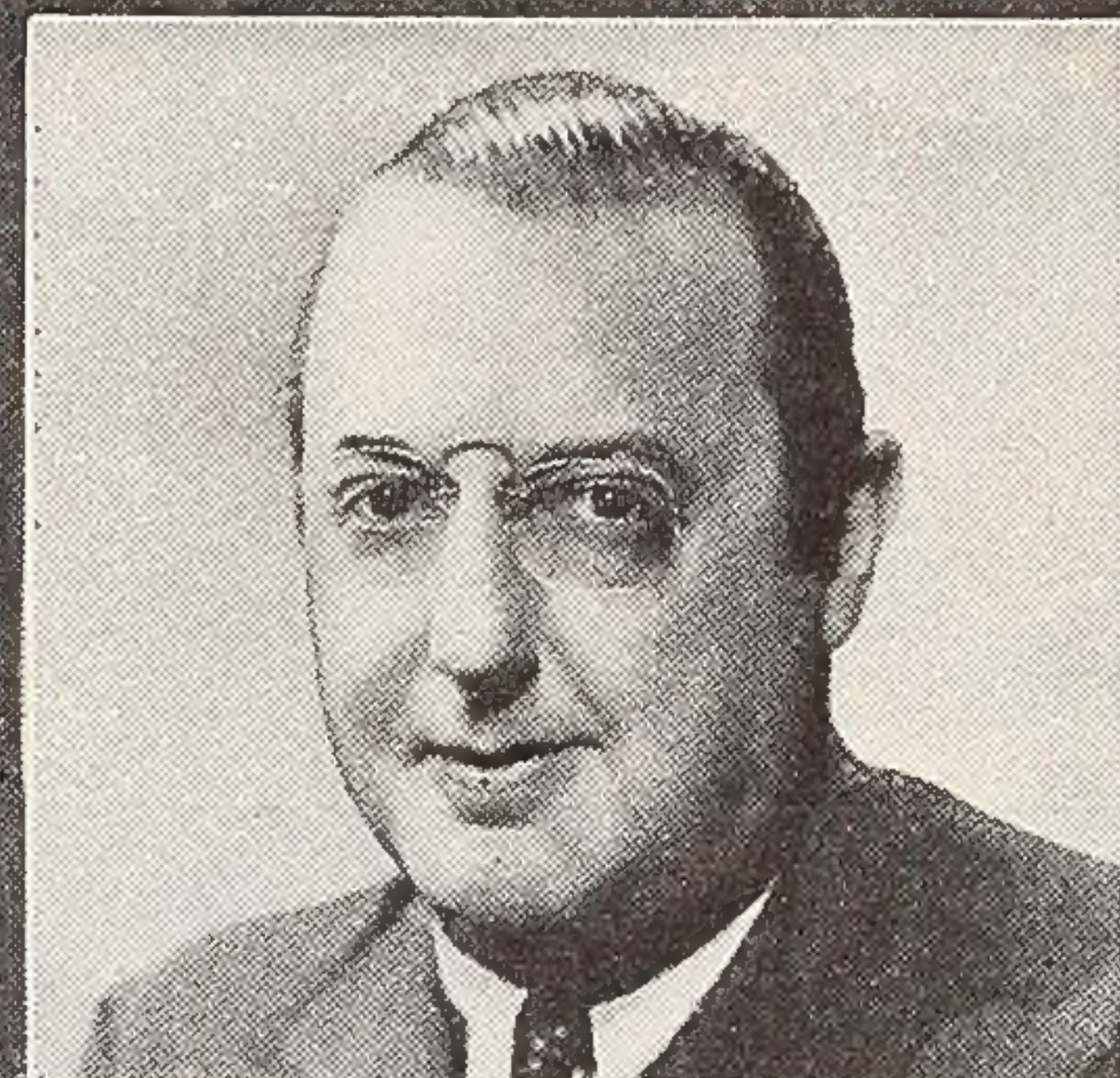
Walter Ramsey, Western Representative

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"CAVALCADE", "STATE FAIR" and NOW—

FOX FILM presents

A JESSE L. LASKY PRODUCTION



JESSE L. LASKY

The genius who made movies the great American entertainment, crowns his career with the year's most thrilling picture.

Where youth finds love amid the strangest of settings . . .

Where, before the eyes of the curious, is enacted a primitive romance so thrilling, so tender so strange...that by the very power and uniqueness of its story and the production genius of Jesse L. Lasky, ZOO in BUDAPEST definitely becomes one of the leaders in the Fox Cavalcade of Hits.

ZOO IN BUDAPEST



with

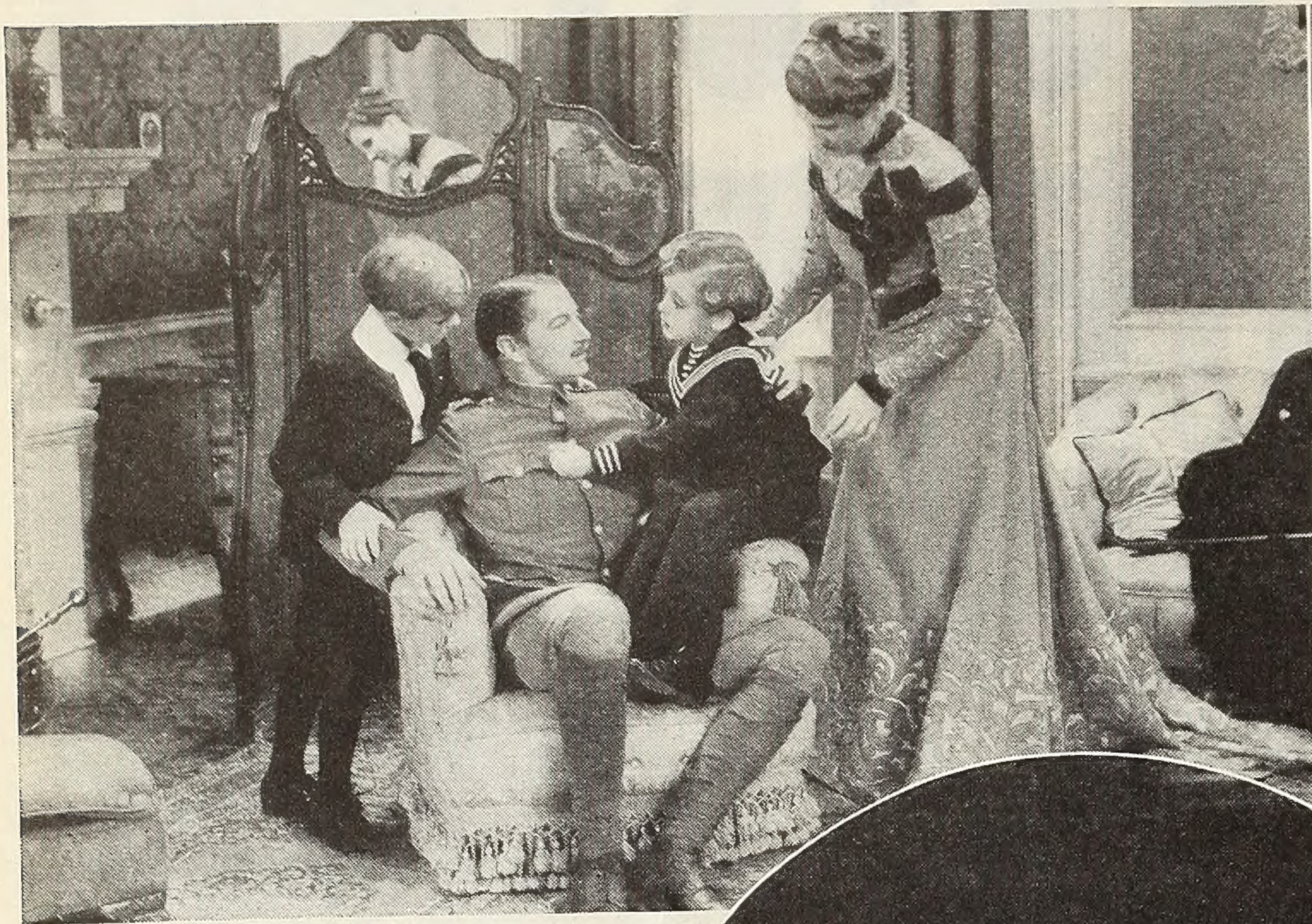
**LORETTA YOUNG
GENE RAYMOND**

O. P. HEGGIE

Directed by Rowland V. Lee

REVIEWS

—A TOUR OF TODAY'S TALKIES



(Above) Douglas Scott, Clive Brook, Dick Henderson, Jr., and Diana Wynyard in the perfect "Cavalcade." (Above, right) Irene Dunne and Phillips Holmes in "The Secret of Madame Blanche."



(Left) Una Merkel, Ruby Keeler, George E. Stone, Warner Baxter and Ginger Rogers in "Forty-second Street." A grand musical which will thrill and delight you. Bebe Daniels is in this one, too.



STATE FAIR (Fox)

HERE is the grand champion picture of them all. A romantic comedy-drama of the adventures of a middle-western American family at the state fair. In this film, Janet Gaynor, Will Rogers and Lew Ayres head the cast with Sally Eilers, Norman Foster and Louise Dresser also having important parts.

Janet Gaynor and Lew Ayres offer romance and idyllic love; Will Rogers and "Blue Boy," his 900-pound hog, provide lots of comedy. Sally Eilers and Norman Foster engage in some flaming love-making.

The story deals with a family, every member of which gets what he or she wants upon going to the state fair. Pa wins a prize for his hog, Ma for her pickles, and son and daughter get the romance they are looking for.

This is a very human sort of picture, for all its truly grand scope. You'll get a kick out of the everyday problems of the characters. Take the whole family.

CAVALCADE (Fox)

This is the first picture since "Birth of a Nation" that deserves the word "epic." Noel Coward's great play has been transcribed in all its beauty . . . all its power and, in the bargain, been made to appear universal in form.

"Cavalcade" is the first tremendously big picture we have ever seen in which the human tenderness of the story was greater than the awe-inspiring background. True, this great picture has a powerful back-drop (thirty years of the history of England), but even this magnitude fails to overshadow the story of the Marryot family through whose eyes the happenings of years are viewed.

Every single member of the cast seems to be perfect! Each detail is artistically praiseworthy. When attempting to reproduce parts of the city of London, the Fox studio demanded that it be done to *scale*! Hardly a memorable event or scene, from 1900 to 1933, has been left out.

But, while the story reaches (Continued on page 8)

These reviews give you the lowdown on the very latest Hollywood products

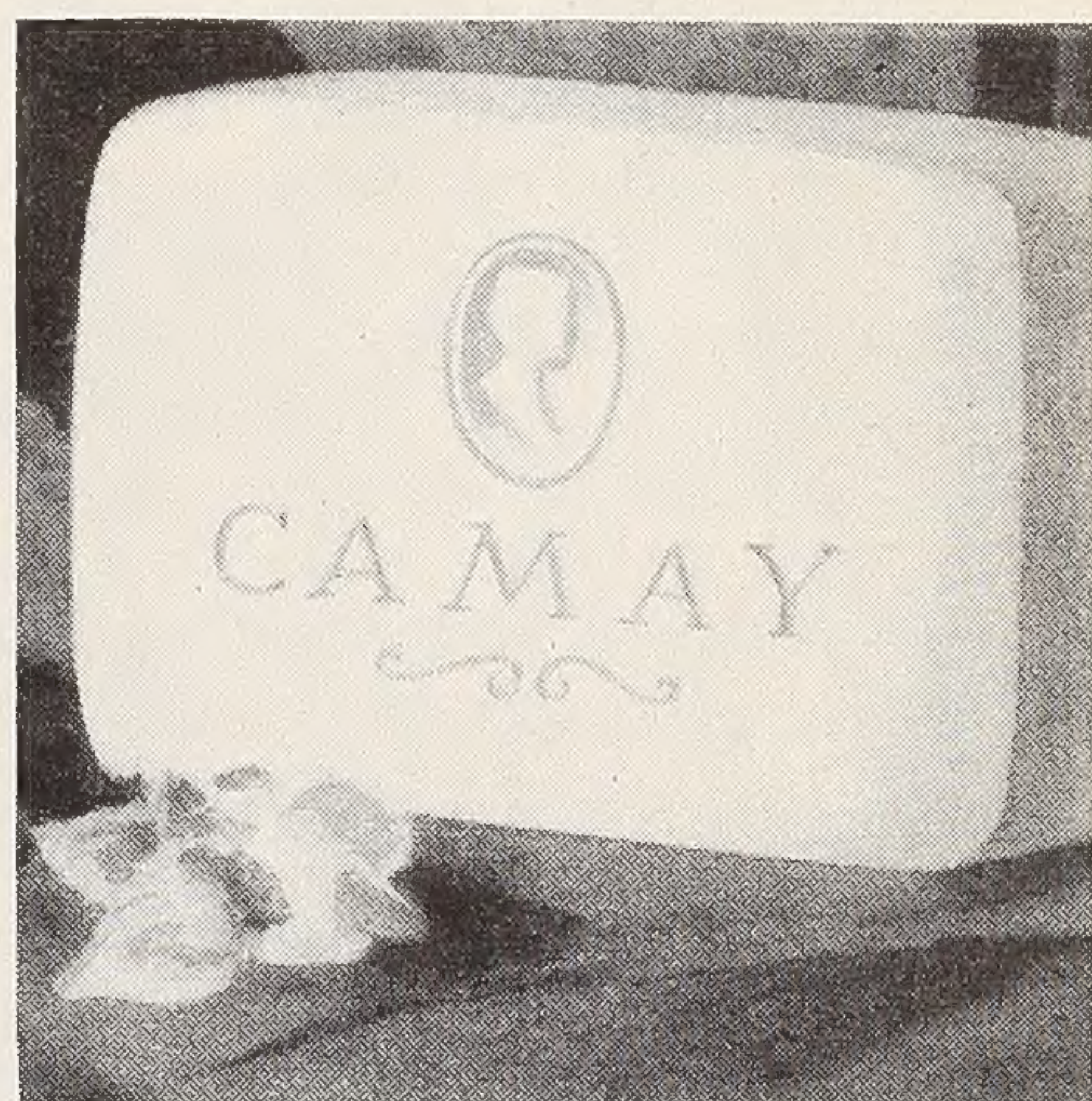
You against the Rest of Womankind your Beauty · · your Charm · · your Skin!



Alone, your looks may not seem so important to you. But when you must hold your own, in competition with other women, you realize that life is a Beauty Contest. Someone's eyes are forever searching your face, comparing you with other women, judging the beauty of your skin.



• To have a skin of clear, natural loveliness, apply a lather of Camay and warm water to your face twice a day. Rinse thoroughly with cold water.



• Pure, creamy-white Camay is the safe beauty soap for the feminine skin. You'll find Camay's rich, luxuriant lather delightful in your bath, as well!

Copr. 1933, Procter & Gamble Co.

Of course, you can mask your thoughts, your feelings. But you cannot mask your skin. It is there for all to see . . . to flatter or criticize, to admire or deplore. In the Beauty Contest of life, in keen rivalry with other women, it's the girl with flawless skin who wins.

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Your complexion at its radiant best is a glorious weapon that can help you conquer. And Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women,

is your skin's best friend. Camay is mild, pure, safe. Made of delicate oils for delicate skins. And what a rich, copious lather it gives, even in hard water!

THE PRICE IS DOWN

Camay, in its gay new dress, is the outstanding beauty value of the hour that women are flocking to buy. Never has a soap so fine sold at a price so low! Get a dozen cakes today!

CAMAY

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN



(Left) Bruce Cabot, Bill Boyd, Phyllis Frazer and William Gargan in "Lucky Devils." It's the story of Hollywood stunt men and if you're the type who likes thrills, don't miss it. (Upper left) Kate Smith and Randolph Scott in "Hello, Everybody." Kate starts off in this as the farmer's daughter—no gags, please—and finishes up as a radio star. Story isn't so hot but it's good enough to give Katie a chance to act before the camera. (Above) Wynne Gibson, Jean Hersholt and Stuart Erwin in "The Crime of the Century." Good exciting stuff.

(Continued from page 6)
the heights of joy and the depths of despair, mere words could never convey to you an iota of its greatness. We hope you will see it for yourself!

We salute every person who in any way contributed to the beauty and sweep of this production. Diana Wynyard, you were marvelous as the mother of the boys and the culture and charm you have brought to the screen will long be remembered. Clive Brook, you gave your greatest performance. Frank Lawton, Una O'Connor, Herbert Mundin, Ursula Jeans and Irene Browne—you deserve our tribute. Director Frank Lloyd—you are now viewing Hollywood from the top of the directorial ladder.

If you miss "Cavalcade" you will have missed one of the few real contributions Hollywood has made to the culture and art of this century.

WHISTLING IN THE DARK (M-G-M)

Here's a grand new team of comedians for you—Una Merkel and Ernest (stage import) Truex. They'll keep you in an uproar from start to finish of this clever story that rips along at a fast tempo.

Things begin to happen when Truex and his sweetie (Una) fall in-

to the hands of gangsters and Truex, a writer of crime stories, is forced to concoct a "perfect crime" by which the gangsters can do away with an enemy! But the fun really starts when the writer and Una work out *another* scheme to counteract the original plot!

Besides this swell pair, there are John Miljan and Johnny Hines as gang leaders and Nat Pendleton as the fathead who goes for Una in a big way. It's real entertainment!

SAILOR BE GOOD (RKO)

Oakie, in the raw, is seldom mild . . . or something! This little offering is for youse guys who like gags that smack of the gutter rather than the drawing room.

Jack Oakie is a sailor whose ambitions as a fighter are waylaid by gin and a gal. He gets roped into matrimony while on one of his bats. However, he reforms, wins the championship (of course) and his old sweetie, Vivienne Osborne, is good enough to forgive and forget! Oakie shines his brightest.

FORTY-SECOND STREET (Warners)

Warner Brothers got all hepped-up over this one and hired a special train—put Neon lights all over it—

filled it with stars and dancing girls and visited every "key city" on the way to the New York opening!

It's one of those musicals—and for once the plot isn't so bad! Bebe Daniels is the star of a musical show (you'll hear her warble) who gets hurt and thus gives her understudy (Ruby—Mrs. Al Jolson—Keeler) a break. George Brent is Bebe's sweetheart and Warner Baxter is the stage director. Guy Kibbee, Una Merkel, Dick Powell and Ginger Rogers are all swell. You'll hear lots and lots of snappy tunes, some real hotsy dance numbers and a flock of near-nude damsels will do their very best to delight your eye.

Doesn't that sound as though you'll be getting your money's worth?

TONIGHT IS OURS (Paramount)

To the *ladies* (and most of the men) we present a story that is honestly a WOW. The grand combination of Claudette Colbert and Fredric March is reason enough to see it (remember them in "Honor Among Lovers"?) but besides this team, you are going to see a *swell* story.

It's all about a Queen (Colbert) who loves a commoner (March) but is about to be forced to marry a Prince (Paul Cavanaugh). The Prince, (Continued on page 10)

Inaugurating a NEW DEAL in ENTERTAINMENT!

WARNER BROS. set the pace with the ENTERTAINMENT MIRACLE of 1933—"42nd Street"... Super-drama—super-spectacle! Two mighty shows in one!... Gripping story of playgirls and payboys... Packed with love-thrills and wonderful music... Gorgeous pageant of beauty—pulsating with passionate rhythm... Filled with surprises!... The Greatest Show of 1933!



14 STARS

WARNER BAXTER
BEBE DANIELS
GEORGE BRENT
RUBY KEELER
UNA MERKEL
DICK POWELL
GINGER ROGERS
GUY KIBBEE
NED SPARKS
GEORGE E. STONE
EDDIE NUGENT
ALLEN JENKINS
ROBERT McWADE
H. B. WALTHALL

and

200 GIRLS

Directed by LLOYD BACON

WARNER BROS! Sensational Musical Hit!

Coming to your theatre soon... Don't miss it—it's going to be the most talked-about picture of the year



ATTRACTIVE?
NOT TO MEN UNTIL...

She DISCOVERED the Beauty of being Natural!

NICE EYES. Nice teeth. Nice everything. But somehow men didn't take to her. They said her mouth was conspicuous. "Couldn't see her lips for the paint!"... Then, as good luck would have it, she tried a different lipstick. A lipstick that accents her natural coloring...ending that painted look!

Flatters lips with natural color!

No man will tell you to your face that you have a painted look. Yet, without doubt, a painted look comes from all ordinary lipsticks. Tangee, however, isn't ordinary. It isn't paint. Tangee brings out the natural color hidden in your own lips...yet never paints them!

In the stick, it's orange. On the lips, *your* natural coloring! For Tangee changes instantly to *your* shade of blush rose!

Use Tangee for youthful lips...glowing with natural color all day long! Costs no more than ordinary lipsticks. At drug stores and cosmetic counters.

New Refillable Rouge Compact

Tangee Rouge, too, changes to your natural shade *instantly*. It blends beautifully...heightens natural coloring...never makes cheeks look painted. Comes in refillable compact. Buy Tangee Rouge Refill at a saving! Fits compact perfectly.

Keller, Sargent & Ross!
A Personality Trio that tickled the high-hats of Europe! Tues. and Thurs. 7:30 P. M. (E. S. T.)
Columbia Network.



TANGEE
World's Most Famous Lipstick
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

▶ ONLY 10c! FOR MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET! ◀

★ The George W. Luft Co., Inc. MM4
417 Fifth Ave., New York

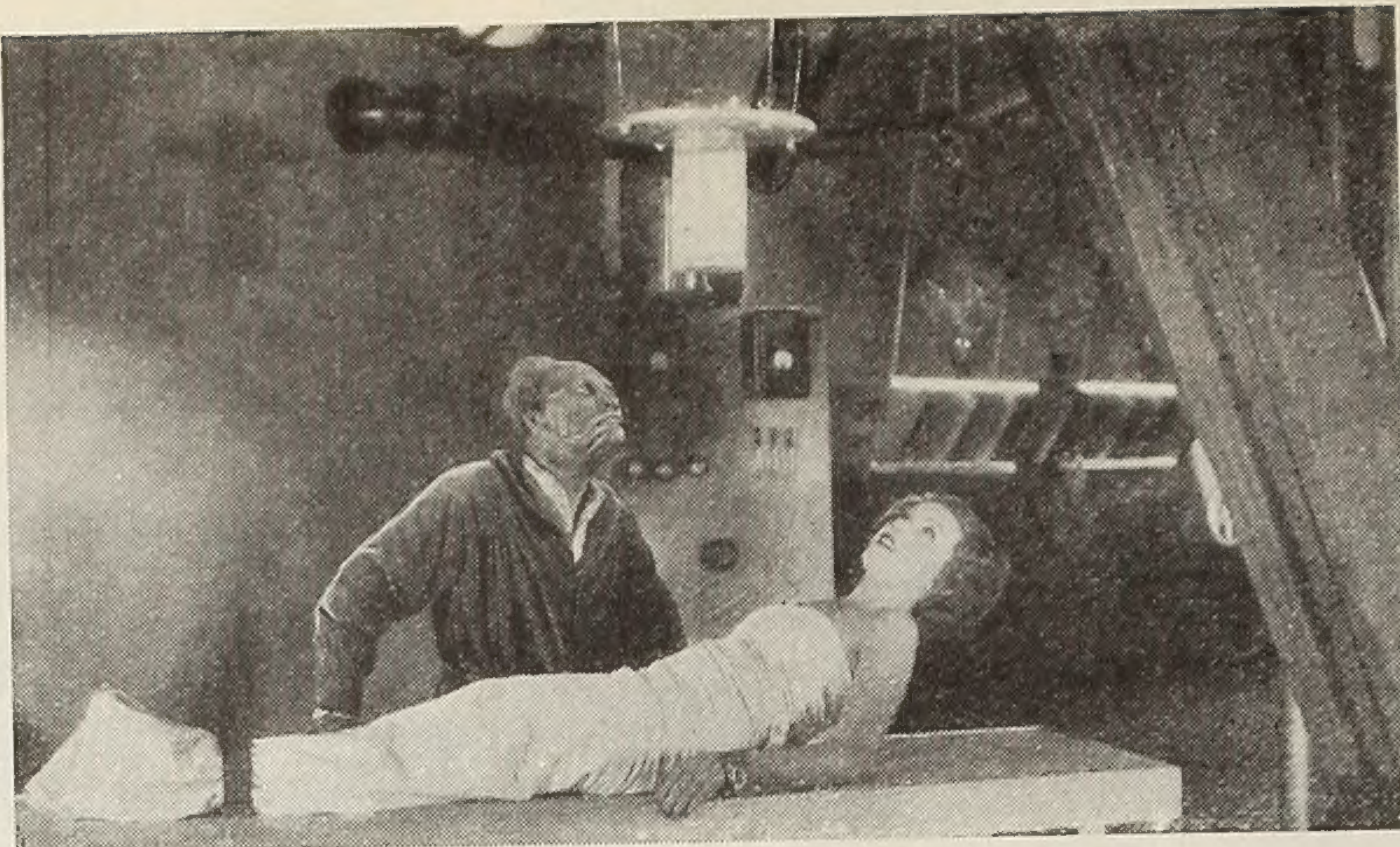
I enclose 10c. Send Miracle Make-up Set
containing trial-size { Tangee Lipstick
Tangee Rouge Compact

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____



Lionel Atwill and
Fay Wray in "The
Wax Museum."
Highly gruesome
murder story.

(Continued from page 8)

fortunately enough, is in the same boat and wants to marry someone else. The rabble of the kingdom want their Queen to marry one of *them* so when they catch March in her bedroom (that last night) someone yells "Pass the bananas" and all ends well! We mean the love birds are allowed to tweet together.

You'll go for this one in a big way, we're sure. The leads are perfect and to add to the merriment, Alison Skipworth plays the Duchess...and is she the *grand* Duchess!

TERROR TRAIL (Universal)

If you're looking for a Western you couldn't pick a better one than this! The story is simple and understandable...there is a minimum of dialogue...and it's just chock full of riproarin' action. Tom Mix is the hero who gallops gallantly astride Tony, Jr. (Remember, the *original* Tony got hurt and had to be put out to pasture). Naomi Judge is the "gal" and really does quite well for a newcomer. The story includes the usual horse thieves—swindling and heroics. If you like 'em fist-and-plain, see this.

CHILD OF MANHATTAN (Columbia)

All about the little taxi dancer and the rich old mans. The dance hall gal (Nancy Carroll) exchanges her job for a swanky Park Avenue apartment offered by John Boles who marries her when the child is born. The baby dies, however, and Carroll offers her protector his freedom.

A scheming lawyer almost messes up things because he demands so much alimony that the rich husband thinks the dancer married him for his money. In the meantime, a young lad from the country comes into her life (in the form of Buck Jones playing a straight role for a change) but in the end, the wealthy lover finds out the truth and marries her again for a happy ending's sake.

Nancy Carroll as the bowery twist makes you believe her and John Boles is swell as the "Backstreet" type. And you'll like Buck Jones in this one.

LUXURY LINER (Paramount)

This is called "Grand Hotel of the Ocean"...but aside from some very massive and gorgeous sets, the comparison is a bit out of line!

Alice White gives a good, snappy performance of the flapperish type, but the rest of the cast (Zita Johann, George Brent and Frank Morgan) are more like wax figures...just walking around to save funeral expenses! Vivienne Osborne is very good in a small bit (why don't they give this girl a real break?). The story, for the most part, is slow and meaningless. It is NOT good entertainment. Save your money.

HARD TO HANDLE (Warners)

This is a little offering, believe it or not, in which someone *steals* a picture from Cagney! And was he annoyed when he saw the finished film?

Funny part of it is, that Cagney has one of his *swell* parts...really a "natural"...all about the adventures of a high-powered press agent (shades of Lee Tracy) and his love affair with a marathon dancer plus her mother. The gal is portrayed by Mary Brian (you won't like her in the blond wig) and Ruth Donnelly as her "movie mamma"—she's the one who runs away with the footage.

Cagney promotes everything from Marathon dances to eighteen-day grapefruit diets...and is in and out of jail the while. However, it seemed to make little difference whether he was in or out... "Mamma" stole the picture! Don't miss this one.

SCARLET RIVER (RKO)

Tom Keene is just a make-believe cowboy in this opus. He applies the
(Continued on page 89)

Lee Tracy in *Private Jones*

...WITH GLORIA STUART★
DONALD COOK • EMMA DUNN
FRANK McHUGH • RUSSELL GLEASON

PRIVATE Jones was a lovable fool and he couldn't escape the draft. He snarled at patriotism, hated his officers and the men around him. He despised the army and refused to bow to discipline. He was cocky and quick-tempered. He wanted to fight everybody but the enemy. But there came a day when he was forced to the firing-line and in that swirling sea of fire, "PRIVATE JONES"—but see the picture in which LEE TRACY makes the hit of his career.

Presented By
CARL LAEMMLE

Story by Richard Schayer.

Directed by
RUSSELL MACK

Produced by
CARL LAEMMLE, Jr.

IT'S A UNIVERSAL

HOLLYWOOD never wanted the Doug. Jrs., to stay married

... Read this unusual picture
of the conspiracy of doubt
which for two years Hollywood
directed at Joan and Doug, Jr.
And learn the reason



(Left) Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., caught by our cameraman on the Boulevard.
(Below) How could they withstand so much rumor?



J. B. Scott

FOR two years Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., have been the focal point of Hollywood gossip.

The gossip has gone something like this—"They can't stay married. Joan's too attractive. She was a hey-hey girl for too long. Doug is too attractive, too. They're both too high strung and temperamental."

So don't blame Doug and Joan—blame Hollywood!

How could they withstand so much rumor? Picture Joan's friends running to her with stories about Doug. Just hear Doug's friends telling him rumors about Joan.

Hear Hollywood asking, "Why

wasn't Joan present at Doug Sr.'s welcome home party? Why has Doug been more at Pickfair than Joan? Why wasn't Joan at Jack Pickford's funeral? Of course she says she was working, but that's what Joan says." Hollywood did not consider the fact that she was honestly working!

Watch the Hollywood columns. "The sympathy of the husband's family will be with the wife," etc., etc., etc. And all the rest of it.

But in all the surging sea of rumor a few facts do stand out!

Hollywood—the Hollywood that did not want them to stay married (and I'll tell you why in a minute) has whispered every time Joan and Ricardo Cortez danced together. The fact is that every time Joan and Ric have danced together, Doug has been along.

AND here's another fact. Joan has very few girl friends. Her best friends have always been men—and Doug has always known about it.

The same thing has happened to Doug. Several months ago there was gossip when he took another girl to a party—a friend of Joan's, by the way—when Joan had to work late. Joan knew and approved of the arrangement. But Hollywood didn't want her to approve.

Hollywood has caused all the trouble!

In the midst of the present rumors both Joan and Doug have gone to Doug, Sr., with their problems. Doug, Jr., has spent hours and hours with his dad and not very long ago Hollywood found significance in a certain quiet, undisturbed *tête-a-tête* which took place one afternoon recently in the Brown Derby. The two who participated in this *tête-a-tête* were Joan and Doug, Sr., her father-in-law.

It was an intimate talk, one could tell, and Hollywood was sure that that family (*Continued on page 113*)

VOL. 2, No. 2

HOLLYWOOD, MARCH, 1933

NEWS
SECTION

EMIL JANNINGS RETURNING TO UNITED STATES

**Mrs. B. P. Schulberg Negotiating for German's Return.
Personal Tour Scheduled**

The Schulberg-Feldman agency on the West Coast has options on several important foreign actors, the most important of whom is Emil Jannings. He has agreed to return to America, with final negotiations and contract to be arranged later with Mrs. Schulberg on the Coast.

There have been many rumors of Jannings' return, but this is pretty authentic. A month's time will probably find him here. He has agreed to make a personal appearance tour in the east for three or four weeks, after which he will proceed to Hollywood.

It is said that Jannings speaks English now very well indeed—scarcely a trace of his guttural accent left.

Zasu Pitts Divorce Soon Final— Plans to Marry Again Shortly

According to the Hollywood gossipers, when the divorce of Zasu Pitts and Tom Gallery becomes final, Zasu will marry J. E. Woodall who, in case you don't know, is a tennis champion.

Tom Gallery, who is very handsome in a nice, tweedy sort of way, will also marry again—according to rumor. Madge Evans, no less, will be his happy bride, they say.

Doug, Sr., Off to Switzerland. Mary Will Follow Him Later

We learn from the theatrical weekly, *Variety*, that Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., has gone to Switzerland for the winter sports and some scene-shooting. Mary remained in Hollywood to complete "Secrets," then hastened to New York for the picture's opening, and plans to sail for Italy subsequently. Doug will join her there later.

The Junior Douglas also left Hollywood recently—for New York. Joan cried at the station—but that night she was dancing at the Grove with Fanchot Tone.

Jack Pearl to Make Films For Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Baron Munchausen speaking: "So I go to Hollywood soon and I make yun hundred pictures for Metro-Goldwyn-Horse."

Sharlie: "How many pictures—and for whom?" Baron: "I mean—two pictures for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer."

And, for once, that last story of the Baron's is accurate enough to check with *Variety's* reporter. He'll get \$200,000.



Edward and Marian before the break-up

MARIAN NIXON IS DIVORCING EDWARD HILLMAN

**Charges Her Husband
"Cursed and Threatened Her."
Wed Three and a Half Years**

On August 14, 1929, Marian Nixon became the bride of Edward Hillman, Jr. Edward had met Marian during one of his visits to the Coast—his parents are wealthy business people and he frequently takes business trips around the country.

The two of them were all set to go East and live in Chicago—the home town of Eddie's parents. But then, at the last moment, Marian decided she couldn't quit the screen and wanted to stay on the Coast. Edward, in order to be near her, started a business there. They were happy for some years.

In her suit, Marian states that Edward cursed and threatened her and sometimes "quarrelled all night."

Connie and Hank Go to London—Can He Come Back?

Terse heading in *Variety*: "Connie Bennett's Husband Told to Leave Country." No, he hasn't committed a crime. Government agents have been rounding up foreign picture personalities and telling them that their visits had been long enough. So Connie up and decided to go to London and Paris with him. Suppose he can't come back—what of Connie's career?

Bela Lugosi Weds—Will Early Love Wreck Marriage?

Recently, Bela Lugosi, Hungarian actor, was married to 21-year-old Lillian Arch in Las Vegas, Nevada. There's a story here, a story which ran in MODERN SCREEN some time ago. Lugosi has been married twice before. And shortly after each marriage, a woman he loved in his youth—Hedi, her name is—appeared suddenly and warned him that he must divorce his wife. So great is her hypnotic power in Lugosi's life that each time the marriage has swiftly terminated in divorce.

Thelma Todd Recovering From Serious Automobile Accident

Thelma Todd, that lovely lady who has worked up to a high place in the film colony and who not so long ago became the bride of Pat de Cicco, recently got mixed up in an automobile accident.

Injured, she was sent to the Hollywood Hospital to recover. And you'll be glad to hear that her condition has improved very much and she'll be well again soon.

\$60,000 Contract Suit Against Tom Mix Won By Circus Impresario

When Tom left the screen some years ago and toured the country with a circus it seems he made a contract with Zach Miller, circus impresario.

Everything seemed to go all right until Tom got an offer to return to the screen. With that offer he quit the circus business to go back to Hollywood.

According to the suit, his leaving the circus was a breach of contract and Zach Miller brought suit against him for the tidy sum of \$60,000. And the courts upheld Mr. Miller's charges and ordered Tom to pay.

Tom recently quit the screen again when his contract with Universal ran out. Universal now have Ken Maynard as their Western star.

What Does Cary Grant's Gift To Constance Cummings Mean?

Eligible is an overworked word, but it does seem to describe Cary Grant's status in Hollywood. Tall, dark, handsome and successful, he is the answer—more than the answer—to many a gal's prayer.

But, always, until now, he has remained a persistent bachelor—interested mainly in athletics and living in bachelor quarters with Randolph Scott.

But, now comes the news, Cary Grant has given a girl a big diamond ring! Can ya beat it? After all these years. What does it mean? That he's saying good-bye to bachelordom at last? Maybe. Who knows? The girl in the case is Constance Cummings.

Flashes from Here and There

Eva Tanguay who was recently found destitute in Hollywood is being looked after by friends now and states that she is going to make a come-back.

Helen Kane, famous boop-boop-a-doop gal, recently married a handsome young movie player. Max Hoffman, Jr., is his name.

Roscoe Ates and his wife have separated again—for good this time. His wife will get two automobiles and fifty percent of his income.

Corliss Palmer was discovered in a San Francisco hospital handcuffed—on account of hysterical condition brought on by bad liquor.

Verree Teasdale obtained a divorce from William O'Neal, the tenor, in Chicago.

Dietrich is now tired of all the publicity about her trousers. Says it's got to stop from now on. (See story page 38.)



International



Acme

WHAT EVERY FAN

The Low Down on the Ayres-Lane Divorce

NOT many people knew it but that separation has been brewing ever since the day Lew Ayres and Lola Lane were married. A year and a half ago they culminated a long engagement by marriage . . . and very shortly thereafter there was talk of "blessed eventing." Then after about two months of "happiness" came the clashing of temperaments, squabbles and fights about money.

There have been lulls of as much as thirty days at a time when all would be calm. Then the real, serious trouble began when Lew's career hit a slow pace. He hasn't been working much of late (suitable stories couldn't be found) and for that reason he has no doubt been spending a great deal of time with his wife. Twenty-four hours out of every twenty-four is about the amount of time they have been in each other's company during these past few months. That's a lot of time and evidently brewed a flock of trouble and argument.

Lew and Lola have settled property rights out of court. It's too bad it had to happen—they are both swell people!

Best Laughs of the Month

A HOLLYWOOD producer was watching a performance of "Dinner at Eight"—the stage play in New York. When Judith Wood came on

the stage he clutched his friend—a director—and exclaimed, "Lord! She would be a great bet for pictures."

The director answered, "You poor sap, you had her under contract to your studio for eight months and never used her in a single picture!"

When Mary Pickford was on her way to a "location" Douglas Fairbanks disguised himself in a weird costume and jumped in front of the covered wagon Mary is using in this picture. "Hands up!" he cried, "I'm a wild Turk from Turkestan and I've come to rob every last one of you!" Just then the rain began to fall in a California cloudburst. The bandit ran—so did his make-up—and the wild Turk got a wild Turkish bath!

Clark Gable, as you know, introduced the fad of wearing turtle-neck sweaters, but the other day on the set of "The White Sister" when the director conceived the idea of having Clark wear one in the picture Gable had to break right down and confess that he didn't have a single one of the highly-publicized articles at the studio. But—*every other man in the cast had such a sweater in his dressing room.* And was Clark embarrassed.

Gary Cooper gave a swanky party for sixty couples. He hired an orchestra and took up the rugs in the living room for dancing. But Gary has a swell Swedish cook. The food was spread out buffet fashion in the dining room.

And while the expensive orchestra played and played the guests crowded around the tables—eating. And not a single couple danced.

A young actor (star ranking) happened, in the spirit of fun, to be sitting on the lap of a luscious red-head at a recent Hollywood party. Suddenly the door opened and in walked a newspaper reporter. The star jumped up and cried, "I say, old man, don't let this get out . . . I'd be ruined . . . You won't print this, will you?"

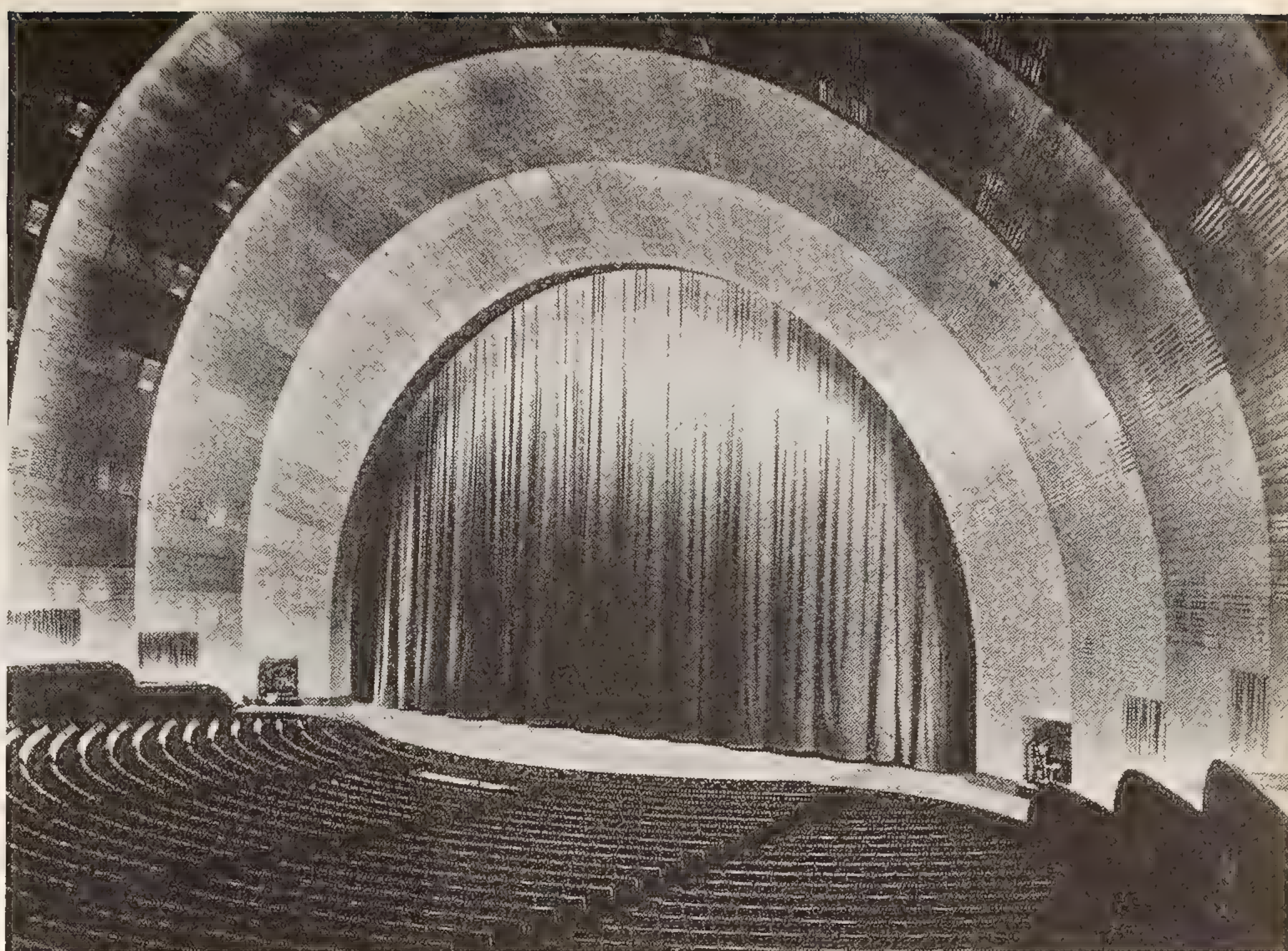
"Don't worry," the reporter replied calmly, "I won't. You see the woman happens to be my wife."

Dick Powell took his brand new roadster—highpowered and costly—to Palm Springs and was so proud and happy that he invited most of the U. S. C. football team to go riding with him. Dick proudly got behind the wheel—then something went wrong and the whole team got out and pushed. They pushed and coaxed most of the day. And all the time Dick was having a case of the jitters for fear Mary Brian might come by and see him!

Hollywood's Real Sob Stories

A JINX has followed the three actors who went to Africa—so many moons ago—to film "Trader Horn." Edwina Booth—a little girl snatched from the extra ranks to play her first big part—came back to America assured she would be a star. And

(Extreme left) Natalie Kalmus, wife of the president of Tech-Art studios, recently gave a tea party for li'l Ruth Waterbury. Among those present were Joel McCrea, Billie Dove and the Raft boy. (Immediately left) Clark Gable goes in for skiing at Lake Arrowhead. Doesn't Clarkie look cute in his ickle beret? (Right) It started out as a musical hall but has now succumbed to the lure of movies. Radio City Musical Hall, ladies and gentlemen. It's one of the wonders of New York—and they say it's the largest and most beautiful movie theatre in the whole world.



SHOULD KNOW

... The low-down on Lew Ayres' divorce...
Hear about Clark Gable's turtle-neck
sweater? ... Sob stories of the month ...
and other news and chit-chat

Jean Parker, starlet of M-G-M, displays a 1933 bathing suit. It's the sort of suit which one can swim in as well as appear beautiful in. You saw her in that grand bit in "Rasputin and the Empress." She's also in "The Secret of Madame Blanche."





Lilian Harvey, the lovely little German-English actress leaves New York on the Century—a contract with Fox in her pocket. Her first American picture will be "My Lips Betray."



Jigsaw puzzles have caught Hollywood just as they have every other part of the world. Here we have Sari Maritza doing her best with a five hundred piecer—or is it a thousand?



Wide World

At the "Cavalcade" opening. On again, off again—just how do they stand? Well, at the moment (see page 58) they still love each other very, very much. But, of course, you can't tell.

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD KNOW . . .

then she became a victim of jungle fever and "internal sunburn." She has been well at intervals but always the fever has recurred—and she is still very, very ill.

Duncan Renaldo has just been sentenced to serve two years in the Federal Prison and pay \$2,000 fine for having made false statements about his citizenship!

And Harry Carey—who banked on that picture to put him back as a star—has not done a big job since—just a few quickies.

When Joe E. Brown's little baby daughter died at birth, Mrs. Brown wanted another child to take its place so badly that they adopted a beautiful little baby girl. That makes four children in all.

Mae Clarke has one tough break after another. You remember how hard she tried to make John McCormick—Colleen Moore's ex—pull himself together? But without success. Shortly after they parted Mae had a nervous breakdown that lasted months and months. Just when she was beginning to look like her old self again appendicitis claimed her—and she was rushed to the hospital. She got over that, too. And then was in an accident where her

arm was burned so badly that it's in a sling now.

Let's Talk About Six Interesting People

IT'S funny about Connie Bennett. Just a year ago every paper you picked up ran a screaming headline about the Marquise. And now—you'll see her mentioned, of course, but she's "the head line girl" no longer. What's happened? The truth is that Connie hated those headlines. She tried to stop them and in making a denial of what was printed only got another headline. So now Connie isn't denying anything and as a result—all the gossip has quieted down. Added to this she and the Marquis are getting along better than anybody thought they would and Connie is as busy as a small town housewife, taking care of her three establishments—the town house, the beach place and her suite of rooms at the studio.

You'll find a story about Joan Crawford up in front of this magazine but maybe you'd like to hear that . . . Doug gave her an enormous St. Bernard dog for Christmas which she takes on the set with her . . . She'll never make-up her mouth in that funny way again (and since she has gone back to the natural line looks younger than she has for months) . . . That she's planning on going to New York just as soon as her picture is finished.

Claudette Colbert took a house formerly occupied by Garbo and now lived in by Colbert. Garbo used just one room—the rest looked like a cold, barren museum. She seldom entertained—and then just one or two people. But now that Claudette's in—what a dif-

ference! Artistic Bill Haines did the decorating—and it's charming. Her parties are small but gay—and the place fairly radiates life.

Speaking of Garbo, when she took the lonely house on the island off the coast of Sweden she rented it under her real name—and the owner did not know the "tall, quiet lady" was Garbo until he saw pictures of the place bearing the caption that Garbo lived there. Then he only shrugged a Swedish shoulder. He didn't care much one way or the other!

You'd suspect that everything Clark Gable did would get into the papers—and yet he has had almost as many studio fights as Jimmy Cagney—walked off sets when he thought the parts weren't suited for him, held out for more money etc., etc.—yet the Cagney studio fight was printed everywhere and the Gable disturbances were settled right at the studio.

Let's settle this about whether George Raft is a former gangster or not once and for all. You've heard a lot of stories. Here's the truth. Raft worked for years in various night clubs—and he knew plenty of racketeers. It's impossible to be in a night club without having knowledge of the underworld. But George, himself, was an entertainer.

Here's a Grand Story

NOW that Herr Von Sternberg has left our fair village, Marlene has taken up with brother Chevalier in dead earnest! In spite of the fact that Herr Sieber, the husband in the case, is in Hollywood at the moment. One time you will find Dietrich with Maurice

Imagine anyone not knowing who Garbo

One man didn't, believe it or not!



Warner Baxter welcomes Diana Wynyard to the Hollywood opening of "Cavalcade." Of course you know that "Cavalcade" has made the biggest sensation of any picture in years.

alone . . . and the next minute she is with *both* of them!

'Tother day at Palm Springs, it was really a kick to watch the trousered Marlene dividing her time between the two boys! She seemed to have a penchant for lathering their backs and arms with oil . . . so that they will acquire a "tan"! Close observers agree, however, that despite the presence of friend husband, the beauteous Marlene really *did* rub Chevalier's back a bit more enthusiastically!

Maurice, since his divorce (when he denied, heatedly, that Miss Dietrich held his heart) has been sad! *Now* the grin again!

Some Inside Gossip

IT'S hard to tell who was the most embarrassed the other night at one of the Hollywood premieres, Gary Cooper, Countess Frasso or Johnny Weissmuller. Lupe Velez and Weissmuller were seated directly behind Gary and the Countess . . . and Lupe, in her loud accents, spared no adjectives in telling her companion what a "deevine" person Gary is. Lupe's ravings caused Gary's ears to turn from a pink to a deep crimson, and as for Johnny and the Countess—they weren't so comfortable.

The little Mexican gal, for all her fickleness, is evidently having a hard time forgetting the big Montana lad!

This Puts You Up-To-Date on Marriages, Divorces and Such Things

Helene Costello married Arturo del Barrio, young Cuban attorney and film producer. The wedding was simple—quite unlike the typical "Hollywood wedding" that united Helene and Lowell Sherman.



Now that Lew Ayres and Lola Lane have separated, Lew has no one to stop him from going on a hunting trip. Incidentally, it's his favorite pastime and he really did shoot that duck.

Raquel Torres was all set to marry Charlie Feldman in Mexico (they were going down there to have the knot tied) when the flu germ got her and the wedding was postponed.

One of the biggest post-divorce battles of all time is being staged by Pauline Starke and Jack White. It's all about who can have possession of the house. California law says Pauline can't have it for a year—in the meantime Jack may, if he likes, move in and have a year's free rent.

There are not even any rumors any more about Gloria Swanson and hubby, Mike Farmer. Seems they're as happy as turtle doves (however happy that is) and Gloria's new picture, "Perfect Understanding," is a hit.

Old Doc Stork has a date with the John Gilberts some time in July. Before that (some time in March) he makes a stop at Eddie Robinson's door step. Also about that time William Gargan will become a papa.

Howard Hughes has been whispering sweet nothings into the dainty ear of Sandra Shaw.

Dorothy Lee won't answer Marshall Duffield's telephone calls any more. But Dorothy's ex—Jimmy Fidler—is going around with Rochelle Hudson.

Although Billie Burke says, "I'll never marry again—I'm going to devote the rest of my life to my career and my daughter," they do say that she and David Burton are very friendly.

Right in the middle of directing a picture, Eddie Sutherland asked for



Acme

Lilyan Tashman and husband Edmund Lowe recently visited the El Mirador Hotel at Palm Springs. They've just finished a set. The hotel is very popular with members of the movie crowd.

time off "for important business." The business was eloping to Yuma, Arizona, with Audrey Henderson.

Roscoe Ates didn't stutter when he said, "I'm through with marriage. First it was money—then jealousy and then I came home one night to find she had moved me out. So I quit!"

But Roscoe did stutter the other day when he said, "W-w-we've d-d-decided to m-m-make up."

While Dorothy Jordan was on tour she received a box of orchids every train stop—from Merian Cooper. And now that she is back in town, the producer-director is more than "saying it with flowers."

You should see the size of the rock that somebody slipped on Susan Fleming's left hand. They say the slipper-ner was none other than Harpo Marx!

Maureen O'Sullivan and Jimmy Dunn can't get along without (or with) each other.

Eleanor Holm and Carl Laemmle, Jr., didn't speak for a few days, but everything's sweet music in that territory now.

They say it's a case between Eleanor Boardman and Harry D'Arrast. Fast work, Eleanor!

Alice Joyce, completely Reno-vated, was greeted at the station by Clarence Brown and his nifty Rolls-Royce. They've been Rolls Re-Joycing ever since.

MORE GOSSIP ON PAGE 84

The latest news on Hollywood's marriages, divorces, romances and engagements

Come Aboard, Folks! The Showboat's in Town!



Charles Winninger,
who plays
"Cap'n Henry"
on the
Maxwell House
Showboat hour.

Look for Jack Pearl on
the cover.



HOWDY, HOWDY, FOLKS! Step right on board a new kind of showboat—the showboat of the radio stars! Not a real river craft, folks, but a magazine that will sail your imagination right into the broadcasting studios where you can see your radio favorites and know what they're really like!

It's a grand experience and you'll never regret the trip. The April cruise is now on the newsstands. Just look at this itinerary!

BACKSTAGE ON CAPTAIN HENRY'S SHOWBOAT. An article with a real thrill which shows you just what goes on behind the Maxwell House Showboat microphone. Cap'n Henry, Lanny Ross, Mary Lou, Jules Bledsoe and all the rest of the company will be on hand.

A GLIMPSE OF MYRT AND MARGE. Girl friends of the air—mother and daughter in real life!

THE INSIDE STORY OF RUBINOFF AND HIS VIOLINS. All about the man who takes Eddie Cantor's good-natured kidding every Sunday night.

NO HANDICAP TOO GREAT. The inspiring story of Jane Froman who overcame the worst possible obstacle a singer could have!

THEY CAN'T FIRE HER. An amazing story about a radio fan who pays \$600 a week to keep her favorite program on the air!

And many other articles about your favorites, including big stories on BING CROSBY, KATE SMITH, VINCENT LOPEZ, and a host of others. All the news and gossip of the studios and scores of pictures—posed portraits and informal snapshots—of the stars you hear but never see.

Don't miss this cruise, ladies and gentlemen. You'll have a corking good time. Get an April issue today and step right up the gangplank of—

RADIO STARS

THE FASCINATING MAGAZINE OF RADIO PERSONALITIES

MODERN SCREEN'S GALLERY OF HONOR



Photograph by Irving Lippman

We honor Kate Smith for being a swell actress, too, in "Hello, Everybody."



Photograph by Hal Phye

We honor Clive Brook for the sincerity of his work in "Cavalcade."



Photograph by Hal Phyfe

We honor Diana Wynyard for her magnificent acting—also in "Cavalcade."



TAKE MY

By FAITH
BALDWIN

Illustrated by
A. WILLIAMS

Everyone who goes to the movies regularly has certain likes and dislikes about the stars and players and certain types of stories. Faith Baldwin, just like you and you and you, has her dislikes as well as her likes. See if you agree with her.

I HAVE been going to the motion pictures for a good many years. I have watched stars wax and wane, rise and fall. I have never gone as a critic but as part of a big audience. I have wept and laughed, suffered and thrilled with that audience. I have never seen a picture so bad that there wasn't something in it that I liked, or which interested me. I have seen very few pictures so good that I wanted to see them again. And out of a long experience of picture-viewing, for my own pleasure, I have found myself collecting little unwritten items of advice to the players and studios. Advice is easy to give; and hard to take. Here goes, and if I'm wrong, don't shoot—I'll come down.

KAY FRANCIS

You are one of the loveliest ladies on the screen but what on earth is the matter with your R's? If it is a native defect in pronunciation, work

Sincere, honest and intelligent





ADVICE . . . !

with a diction expert would soon correct it. If it isn't—well, it is not at all your type. Clear cut, cool speech and not a species of baby talk is far more suitable for you.

EDDIE CANTOR

You're a grand box office success and we're all for you. But the gags are getting pretty mouldy. I know how hard it is to find new ones, but if anyone can, you can. You're too big a star to fall back on ancient and shaky props. They'll let you down.

CHARLES CHAPLIN and HAROLD LLOYD

I'd walk a mile to see either of you. But please make more pictures. The public was never more fickle than now and no man can afford to rest on his laurels, merited as they are. Keep in the movie-goer's eye with more of your grand comedies.

GARY COOPER

That was a great and moving performance of yours in "A Farewell to Arms," but you've retained a trace of the trick you used in "Devil and the Deep"—an effect of too slow speech and long pauses between words. It is studied rather than natural, in the ears of the listener. Can't you speed it up to your more native tempo?

ANN DVORAK

I want to see you again; and a great many times. Please get back into production. You may one day regret the independence which you seem to have acquired since your marriage, and which isn't, basically, your own. Come back to us.

PHILLIPS HOLMES

Is it true that the new affiliation has made you contract-conscious?

Don't let it. You are one of our best liked and most competent young actors, so please don't spoil your chances by "temperament," especially with M-G-M back of you, and taking such a keen interest in your future.

ALISON SKIPWORTH

Don't let them label you another Marie Dressler. There isn't any other, in the first place, and in the second, you are yourself. Stay yourself. You are perfectly swell as you are, you have your own unique place in the sun. Fight for it.

ROSCOE ATES

I laugh whenever I see you on the screen but one of these days I'll lose my sense of humor, unless you can persuade your producers that you can well perform comedy roles other than that of stutterer.

(Continued on page 96)

criticism of the movies by a famous author of today

SCOOP!

... Apparent rivalry over stories and painful silence concerning each other gave rise to rumors of a feud between Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford. We are honored to print the truth

By
**HARRIET
PARSONS**

Because Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer work for the same producing company and because their careers have run a more or less parallel course, many people believe that there is a professional antagonism between the two of them.

THIS is, I believe, the most unusual interview of its kind on record. And an interview with Norma Shearer on the subject of Joan Crawford is of particular interest because of the supposed blood-thirsty rivalry between the two—a rivalry which has been built up by gossip and press-chatter to the point where it is a source of considerable embarrassment to both women.

Because Joan and Norma work for the same company, because their paths to stardom have run a more or less parallel course, and because the roles they play are similar it has been inevitably assumed that there is professional antagonism between them. It doesn't matter that neither Norma nor Joan has done anything to provide a basis for this hypothesis. Take two great feminine stars on the same lot, put between them a desirable part which both are capable of playing and eager to play, and naturally, according to Hollywood's wise guys, they are going to quarrel over it like two hungry dogs over a bone.

Well, in this case Hollywood's wise ones have out-

guessed themselves. And this is how I know:

I was sitting in Norma Shearer's dressing room quietly chatting with her. Norma and I have had a nodding acquaintance for, oh, some six years, and a casual sort of friendship for the past two. Yet suddenly we realized that we had never been alone in a room before.



Wide World

NORMA TALKS ABOUT JOAN



(Left) Norma and Joan at a recent social function. Has it ever occurred to you that Joan and Norma are really very much alike? It seems silly when you first think of it but the manner in which Norma points it out in the story will convince you.

Odd? Parties, luncheons, encounters on the boulevard and in shops, yes, but never a conversation as one human being to another. I found a person totally unlike the one I had been associating for six years with the name "Norma Shearer."

Not the too well-poised, too self-sufficient woman, sure



of herself and her position; not the gracious but aloof, immaculately groomed and mannered Mrs. Irving Thalberg. In her place was a warm, intensely human girl—eager, questioning, full of doubts and ambitions. A girl who, far from being complacent about her position as a star and as an important executive's wife, feels that she has much to learn and wants to learn it. A girl who views her own capabilities and appearance with devastating honesty and discusses herself simply and frankly, with neither conceit nor false modesty.

SHE herself broached the subject of Joan Crawford. She was eager to talk about Joan, glad to have a chance to refute the stories of bitter rivalry.

"Don't you see," she began earnestly, "even if I did not happen to admire her as profoundly as I do, how could I hate Joan? *She is so much like me!* I feel that more every day. We have been through so many of the same painful but invaluable molding processes. We have both had to fight desperately to overcome self-conscious-

ness. We have both made ourselves over—both struggled to create an illusion of glamor and beauty."

That line "she is so much like me" struck me with particular force. Curious I'd never thought of that before. Of course they're alike—alike in the sense that they have both built themselves entirely new personalities. Joan the hotcha, plumpish hoyden has become Joan the slim, sombre-eyed, glamorous creature of emotion. Norma, the colorless, goody-goody ingénue has become Norma the smartly gowned, sophisticated, slightly naughty, equally glamorous lady of sex appeal.

Joan has become the dignified young matron, Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Norma has become the dignified young matron, Mrs. Irving Thalberg. And for neither of them has the transition been devoid of effort, struggle, heartbreak. In a sense they have been through the same things.

Norma went on: "It's true that Joan and I have not been close friends, although we've been on the same lot for years. For one thing we haven't had time to be. Each of us has been too busy with her own career and domestic affairs. For another thing I think we've been a little afraid to be nice to one another—a little self-conscious in one another's presence.

"Until recently when we've met on the lot there has been a little awkwardness—a little strain. Each of us afraid to make the first overtures toward real friendship. Each of us wanting to be warm and cordial and sincere—but being a little embarrassed about it. Just in the past year, however, we've come closer. The barrier of restraint is gradually being broken down.

"I admire and like Joan. And I believe she feels the same way about me. I hope so. I think both of us have been hurt and embarrassed by the persistent stories of our rivalry and hatred. I know those stories are only founded on idle rumor—yet I haven't known how to combat them. Probably Joan has felt the same way."

I NTERESTING—and ironic—isn't it? These two famous stars supposedly resenting each other, supposedly cutting each others' throats—and yet in reality wanting to be friends, wanting to understand one another. Coolly greeting one another on the lot—each longing to be warm and natural and friendly—but each hampered by self-consciousness, by a fear of not having her advances met in like manner by the other. Each wondering whether the other was believing those stories of jealous rivalry—and yet unable to speak the words which might dispel them. Effecting a protective casualness toward one another—but a casualness inspired by emotions quite different from those which Hollywood deduced.

Norma paused in her explanations and looked at herself in the mirror with a disapproving frown. She was curled up in an armchair, looking rather like a small girl in her simple tailored suit. Her hair looked impeccably coiffed to me—yet she ran her fingers through it with a discouraged sigh.

"My hair looks frightful. Oh—and that reminds me. You know people think I'm perfectly satisfied with myself—smug. They should know the thoughts and emotions, the doubts and fears, that rise in me when I see

other women's films! I look at Joan on the screen and my heart sinks. I think, 'Why can't my hair look like that? Why, oh why can't I wear my clothes like that? Could I have put into that scene the quality of emotion Joan gave to it?'

"Quite frankly—and not for grandstand effect—I think Joan is much more beautiful than I am. I think I have made myself appear beautiful, created an illusion of beauty, without any very considerable native beauty to start with.

"Now, mind you, I say these things without any false modesty. I believe there are some things I do better than Joan—some things I can do which she can't. We both need to learn more about comedy—but I believe I have a little the edge there. I think I am better in some of my light scenes than Joan would be. On the other hand I think she gets more intensity—more pure emotion—into some of her dramatic scenes than I do."



Speaking of Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer says in this article: "It is true that Joan and I have not been close friends, although we've been on the same lot for years."

Then Norma tells why.

I ASKED Norma whether there had ever been any conflict between herself and Joan over a role. I reminded her that it is generally believed because of her relationship to Irving Thalberg she can have her pick of fat parts and good stories.

"Yes, I know—people think because Irving Thalberg is my husband all I have to do is ask for any role I want. They think it's been easy sledding for me. What they don't realize is that I've had to work twice as hard to secure any recognition just because Irving is my husband. Because I am married to an executive of the company which produces my pictures I have to be twice as good as if I weren't in that position in order to get half as much credit.

"Furthermore, the very fact that I am Irving's wife keeps me from going out and fighting for roles I want. I know how busy and harassed he is. I know

that it is just as important to him that Joan Crawford should have good pictures as that I should. It is his job to see that *all* M-G-M films are excellent—not just Norma Shearer's films. And—perhaps this sounds silly and mawkish—I feel a great loyalty to M-G-M. I have been with the company a good many years. I am a part of it. I take pride in its successes whether they are my personal successes or not.

"And another thing: experience has taught me that Irving knows better than I what pictures are good for me. Parts which I have been eager to do have proven disastrous and parts which I felt were wrong for me have brought me some of my greatest successes.

"Only once have I ever asked for a role—and that was 'The Divorcée'. I knew that M-G-M owned the story and that the studio was considering borrowing someone from another lot to play it. I was there on the lot, under contract, and I felt in my heart that I could do it. *But*—if Joan Crawford had been considered for the story and had wanted to play it I'd have cut off my right hand before I'd have uttered a word about wanting it myself.

"As a matter of fact, Irving laughed at me when I told him I thought I could do 'Divorcée'—it was so utterly different from the type of thing with which I'd always been associated. But I was determined to prove to him that it wasn't ridiculous. I had pictures made in daring gowns and with my hair (Continued on page 92)

GEORGE RAFT

— as he REALLY is!

. . . Kind—hurt—vengeful—enthusiastic. He can be all of them, this lean, dark-haired boy whose make-up is a curious mixture of Tenth Avenue, Broadway and Hollywood

By NANETTE KUTNER

GEORGE RAFT was being fitted for a suit. It was an olive green suit.

"I need it like I need a hole in the head," said Mr. Raft.

"But, Georgie—" It was the man in the turtle-necked sweater who spoke.

The man was an ex-pugilist now in the tailoring business; an ex-pugilist who had been a friend of George Raft's in his own prize fighting days.

"I know . . . I know," George was saying, "I'm buying it," he turned to me. "I used to be in the tailoring business myself; that is, when I first made money as a dancer I invested in a tailoring shop, so I know what it's like."

He winked at me, a wise wink.

The black-coated fitter made mysterious chalk marks on the material.

"Be careful," warned Raft. "Don't you give me those college boy shoulders!"

The fitter packed the material. The ex-pugilist asked for an autographed picture to give his wife. And they left.

George Raft stared after the box that contained his new suit.

"I never had a green suit," he said.

WE were now alone in his dressing-room backstage at the Oriental Theater, Chicago, where he was making personal appearances.

Quietly he stared at me from under his heavily

arched brows. It was as if he were memorizing me from head to foot. He is wary of interviewers. This is due to his first interview.

"The man wrote I was a gigolo. If I ever see that fellow again. . . !" He clenched his fists. They are strong, hard-knuckled fists. Fists from Tenth Avenue. Fists from Hell's Kitchen. Fists that made you a little afraid.

For a brief moment we generalized about the weather, about the depression, and about the picture on the bill.

"'Three On a Match'," he told me, "it's my kind of a picture, it gives you facts, tells you how that superstition really began. Ivar Kreuger, the match king, sent out that propaganda so he could get five billion more match customers."

(Continued on page 105)





Wide World

Never has gone
Hollywood.



(Left) He might have
gone Hollywood but
for her good sense.

Let's get this

... Do you know what "gone Hollywood" really means? Can you give a definition of it? And do you know which players have and have not "gone Hollywood"? You may think you know but read this before you decide

By KATHERINE ALBERT

FOR a good many years now you've been hearing that So-and-so has "gone Hollywood." Or, "We're glad to report that So-and-so has not 'gone Hollywood'." I imagine you're pretty confused by the whole thing. That is why I'd like to settle the matter once and for all.

Before I begin I must define the phrase. It has a number of meanings and it is true that opinions about who has and who hasn't are as varied as personal taste. If a boy (or girl) who has just made a screen success fails to speak to someone he has known casually before his success, the ignored one says the offender has gone Hollywood. And all the time the ignorer might simply

have been preoccupied. I prefer to define the phrase differently. When a person radically and in a spectacular manner changes his mode of living after becoming famous on the screen I call that person "gone Hollywood." Nor is it always a derogatory trait, although it is known as such in Hollywood itself. Some of the finest and most colorful and vivid actors on the screen have done it. Keeping simple and level-headed and completely natural in the fantastic, brilliant and self-conscious town of Hollywood is a difficult task. It's a job in itself. One has to fight against the atmosphere as one must fight against the dry rot of the South Seas (if all those tropical pictures are right). And a difficult fight it is.



In a sense she is
Hollywood.



Can't accuse him of
going Hollywood.



Absolutely has gone
Hollywood.



Certainly not gone
Hollywood.

She couldn't go
Hollywood.

Has gone Hollywood
in a big way.

Not gone Hollywood.
Surprised?

Never could go
Hollywood.



"GOING HOLLYWOOD" BUSINESS STRAIGHT

But enough of generalization. Let's get down to cases.

Let's first look at those people who have not "gone Hollywood." Among them are Richard Arlen, Joel McCrea, Charlie Farrell, Bill Boyd and wife Dorothy Sebastian, Jimmy Cagney, Marie Dressler, Gene Raymond, Conrad Nagel and Constance Bennett.

Surprised? You had heard all those stories about Bennett. You were sure she had gone that way, but if you'll take my definition, which out of all the mass of definitions seems most nearly to combine them all, you will discover that Connie is the same girl, living the same sort of life in Hollywood as she did in New York, in Paris, in London.

Connie has been accused by lots of people (you heard it plenty when she and Lil Tashman were having their famous feud) of going Hollywood. She hasn't, for Connie has always been exactly as she is now—sophisticated, high-handed and queenly. She was born that way. Don't forget who her father is.

I GUESS it's pretty well agreed that Dick Arlen comes under the not-gone-Hollywood list but (and here's a little secret that I wouldn't want you to tell a soul) Dick might have changed had it not been for the

wise and kindly admonitions of his wife, Jobyna Ralston. Grand a guy as Dick is—and he's one of the best—time and again Joby has ironed out studio difficulties and kept him from being "just another actor."

The cute part is that Dick knows it and always admits that "ma" is right. They call each other "ma" and "pa."

Maybe that's a sign of being regular folks. That's what Dorothy Sebastian and Bill Boyd call each other.

There's a "far from Hollywood" couple. They never go to parties (yet, unlike Garbo, do not make a publicity fetish of it) live entirely to themselves, with the exception of a few old friends, and—when they take holidays on



(Right) Never will
go Hollywood.

She has gone Holly-
wood in a curious way.





Irene Dunne has gone Hollywood in a very unusual way.



Garbo's gone Hollywood because she's been forced to.



He's changed from a quiet chap to a gay chap. Going Hollywood?

their boat as they are always doing—look like a couple of first class tramps. In this case it is Bill's wish. He has shown Dorothy what Hollywood can do to otherwise happily married people. And she has sense enough to see it, too.

DURING the recent fight with Warner Brothers, Jimmy Cagney was accused of self-importance. Who was right and who wrong in that front-page row isn't our problem now. The fact remains that Jimmy has made a definite effort not to go Hollywood and succeeded in his aim. He tries valiantly to keep up outside interests and his greatest fun is derived from sitting around with a few old cronies—none of whom are actors—settling the burning questions of the universe. Jimmy's determination to stay away from the sort of Hollywood life that takes all of one's outside time and means the wearing of the tall hat came about when a young actor—then riding the crest of the wave—gave Jimmy some advice. Said this young actor (and we'll just have to keep him nameless), "Jimmy, my boy, the only way to make a success in pictures is to play the social and political game—go to parties, get yourself seen, be personal friends and very palsy-walsy with all the big producers. That's what I do!"

Three months after these remarks were spoken, the young actor was let out at the studio and now he is flat broke and can't get a job on any of the lots. He played the political game just a little too hard.

Gene Raymond has had a tough time. He determined that he would choose his own friends and lead his own social life as he saw fit even if he were a citizen of the film city. Because he is young and attractive and single (rare in Hollywood) he was much in demand for parties. His refusal to go—except where he thought he would have a good time—has brought the term "high hat" upon him. He has tried to study, read and keep physically fit—and these things take time. He is making an effort to live in Hollywood as he lived in New York.

Joel McCrea, too, in a different way though, is living the life he always has. Curiously enough—and quite inadvertently—it was good business for Joel when he took all those glamorous and exciting women around to the best places. But Joel did it not for diplomatic reasons, merely out of choice—and I don't call that "going Hollywood."

Marie Dressler is certainly the same wherever she is. And Conrad Nagel has led exactly the same sort of life in Hollywood as he would have led had he stayed in his

home town, Keokuk. Anywhere in the world he would be the town's most substantial citizen.

And now for a few of those who have gone Hollywood and eventually some on the doubtful list.

Garbo—oh please, dear public, don't throw that brick—has been made into a Hollywood product. Her desire to lead her own life and go about her personal business unmolested was, in the beginning, quite sincere. I know (for I was in the M-G-M publicity department at the time) that it was not a pre-arranged press agent stunt. In those days we wanted Garbo to grant interviews and she refused. But now the thing has gone far beyond that. I can only conclude that the recluse gag has now become a pose and Hollywood has got the Swedish flame.

FOR Marlene Dietrich the same thing goes. Those trousers that she wears to Levy's Tavern and the Brown Derby! Yes, honestly, men's trousers—made by a man's tailor! That is going Hollywood. And Jack Oakie has got to come under this head, too, because of his clothes.

Jack's a spritely, amusing lad and perhaps wearing a turtle neck sweater day in and day out makes the wearer feel comfortable—but it just isn't done in polite society and can only put the wearer in the exhibitionist class—or in the Hollywood class, the two words are almost interchangeable.

Irene Dunne, I'm afraid, almost without her knowing it, has gone Hollywood. She is a nice, charming girl but she gets mad as anything when you say so in print. I said it once—and I know. She is trying to give herself a colorful personality, trying to say spectacular things, (as witness a lot of the quotes in recent stories about her) trying, in other words, to change her personality. That's one of the symptoms of going Hollywood. But, mind you, it is not always a bad thing. I do not consider it a cutting accusation and oft-times it is necessary for one's screen success.

Lilyan Tashman—with her amazing wardrobe, her large and lavish parties, her flare for the dramatic—is a product of Hollywood. Lil is a delightful and amusing person but I sat and chatted with her once for an hour and during that time I counted and discovered that she used the words "why, it was simply too divine, my dear" at least once every minute.

Bob Montgomery, once a sensitive, finely attuned lad, has changed radically since he came to Hollywood. He is much more the "good time Charlie" than he was—he enjoys the society of other (Continued on page 98)

When Joan Blondell first met George Barnes she decided he was a grand person. Then she heard he was married! That upset her for a time until she learned that he was unhappily married and was separating from his wife. From then on Joan made up her mind to win George. Read how she did it! (Below) The two of them.

By MARTHA
K E R R



I CHASED George Barnes for two years. Finally the poor man was so weak and worn out that he gave himself up in Phoenix and we were married," said Joan Blondell, the modest little blushing bride.

"Well, maybe that's a slight exaggeration, but I knew I liked him the minute I saw him and I'm telling the truth when I say I didn't wait for him to propose. We knew that we were going to get married just as soon as we could (George's divorce was not yet final) and I don't know who did the proposing—but I think I did. With all the competition a girl has to do just that!"

And thus ends the Hollywood gossip, the "are they married?" or "are they not?" game that has been played ever since Joan was in "The Greeks Had a Name For Them." And just to prove that Joan isn't kidding about going out and getting her man I'm going to tell you the story of their romance.

Two years ago the Blondell girl was unhappy, nervous, excitable. She played wisecracking roles on the screen but in real life she was gloomy and melancholy. Then she got a part in "Greeks" and lots of people kept telling

DON'T WAIT FOR HIM TO PROPOSE!

her, "Oh, you'll be crazy about the cameraman on that picture. Besides being a swell cameraman, he's a swell ladies' man." So you can't say Joan wasn't warned.

The first day on the picture she spotted George as he trained the camera on her. "So that's the ladies' man, is it?" said Joan to herself and turned a big Blondell smile in his direction. To George she was just another actress,

so he didn't smile back. Didn't even notice her.

Later in the afternoon she was drinking a soda. She asked him if he wanted her to order him a bottle (See? Didn't I tell you she chased him?). George said "No." And Joan wondered, "What sort of a ladies' man is he?" But she knew right then and there that she liked him. Then somebody told her he was married and her heart did a couple of nip-ups. The next day she tried not to notice him. And then a friend of his asked her for a date. She accepted and sometime during that evening said very casually, "Tell me, is Mr. Barnes married?"

"No," said the friend, "he was, but he is getting a divorce." Right then her heart settled back in place.

In spite of her smiles on the set, George was impervious until one Friday when he asked (Continued on page 102)

I HAVE FOOLED FATE!

Bob Rose, the author of this article—yes, that's his picture immediately to the right—is one of the most famous stunt men in the movies. He worked in Bill Boyd's latest picture, "Lucky Devils," which deals with cinema stunts. Bob's reminiscences will make your hair stand on end.



By BOB ROSE

PLAYING with death, not writing, is my forte.

Though under various names I have thrilled millions of theatre-goers during the past decade and even before that, I was never in the spotlight until the picture executives called me in to collaborate on the story and be technical director for Bill Boyd's production, "Lucky Devils."

For the first time in my life I was asked to describe in detail the thousands of things I have done.

Stunt men, of which I am but one (though reputed to be the only all-around-stunt-man in the business) are cast in strange molds.


Thrills! Danger! The breath of a hovering death! The ecstasy of fool-

ing fate! They are as life to us. Absolutely necessary to our existence.

A stunt accomplished is an appetite appeased. One is not eager to talk of it afterwards.

However, in response to the wave of popular interest aroused in "stunt men" by Boyd's film, which is built around the adventures of such a man,





As the train speeded toward
the trestle the chasm seemed
to be leaping up to me.

Illustrated by
JACK WELCH

I'll try to tell you about a few of the risks I have taken.

"Stunting" is in the blood. One is apparently born with it.

I began my career as a jockey at the age of thirteen in Kentucky.

After two years of this I was seriously injured. The horse I was racing fell. Five others crashed on top in one of the most spectacular accidents of turf history.

I was carried home, crushed and broken, on a stretcher.

I shall never forget what my mother, with tears running down her cheeks, said:

"Bob, you must abandon this dangerous game. You may be killed. I insist you go into something that is safer."

Hardly had my bones healed when

I was racing motorcycles, parachute jumping, leaping from airplane to airplane high in the air over carnivals, bull-dogging steers, riding broncs and doing all the other stunts required of men who specialize in producing thrills.

I do not wish to create the impression that stunt men rush about thumbing their noses at death. Far from it! There's no kick in retrospecting from beyond the grave.

Stunt men who are alive today are those who calculate every angle of a hazard before attempting it. Mistakes lead to fatalities. I learned that in my early days as a thrill-maker in one of the most dangerous feats I have ever attempted.

For Ruth Roland, in a picture released as "The Avenging Arrow," I leaped from a speeding freight train into a narrow stream, which roared along beneath a trestle, eighty feet above the water.

The day before I did the jump a man named Silvertip was killed attempting it. When the property man handed me the garments I was to wear they were covered with dark spots . . . blood. He expected me to wear the clothes of the man who had been killed!

IT gave my nerves a tremendous shock. I refused to work until they were cleaned and believe me, the incident caused me to check and double check my chances.

The outfit was hurriedly cleaned and I was soon aboard the train. As it speeded toward the trestle the chasm seemed leaping upward to devour me. I smelled of cleaning fluid and found myself fighting down the thought that I was in a dead man's shoes. (Continued on page 106)



What ever became of



CONWAY TEARLE?

The amazing story of a man who admits he was "kicked out of Hollywood"

I DIDN'T leave pictures, I was kicked out!

"I don't feel bitter about Hollywood—I *hate* it and feel contempt for it and all the stupid people in it!

"For three and a half years I could get no work. I literally did not have enough money to feed my dog—and once I had been paid \$3500 a week."

Thus Conway Tearle, whose sudden disappearance from the screen you've probably wondered about! Thus Conway Tearle, who for nine years ("I gave pictures the nine best years of my life," he says) was a top notch leading man and star!

And now suddenly after you have been asking occasionally "I wonder what ever became of Conway Tearle?" he bobs up in the hit show of Broadway, "Dinner at Eight" in a part that makes your hair stand on end. I don't mean that the role is Boris Karloff-ish. It has another—and more ironic—sort of ghoulishness. In "Dinner at Eight" Conway Tearle plays—and plays magnificently, too—the role of a broken-down motion picture actor, not young any more, absolutely without money but still desperately hanging on. The part is so much like Tearle's own life (except for the fact that the play character is a drunkard and Tearle was never that) that when, upon the stage, he carefully puts coats and rugs around the doors and windows preparatory to taking gas and committing suicide you have the feeling that here before you is not a fine actor playing a part but Conway Tearle himself—Conway, once a matinee idol—Conway, adored by hundred of fans—that here is Conway Tearle committing suicide before your very eyes and from your seat in the theatre you want to leap up and stop him. He plays it just that well and the part is written just that well. But in this part, which took no little courage for him to attempt, since it is so close a parallel to his own life, he is the hit of Broadway!

So now you know what has become of Conway Tearle. But there's more to the story than that. What hap-

By KATHERINE
ALBERT

pened to him between the time he dropped out of pictures—"kicked out" as he prefers to say—and now, when he is again the great actor?

You must understand a little of the mechanics of Hollywood to know what happened to Tearle. He was never under contract—always a free lance player. Conway was paid for every week he worked, unlike the "stock" actors under contract, and since this was so he objected to working on Sundays, late at nights, etc. He voiced his objections. Added to this he thought he had the right to make suggestions about the playing of a part. After all, he figured, there were ten generations of trouper tradition behind him. Thus—because he did not always say "yes" in Hollywood (his own version again)—he acquired the reputation of being an outlaw, a radical and a trouble maker. And, after nine years of picture making, discovered that he was no longer wanted in the studios.

WHEN he found that no parts were forthcoming he asked the reason and was told that if he would wait around for awhile he would be given work. He waited—three and a half years. And in that time his money dwindled, his hate grew and his contempt became greater. "Give me anything to do," he begged, "so that I can have a living wage. I haven't the money to buy a piece of cheap meat for my dog."

For three and a half years he waited. And then came the talkies. "Ah," thought Conway, "here is my chance again. Talkies will demand stage actors—people who know how to read lines." And still there was no demand for Tearle.

"They've forgotten you," the producers told him. "The public has forgotten you."

He declared himself willing to do anything. He had to, to eat and, at a salary so small that he is ashamed to tell it, he made serials and "quickies," hating every single minute of it.

(Continued on page 109)

THE FIRST OF A SERIES REVEALING THE DESTINIES OF FORMER FAVORITES

ALL JOKING ASIDE—By JACK WELCH



RICHARD ARLEN AT HIS FIRST "PICKFAIR" PARTY DISCOVERED HE HAD ATTACHED HIS SUSPENDERS ONLY IN THE BACK WHEN HE DRESSED.



RUTH CHATTERTON IS THE ONLY LIVING WOMAN WHO HAS BEEN IN THE DUNGEONS OF SANTÉ PRISON, OLDEST IN FRANCE.
THE GUARDS WEAR 16TH CENTURY UNIFORMS, WITH BAYONETS ALWAYS FIXED.



LESLIE HOWARD REFUSES TO DRINK TEA IF THERE IS A SINGLE LEAF IN THE CUP... IT REMINDS HIM OF SPINACH.



LIKE JOHN BARRYMORE, GARY COOPER USED TO DRAW CARTOONS FOR A NEWSPAPER.



J. WELCH

NORMA SHEARER ONCE HAD TO WEAR HOME-MADE CARDBOARD INNER-SOLES TO KEEP HER FEET DRY.

WHAT HOLLYWOOD THINKS OF TECHNO



He's no Technocrat.



Not in favor of it.



Doubtful of it.



All for it.



"Clothes?"

Technocracy is causing a terrific amount of discussion everywhere. Famous names in the world of finance and business disagree as to its worth. In a few words, technocracy is a scientific method of using machines and inventions to promote the ease and luxury of the whole people rather than allow machines (labor savers) to throttle our economic life. The Technocrats tell us:

"Turn over the entire machinery of government to us. We shall run it on scientific principles and in return you will be required to work but four hours a day . . . four days a week . . . ten months each year (between the ages of twenty-five and forty-five), for which every worker will receive the equivalent of \$20,000.00 per year to spend! ALL of the income must be spent . . . none saved or invested! Everyone shall merely be doing his small share toward keeping the machines working . . . the rest of the time will be spent in ease!"

That, briefly is the plan which is the basis of Technocracy.

By JOHN J.
BARRETT

WELL, what do you think of that? How do you like the idea of the equivalent of \$20,000.00 a year to spend? And instead of working eight (or more) hours a day, six days a week—think of the fun you might be having under this new scheme!

Of course, there is the usual thorn in *this* deal as there *always* has been in other theories—it appears that we must sign a twenty-year agreement with the Technocratic government to labor for the common benefit during that time. Does this mean that we

shall lose our personal liberty? Would we be satisfied to be without ambition with regard to money? Twenty thousand every year is a lot of money . . . but is it your goal? Do you have hopes that you *might* be able to make more if you were left alone?

So what of Hollywood—and the movie stars? Many of them have been working years to achieve money success! Does the thought of receiving \$20,000.00 a year thrill them? Do they find Technocracy workable, or do they consider it another fad? Since the ambition for money will be lost, what would

Hollywood substitute in its place? The answers to these and many other questions would take volumes to discuss, so we limited our questions to a single query: "What do you think of Technocracy?" We have included some of the biggest (and some of the smallest) cogs in the movie machinery. Make up your mind first . . . then compare your answer with those favorites of yours in Hollywood!

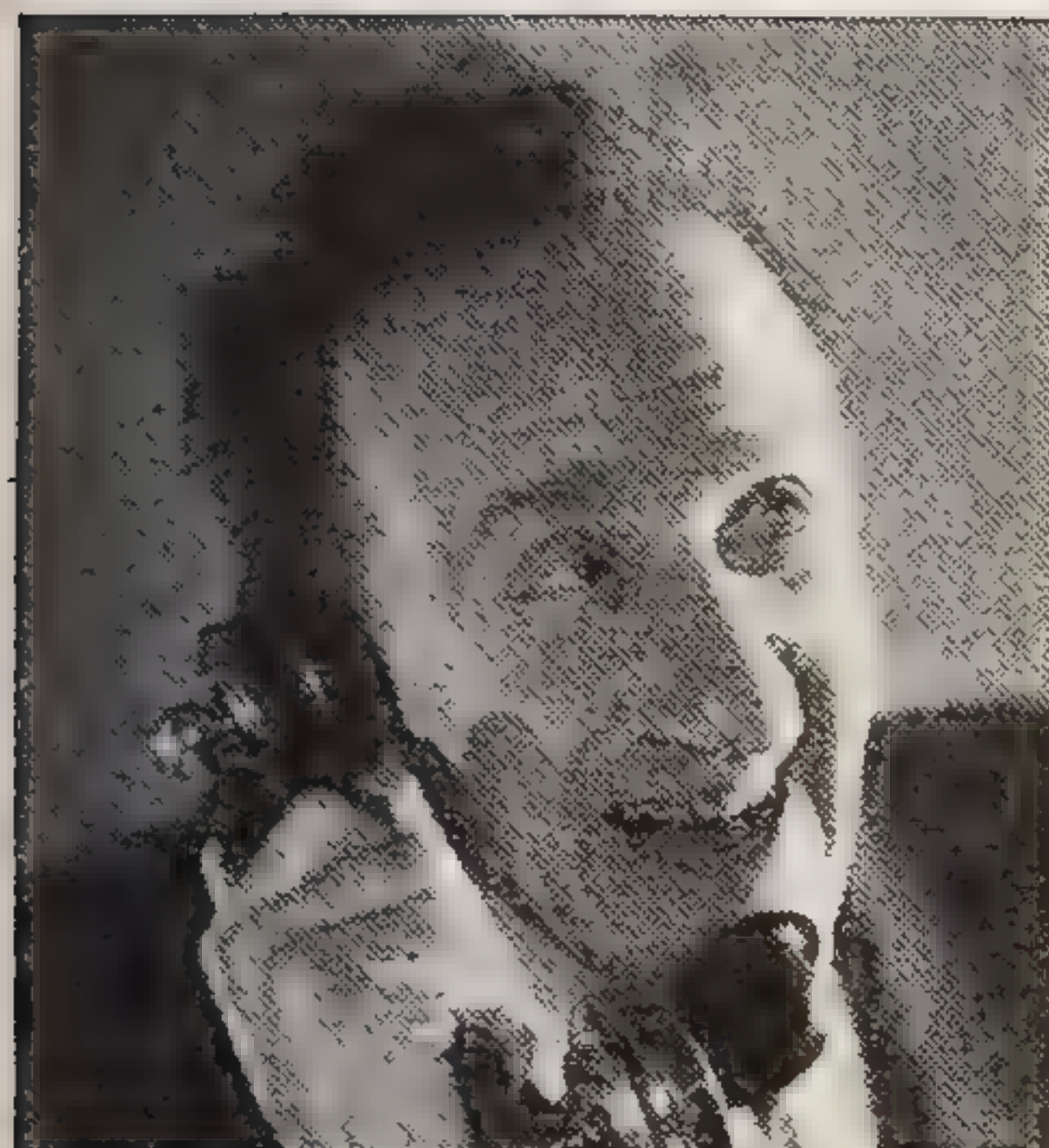
This story really starts at Pickfair. Mary and Doug are giving a huge party. Off in a secluded corner we find Doug, Jr., discussing Technocracy with Charlie Chaplin:

Doug Fairbanks, Jr.: "I've read everything I could get my hands on about the subject. I don't think it will work! My reason? Well, Technocracy, to me, seems to be a *leveling* of humanity—which I consider impossible! These things always look *great* on paper . . . but when they are tried out on human beings they generally fail. My hunch is that there has to be a change . . . but I look for it to be toward the return of the monarchy! Still, if Technocracy *comes* . . . put me down as an actor!"

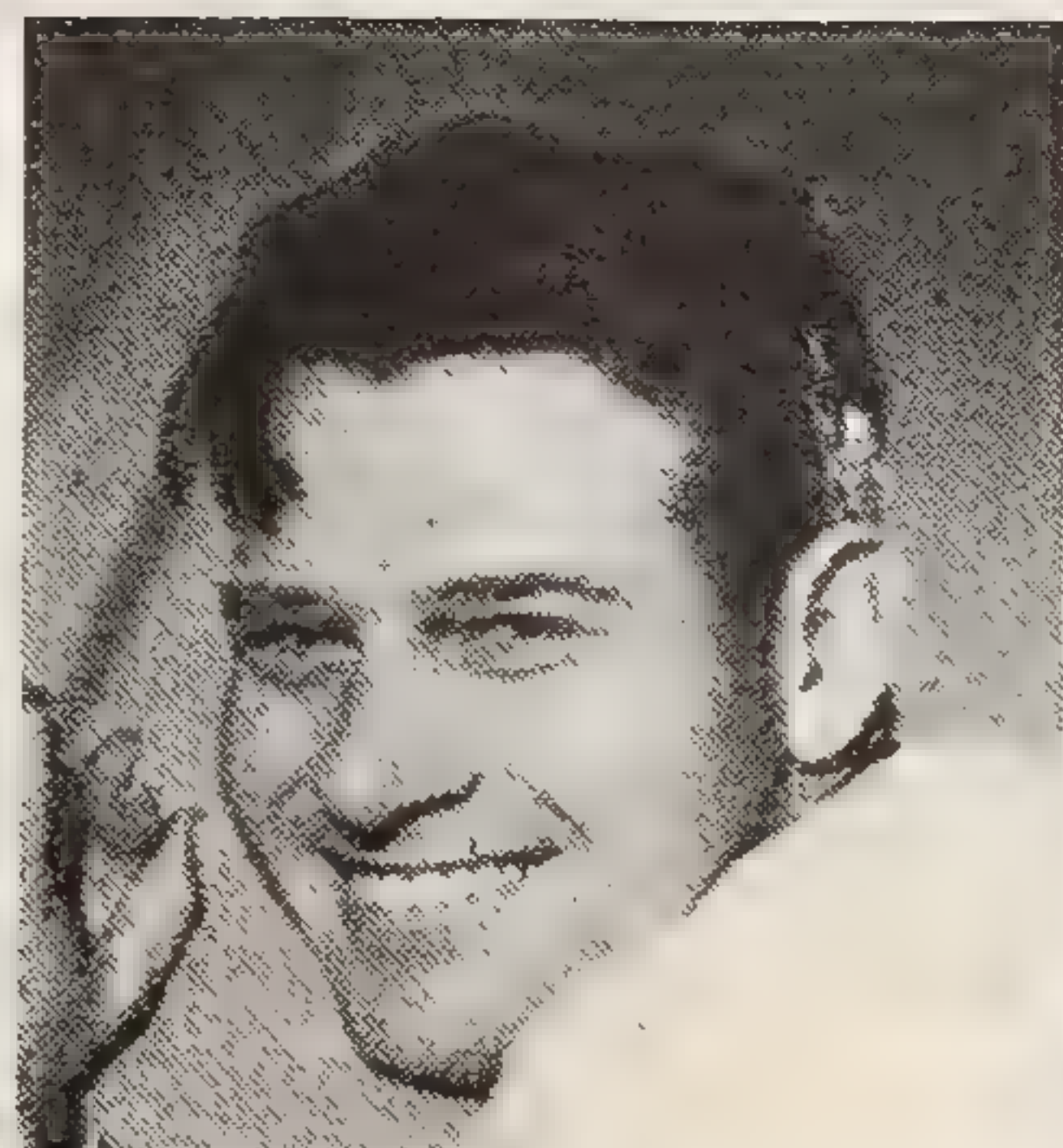
AFTER a half hour discussion of the subject, Young Doug called his father over and asked him what *his* thoughts were! Doug

. . . Everyone is interested in Technocracy. Many people think it just the thing to save the world from complete chaos. Others believe it would bring bitter unhappiness. See what Hollywood thinks about it. Do you agree with your favorite player's opinion?

CRACY...!!



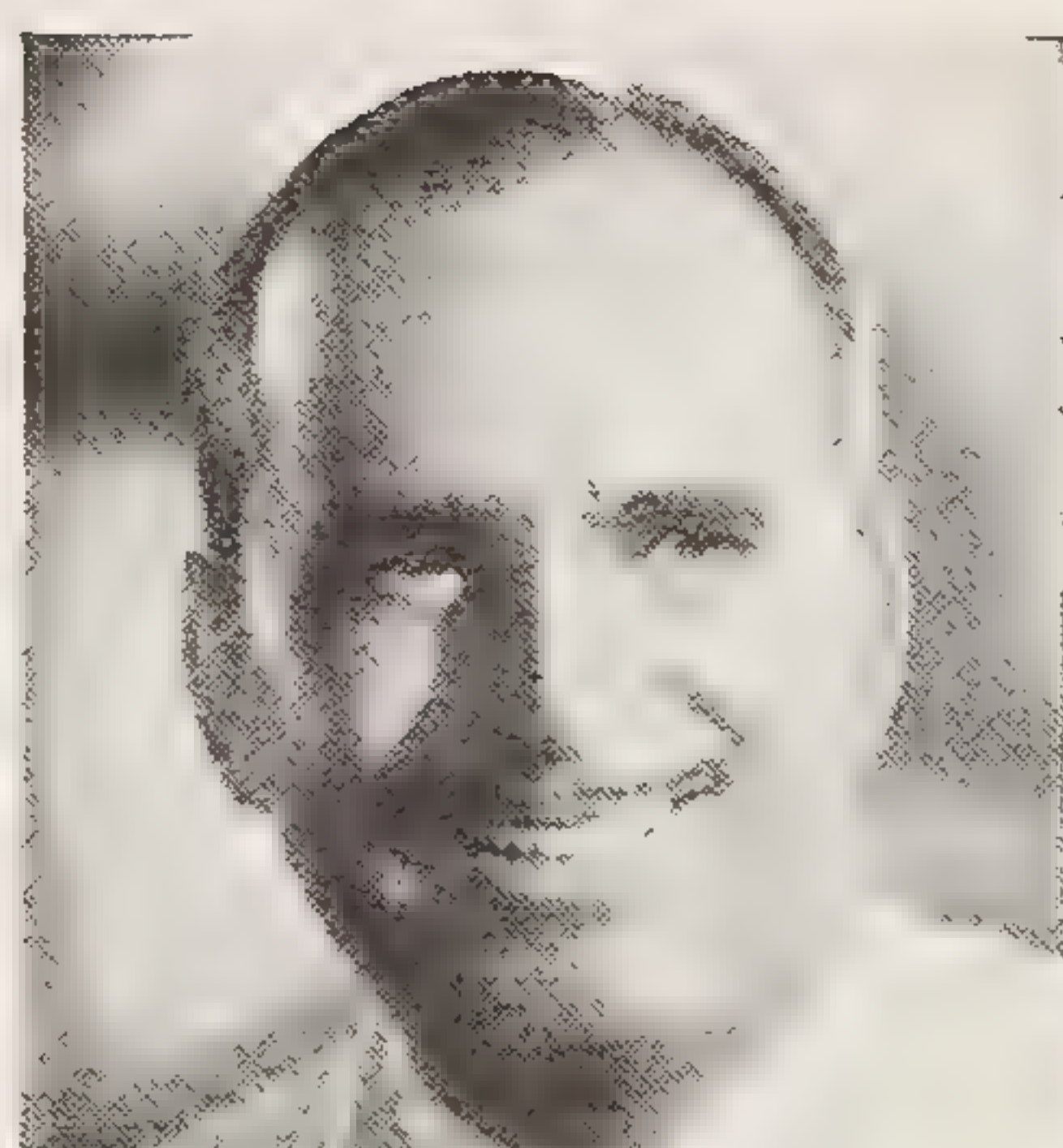
"Am I sore?"



What about ambition?



What of savings?



For the greatest good?



Thinks it won't work.

pointed at his son (while looking at me) and said:

Fairbanks, Sr.: "I don't know any more about it than *he* does! I am probably the only incurable optimist in Hollywood—somehow, I have a strong hunch everything will be all right! If Technocracy will be the greatest *good* for the greatest *number* . . . I'm for it!"

Charlie Chaplin: "I have had the advantage of a close study of the Five Year Plan in Russia. Technocracy is vastly different . . . but I doubt if it has any better chance of succeeding! The rest of the world would suffer tremendously if this country should decide to try the new theory . . . they all depend upon us to such a great extent. My personal theory is that there is a vast change coming . . . I am sure that within three years the world will be in a new and startling civilization—I hope it will be akin to the life lived on the Island of Bali in the South Pacific, a sort of Utopia where jealousy is absolutely unknown!"

Jack Oakie: "What? After me saving my dough all these years . . . they are going to make a law against it? It's a lot of hooey! Say, what's to prevent a lot of these mugs 'dogging it' . . . I'll bet there will be more bums then than there ever have been in history! What would be

the sense of working your head off . . . it won't mean a thing!"

Lee Tracy: "Most everyone who is making more than \$20,000.00 a year now seems to be against this new idea . . . but not me! Most of them say: 'It will stifle ambition!' *What* ambition? Money ambition, that's all! There will still be plenty of other things to get ambitious about: artistic achievement, for one! You can't *measure* that, so there will be no way of telling a person he can't accumulate all he wants of that! It's just a question if this theory is the *one*!"

Harold Lloyd (cabled): "I have much the same sentiments as those expressed by Al Smith: 'We've all had a marvelous opportunity to see what happens to this country when it is being run by an engineer! If you like that way of doing things . . . be ready for more of the same!'"

(Will Rogers ran through a STOP signal and was approached by the traffic cop with his book in hand. The cop asked for statistics.)

Will Rogers: "So you want statistics, eh? Well, son, I ain't one of them there *Technocrats* . . . I'm just plain old *Democrat*! I don't know nothing about statistics!" (P. S. The cop let him go!)

Jean Harlow: "It's so difficult for me to *picture* what living would be like under those conditions! It

really makes me dizzy, just *thinking* about it! Matter of fact, I'm happy the way things are—but if all the people could be made more happy by this new theory I think it should be given a trial! What about the clothes? Will they all be the same? I like to wear things a bit different than everyone else has . . . gee, maybe it wouldn't be so good after all!"

Rosie, Secretary M-G-M: "Say, how much a *week* is \$20,000.00 a year? Four hundred dollars? Boy, howdy, *I'm* for it in a big way! Would I be in heaven then, or *not*?"

C. B. DeMille: "I have made a hasty study of the subject, but I don't feel prepared to make a statement! It's too big a thing to be taken lightly! Technocracy should neither be accepted nor rejected by *anyone* . . . until each has made a most thorough study of the theory as well as the probable *results* of that theory!"

Newsboy at the Brown Derby: "Twenty thousand bucks a year? An' only work from the time I'm twenty-five 'til I'm forty-five? YOWZER! And how yowzer! Jeeze, I don't see where I'm ever goin' to be makin' no twenty grand a year . . . I'm for the deal, smack off!"

Gary Cooper: "It sounds like some form (*Continued on page 79*)



International

SEEN at the opening of "The Sign of the Cross" in a man's tuxedo, Marlene Dietrich topped the entire evening! Maurice Chevalier, who spent the intermission with the German star, seemed positively envious of the perfect cut of Marlene's mannish coat!"

The above item, in a Hollywood paper, brings Marlene Dietrich's "trouser season" to a climax. Besides Chevalier, most of the men at the theater cast longing glances at the beautiful, blond gal who stood, hands in pockets of the most perfectly fitting tuxedo in town!

True, trousers are nothing new to Dietrich! She has been wearing them for months around Hollywood. Worn them so often, in fact, that there is grave doubt in the minds of many onlookers that she even *owns* a dress now! Worn them in spite of the fact that almost every writer in Hollywood has twitted her. Hollywood doesn't like it! Says so—and means it! Still, Dietrich goes on wearing her trousers.

Why?

Almost everyone in the colony has put forth at least one answer to the question . . . but until now, no one has thought to ask the lady herself! Here is Marlene's own answer—told quite matter-of-factly and without pose:

Here is the famous beauty in smart tuxedo and trousers and felt hat—all made in the most masculine fashion. As a matter of fact, a man's tailor did them for Marlene. Maurice Chevalier was highly appreciative of Marlene's appearance. We can't blame him.

WHY DIETRICH WEARS TROUSERS

. . . Marlene's reasons as to why she has been appearing in public in trousers tailored in regular masculine style

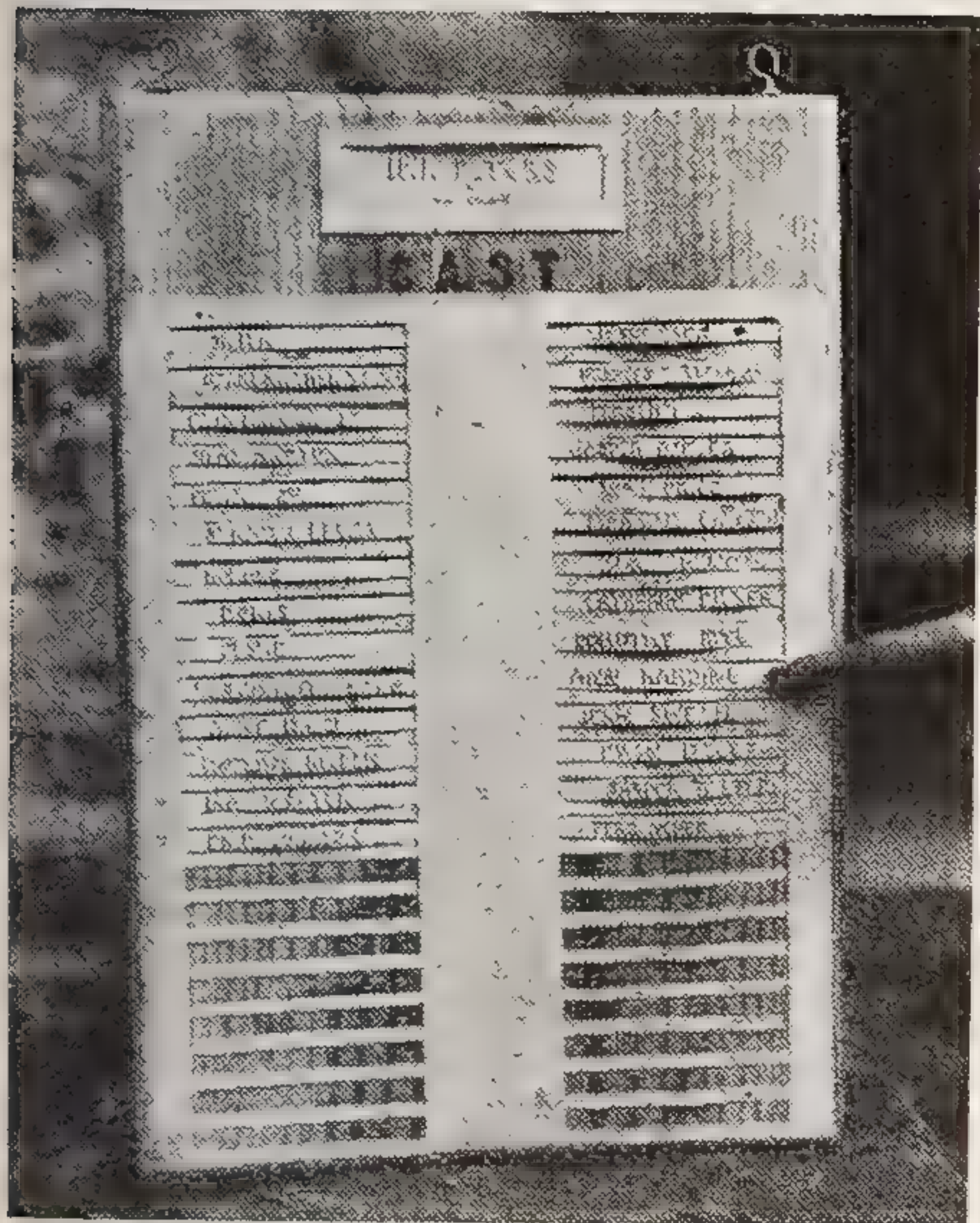
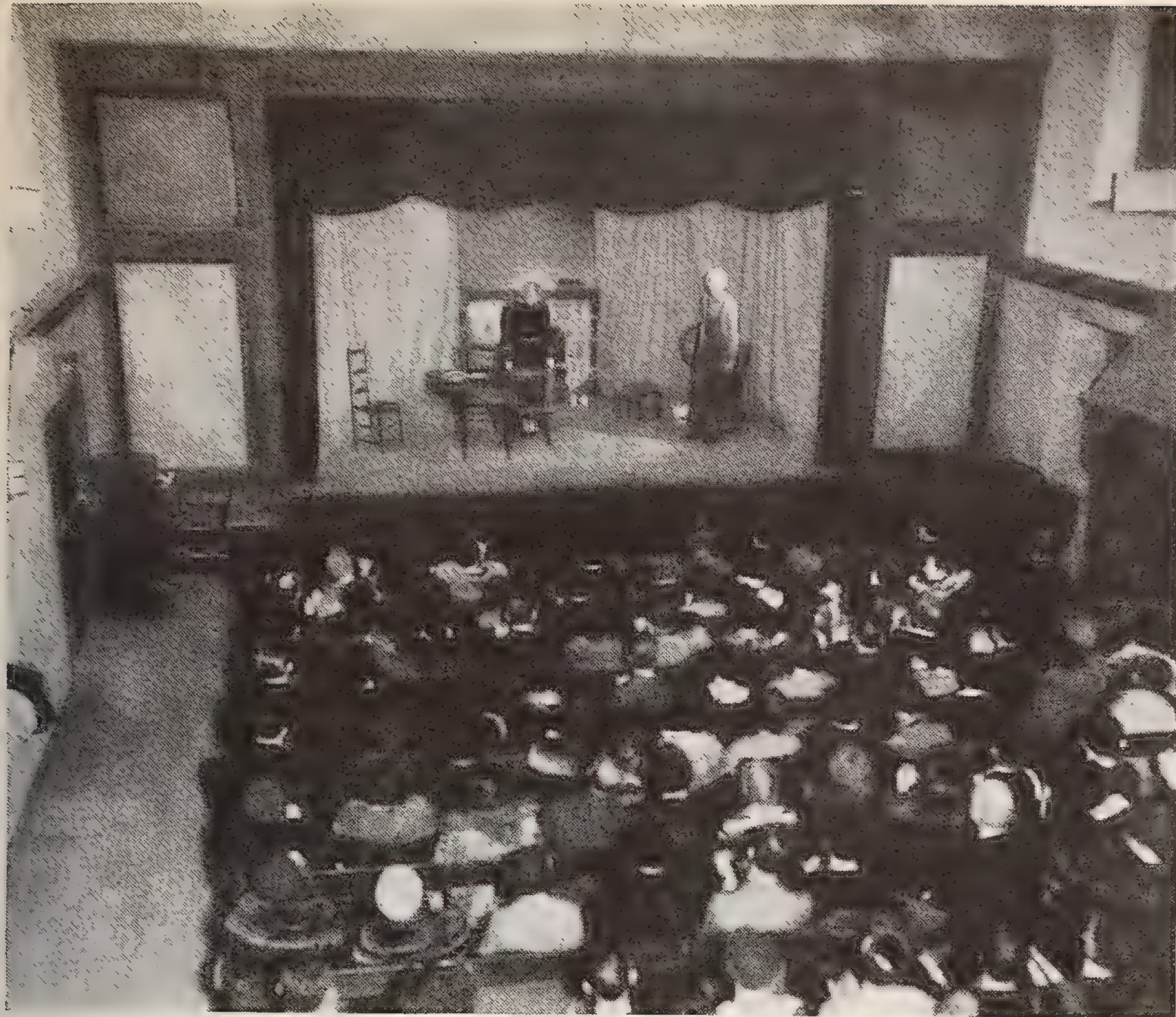
By JEAN CUMMINGS

I WEAR trousers for the reason that they are more comfortable!" smiled Dietrich (who at the moment was wearing gray flannels). "One can slip into a pair of trousers in two minutes, even without the aid of a mirror, and lounge around in perfect ease. The men's shirts and coats

that I wear are also more comfortable than most any dress I have ever worn. I wouldn't advise *every* woman to wear trousers, however, because they don't fit every figure . . . my shoulders are wide like a pair of masculine shoulders!"

Before Marlene continued, I noticed that while she was wearing a suit, she wore no vest! A striped shirt with a broad, black four-in-hand tie. Silk sox and low-heeled shoes! A small beret, worn over one eye, completed the ensemble.

"Trousers and masculine clothes make me appear *more* feminine than dresses do!" Marlene went on, crossing her feet as she leaned against the door of her dressing room while lighting a cigarette. "I think you will agree, that certain types of women look well in masculine clothes . . . even better than they do in frills and laces! I always wear plenty of flowing gowns in my pictures, but in real life a man's suit makes me feel (Continued on page 113).



(Above, left) Inside the Hedgerow Theater with Ann and Deeter in "The Inheritors." (Above, right) Ann and Jasper Deeter, founder of Hedgerow. (Left) Ann didn't get stellar billing. See? She's tenth on the list.

ANN HARDING'S HIDEAWAY

By EDWARD R. SAMMIS

The unusual answer to Ann's sudden and unexpected disappearance from Hollywood

BELIEVE it or not, as this is being written, Ann Harding is playing in person on the stage of an obscure countryside theater some twenty miles to the westward of Philadelphia.

She is not even billed as a star. Her name, in ordinary type, appears on the cast sheet tenth from the top in the list of local talent. Just another trouper.

On the morning I saw her, she was sitting on the rough stone steps of the theater, talking to a girl in overalls who was a stage carpenter, and a high school boy in knickers, the official ticket taker.

She was wearing a faded leather jacket, an old tweed skirt and low-heeled elkskin sport shoes. The only touch of Hollywood in her ensemble was one of those gay red Javanese scarves—they sell them along the Boulevard—knotted loosely about her throat.

She was just having lunch, a pint bottle of milk which she was drinking through a straw, and a five-cent box of raisins from the country store.

And she looked really happy.

In last month's MODERN SCREEN, you read about the spot she is in. The rumors following her divorce; dissension at the studio.

Then, just when everybody was wondering what Ann would do about it, she dropped out of sight.

Rumors flew thicker than ever. She was rushing back for a reconciliation with Harry Bannister. She was returning to the Broadway stage. This and that.

And all the while, quite without benefit of headlines, although she made no attempt to keep it secret, she was playing as one of the cast at the Hedgerow Theater in Rose Valley, Pa., working like a dog, just for the love of it.

She was doing it for the good of her soul—and Jasper Deeter.

JASPER DEETER is the Hedgerow impresario. One night some ten years ago he was conducting a tryout backstage at the Provincetown Playhouse when a slim, earnest girl in a blue tailored (Continued on page 78)



WILL HE BE THE GREATEST SCREEN LOVER?

DO you want to hear about the latest screen hero, Herbert Marshall, from someone who knows him? Well listen, then.

I shall tell you what he looks like first. He is tall and well made, and his clothes are exactly right. He has a quaint face, not a bit handsome, but full of charm. There is a suggestion of something faintly Chinese about it—perhaps

because it looks wise and slightly mysterious. His eyes are not magnificently enormous as screen stars' eyes are supposed to be. They are simply large brown eyes, but they are full of meaning. The plaintive set of his eyebrows gives them much of their charm.

Then there is his voice. When he sits and talks to you his voice has all those enchanting tones in it that you hear on the screen, all the whimsical sophistication, the wistfulness, the astonishing note of sincerity. He has none of that absurd "refained" pronunciation which makes some second-rate English voices the laughing stock of all other countries. He might have graduated at Harvard or at Oxford—you could not tell which, for he speaks just the perfect, simple English which the cultivated people in both countries speak alike.

He came to have tea with me this afternoon—yes, tea, not the suspicion of a cocktail! Aren't we old-fashioned still? But there is always something romantic about tea in the firelight on a winter evening, with nice Dresden cups, and a steaming silver kettle, and softly shaded lamps. It is cosy, and draws out confidences. And I can assure you that Herbert Marshall is a very interesting person to share confidences with.

YOU all know his charm upon the screen, the wistful appeal of his eyes and voice, yet with the suggestion of strength and sophistication behind. Well, he has all that off the screen, and more, for you feel his personal magnetism as well.

The strongest impression that you get is that he is really genuine—he is not putting over anything on you. He is perfectly unselfconscious and quite indifferent as to the effect he is producing on you. This delightful unselfconsciousness is the most potent charm a man can have, and the rarest. Of all the film stars that I can think of at the moment, Gary Cooper is the only one who shares it with Herbert Marshall.

Another thing which strikes you is the sensitiveness of his character. He grasps the finest shades of meaning at once, and has a whimsical sense of humor.

He interested me today by telling me of

... This famous author, who has contributed a number of brilliant features to *Modern Screen*, believes that Herbert Marshall may be the greatest film lover

his first job. When his school days were over he went to work in the office of a chartered accountant, meaning to take up this profession. Who knows, perhaps this early discipline has helped to give him the poise and self-control which are part of his charm. But needless to say he simply detested it! It would scarcely appeal to a real artist of his type to sit all day counting up dull figures, and one wonders at the strange twist that made him start on such a career, for his father was an actor, and evidently acting was in his blood. Perhaps it was the effect of an English public school education, which in the past used to instill the idea that acting was not a "man's job."

HOWEVER that may be, he insists that his efforts at accountancy were a terrible failure, and that he was finally dismissed for incompetence! This was just before the War, and any doubts as to his capacity to take on a "man's job" which his acting talent might suggest to old-fashioned prejudice were destined to be set forever at rest. He joined up at once and went to France, and his war record, as you have probably heard, is splendid. He was at length terribly wounded, and struggled through long months of pain, between life and death.

"It seemed bad at the time, but it gave me time to think and read," he said.

Perhaps these months of suffering are the secret of his sympathy and his sincerity. So few men know the reality of pain as women know it.

Then finally, when he did get well at last, the problem of what career he should follow arose once more. Someone suggested that he might get the job of manager to a traveling theatrical company. He still thought that anything to do with acting was boring, but as nothing else presented itself, he took the post, and thus gained experience of the stage. And then suddenly he knew that he must be an actor himself after all!

I remember so well seeing him in what must have been almost his first big part, in a play of Lonsdale's. He was immediately hailed as the one young man on the English stage with real personality who could act the part of a man of the world with perfect naturalness.

For that is what he suggests—complete knowledge of the world. There is nothing of the sweet Home-town Billy, with the golden heart hidden under the most uncouth manners, about Herbert Marshall. You could never think of him preferring his dinner in his shirt-sleeves, could you? Or kissing you while smoking a rank cigar! You could

By
**ELINOR
GLYN**

not imagine him clearing his throat or spitting into a spittoon—or getting drunk and incoherent or demanding caresses in a thick, tipsy voice. No! Thank the Spirits of Delight, he gives the imagination the vision of refined things, which make passion immortal.

The thing that touches the hearts of women is that he is the very essence of *romance*, and he creates this atmosphere whatever his part. Even in a light "opera-bouffe" such as "Trouble in Paradise" it is impossible to watch his love scenes without emotion. As when a favorite tune is heard, his voice seems to open the door to romantic memory or imagination. Instantly you feel that love is real, that it is not just sex-excitement. You realize that there is tenderness and sacrifice in it. You feel moved, and elevated.

And all this has a reason. It is because in this type of man love is a real thing, not a pastime. His personal life is filled with romance. It is not merely on the screen.

EDNA BEST is a rather rare person. She has the same wistfulness in her eyes as her husband, and the same tenderness and understanding. She is a most charming actress.

Perhaps theirs was love at first sight—at all events it seems to be essentially real. The type that Herbert Marshall represents so finely is the faithful type, that is why he brings back to the numbed senses of millions of women an understanding of what true love means. It is not just traffic in flesh and ephemeral passion, nor yet day-in, day-out, humdrum brotherliness. But such people are difficult to please, and the woman must be refined and exquisite to satisfy so fastidious a lover; but having none of the vanity which demands scalps, when a woman does come up to his ideal, he is content to remain faithful.

I asked him why he thought that the romance between them had lasted.

"It is because we follow inclination, not convention. For instance, we breakfast within call, but not habitually or necessarily together."

I understood what he meant. It is because there is none of that over-familiarity which is the subconscious reason of nearly every disillusionment. Some women keep men faithful by being good cooks and good housekeepers, others by satisfying their animal instincts, but the only lasting lure is to keep alight the lamp of romance.

When I ventured to say something about the rumors which have been flying about of a gift from the stork, I saw at once that this subject is sacred, and means deep things to this attractive man. It is in keeping with his whole character that it should. His strong, sensitive hands clasped firmly, and I determined to pry no more.

Women fans—my advice to you, when you look at Herbert Marshall on the screen, is to let him bring back into your hearts the knowledge that romantic love is a reality, that that voice with its appealing tones of tenderness and sincerity is real. Imagination is the gift of the gods to human beings to console them for the pains of reality. And Herbert Marshall gives us a thrill when we see him on the screen because he allows our imaginations full scope.

Herbert Marshall will be, perhaps, the greatest screen lover we have yet seen, because he satisfies that subconscious and often agonized longing in all women for romance.

As I talked to this man today in my peaceful sitting-room I thought again how like he is to the type of hero I have always drawn in my books—chivalrous, masterful, courteous, and most loving. I personally am glad that he has gone to the screen, if for no other reason than to demonstrate to the world my ideal of a hero who can make love as all sensitive women would wish.

Now you may think this is the portrait of a too perfect being. Well, he may have lots of faults—but they don't show, and I have no inclination to dig them out!



Of his performance in "Trouble in Paradise," (above) with Miriam Hopkins, Elinor Glyn says: "Even in a light 'opera-bouffe' such as 'Trouble in Paradise,' it is impossible to watch his love scenes without emotion... you feel moved and elevated."

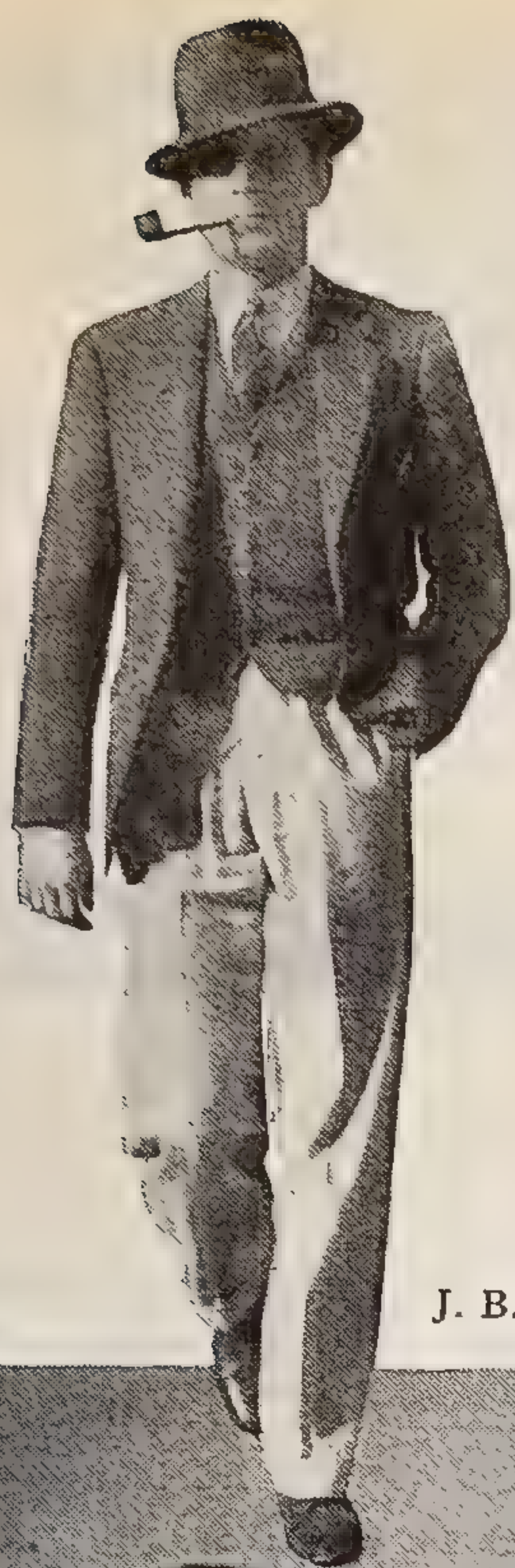


(Above) With Sari Maritza in "Evenings for Sale." (Below) With his wife, Edna Best. Giving a reason for the length of time their romance has lasted, he said: "It is because we follow inclination, not convention." They have kept their illusions.



Wide World

THE ROVING CAMERA



J. B. Scott

(Left) Phillips Holmes, pipe and all, takes a stroll down Hollywood Boulevard. Phil looks better than he has for some time. Watch for him in "Madame Blanche" with Irene Dunne, and in "Men Must Fight." (Right) Jeanette MacDonald and Lili Damita, also snapped on the Boulevard.



J. B. Scott



(Above) Gary Cooper gave a grand informal party recently. There he is, being the host, with Lil Tashman and Doug Fairbanks. (Below) Charlie Farrell and Gwyn Williams.



(Above) John Mack Brown and Fay Wray. (Below) Leslie Howard, Norma Shearer, Gary again, Elsa Maxwell from New York, and Lionel Barrymore—all very clubby.



THE WOMAN WHO CAN'T FORGET!

TALA INVARIABLY LOOKS SAD. HARDLY EVER SMILES. THERE'S A REASON

HAVE you ever seen a photograph of Tala Birell smiling? I never have. And here, in Hollywood, she is often spoken of as "the woman who never smiles." She is the most dour lady in filmland.

She walks about the Universal Studio, where she works, with a sad and solemn expression on her face. She greets her friends—of which she has comparatively few in America—with reserve and dignity.

If you watched her carefully in "Nagana" and tried to read the truth behind those intense, sombre eyes, you must have wondered, as I have wondered, what is the secret of her sadness.

And now that I have learned the secret, I must tell you.

Although Tala Birell is a typical Viennese and lived there most of her life, she was born in Bucharest, Roumania, of an Austrian father and a Polish mother, and was in that city when the Austrian Archduke was killed at Sarajevo. She was only five years old at the time but it was the beginning of an existence darkened by clouds of war and its attendant human suffering that years of clear skies have never and perhaps can never blot out.

There are people who can forget the agony of earlier years. Tala is not one of those. The rich blood that flows in her veins gives her the heritage of deep feeling that cannot throw aside lightly the pain caused by years of witnessing pain. Hers is the age-old spirit of the Danube which flows through the country of her nativity and the city she so much loves, Vienna. It is a spirit which somehow senses past glories and can never forget the turmoil which has wiped them out.

SHE was only seven when she huddled, frightened, in a dark corner of the family mansion in Bucharest while her father, a wealthy oil man, was dragged away by government agents. For days, she shared the despair of the household.

What would they do to him, this kindly man who had

seen to their every comfort and who had never harmed anyone? Would the fortunes of war deprive them of him? She remembers still the intense anxiety of those days. At last, one day, there was great rejoicing in the mansion. Her father was brought back. She remembers hearing his deep voice explaining what was going to happen.

Because of his wealth and position and influence, he had been able to arrange an opportunity to escape. "But it is going to mean giving this all up," she remembers his saying. "We must accustom ourselves to do without luxury and comfort. Our days of calm happiness are over."

Then it was learned that the Austrian border was closed and that they would have to travel through enemy country, Russia, in a special embassy train.

What an experience that was for this kindly group of Austrians. Young as she was, Tala will never forget it. There is painted upon her mind the pathetic sight of Russian boys, some of them only thirteen years old, *in uniform*—crowding around the railway stations awaiting orders from the Czar. Orders that would catapult them into the horrors and slime of war. Remembering, Tala's heart is heavy with the realization of what dreadful things man can do to man.

But then, with the spirit of hatred and war-fury rising like a stench all about her, little Tala did not know


the difference between friend and foe. She was soon to learn. Once she waved her hands at some of the Russian boys who watched them menacingly from the station platform. They seemed so young and so unhappy. Suddenly there was a furious clattering and crashing all about her. A great shower of rocks was hurled at them, some of the missiles breaking the windows of the train and narrowly missing the occupants. Tala heard vicious, bitter curses in Russian bombarding her young ears. And she could not understand why she was so hated, when she was trying to be so friendly.

Then, at last, Vienna. Vienna seething with war, a sweet, kind people suddenly obsessed with thoughts of



By HARRIET MARSH

(Above) Tala Birell and Melvyn Douglas in "Nagana." Although Tala has a good contract and apparently everything she wants in life she still remains sad. Can't she ever forget the sorrows of her early life?



Photograph by
Freulich

bloodshed and horror. Her father had been right. Their days of calm happiness were over. Luxury, comfort they had left behind them.

Now they were denied even the necessities. Tala remembers the cold, angry winter which forced the family to wrap themselves in what blankets and coats they had and huddle together to keep warm. She remembers asking once, plaintively, "Why can't we have enough to eat? I am so hungry."

And she was answered: "We cannot let the troops starve."

And, as for the cold . . . well, all the available fuel was needed for the war.

Some people who lived through those ugly days of war have put the memories out of their minds. But Tala can't forget.

And then, after the war, she remembers Vienna, a saddened and pitiful place. All the pomp and glory, which takes money, was swept away. All Vienna's citizens breathed the tragedy that had fallen across the city. Lovely Schoenbrunn, once the proud palace of the emperor, had become little more than a museum. In the Prater, the city's lovely park, where the people used to find so much happiness in their light-hearted jollity, only a pitiful shell of merry-making remained. The glories of the great Ring Strasse were over. And the lilting waltzes, singing the praises of the beautiful Danube or of the charming city itself, now seemed sad in the ears of the listeners in the half-empty cafés and awoke acute nostalgia where formerly there had been pride and happiness.

A friend of mine, recently returned from Eu-

rope, said, "Vienna is dying — but it is dying so beautifully."

That expresses the spirit of the city—a spirit that is now somehow reflected in the face of this woman who can't forget!

PERHAPS you know how Tala first thought of studying at an agricultural college, how she found that she had a voice and decided to study singing instead. Now the great Reinhardt saw her in a small bit in the Berlin stage production of "Madame Pompadour" and gave her the leading role in "Es liegt in der Luft." And while Tala was playing the part in Vienna, Reinhardt's Berlin company offered, in the same part, Marlene Dietrich! Then Dupont saw Tala and introduced her to the European film audiences. And now it is Universal's turn. Although big things are planned for her, you will not find her overcome with joy or exuberant with abundant, gay spirits. And you will know why. Like Garbo, she wears the tragic mask, conducts herself with reserve and dignity. I remember that when Garbo came to this country she was eternally amazed at the happy, smiling faces she saw here. And, sensing the same thing, Tala says, "Every person you meet always says, 'I feel great' when you ask him how he is. And the poor man may be suffering much. But he always says, 'I feel great!' In Europe we say, 'I do not feel so good' if we don't. Perhaps we are more honest but the American way is much more pleasant."

No, Tala Birell will not pretend that she has forgotten. She will not pretend she is happy. But I hope that someday she will forget—and learn to smile.

THE ADVENTUROUS LIFE OF GARY COOPER

By WALTER
RAMSEY



(Above) Gary at two-and-a-half, all dressed up. Like the hat? (Below, top picture) That's Gary on the left. Visiting the old swimmin' hole with his older brother and two friends. (Lower picture) Gary at twelve—in England, with some relatives.



Here's the story of Gary Cooper's life as it really happened. Not the story of a Hollywood Don Juan—the much-publicized hero of glamorous love affairs. Not the story of a movie actor with a palatial home and a foreign car. But the story of a very real, very likeable American chap who grew up on a ranch in Montana, having as many thrilling adventures as Tom Sawyer. And who, when he grew up, happened into a career as a movie actor

—The Editor

THE Adventurous Life of Gary Cooper began the day of his birth, May 7, 1902, in a small hospital in Helena, Montana. So slender was the thread of his existence that for the first two or three years Judge and Mrs. Charles Cooper were torn between being amazed, and then frightened, at his sudden strength and following relapses. It was just a toss-up whether Gary would pull through at all. But when he had successfully passed through all the children's diseases—the measles, the mumps, the chicken pox and a few more during his fifth and sixth years, his parents drew their first easy breath. If Gary could weather all that at once, maybe he could stand anything!

From the moment Gary was old enough to gaze out upon the world, which at that time was his father's thousand-acre ranch located sixty miles from Helena, he knew life as a struggle . . . and a hard one! He knew the hardships endured by his father and the ranch hands



Gary had all the grand adventures every American child envies



There's Gary as a baby—about six months old. He looks chubby enough, but as a matter of fact, Coop had a pretty bad time for the first few years of his life. He caught all the children's diseases just as fast as he could. Kept poor Mrs. Cooper nearly frantic.



At three. Wearing his favorite costume and indulging in his favorite pastime—fishing. Dad Cooper's Montana ranch was a perfect small boy's paradise. When Gary was a bit older, Mrs. Cooper used to let him and his brother go out on two or three day trips.

to protect the crops and cattle from the ravages of the howling, destructive weather. He learned early the amazing fight of every living thing against Nature itself. For this reason, nothing in life . . . nothing that can happen to him . . . including movie glory and the ease of Hollywood, will ever be *safe* to Coop!

"It is when my life is apparently moving the calmest and the quietest that I really begin to worry!" Gary says.

His first real experience with Nature-on-a-rampage came when Gary was about six. The various illnesses which the youngest Cooper had combated had left him rather weak and Judge Cooper decided that he should spend the spring and summer on the ranch. Father couldn't get away, but mother and the two boys (Gary's brother was six years older) could have a great time out in the country. Besides, there would be Old Andy, the foreman, and a couple of cow hands to watch over them.

THE ranch was situated in a canyon with the Missouri River flowing about two hundred and fifty feet in front of the ranch house. Just across the river were the tracks of the railroad. Directly behind the house were the foothills of the eight thousand foot peaks that ranged and towered above them. Forty miles up the river was a dam that backed up a huge lake of water. Gary and his brother had spent quite some time pleading with their mother for permission to hike to the dam, but in the end she convinced them that forty miles was a bit too much for such young hikers. The boys immediately looked around for a new idea. How about putting up tents a ways from the house and living there? Mrs. Cooper finally agreed to this plan.

The first night of their "camping out," Gary was awakened from a sound sleep by a loud swishing noise. The dog had started to howl, too. The combination of howling, swishing and whining frightened little Coop and he called for his mother. "Go back to sleep," advised Mrs. Cooper, "it is nothing but the wind in the trees."

"Wow!" exclaimed Gary in reporting the incident. "You should have seen what *we* saw when we walked from our tents the next morning! *The Missouri River was just ten feet from the flaps of our tents!* The dam had broken and water was everywhere. Lucky for us we had pitched camp on the slope of the hill—or I wouldn't be here to tell you about it. The swishing I had heard during the night had been the furious onrush of the pent up water from the broken dam. And you should have seen the weird sights the destructive water had left behind! A large house had floated right up to our ranch house and stopped against a boulder—haystacks with chickens perched on them were floating down the stream—our own little cottonwood grove was entirely submerged. The railroad train, we learned later, had started down the line to warn all the ranches, but had been forced to stop before it got as far as our place. The rails were twisted and washed out across from us with some of the rails wrapped around large stones. What a sight!"

"I suppose my brother and I were the only ones who really enjoyed the catastrophe. When the waters receded, we would walk through the fields barefooted and the mud oozing through our toes felt swell. The flood left thousands of fish in little ponds everywhere and we caught them by the handful. I rescued a one-eyed dog out of the wreckage and he was my inseparable pal for years.

Those early days on his father's ranch—boy! they were fun!



(Above) Taken in Bath, England. His grandmother and uncle are with him. (Left) With his mother and father. (Below) In the top picture, with Buddy Rogers and Dick Arlen in "Wings" and below that, with Vilma Banky in "Barbara Worth."



"They had temporary tracks laid in about three weeks and the trains were about to start again—when it started to rain! And *how* it rained . . . for twenty-eight days and nights without a stop! The days were so dark that we had to keep the lamps burning. The river started mounting again; bridges were completely washed away and we were as marooned as though we had been on a desert island. Mother was terribly worried because she couldn't get a single word to father, back in Helena, concerning our safety—and father, we later learned, was on the verge of insanity because he could learn nothing concerning us. The more dangerous our situation became, in those days of darkness and nights of storm and disaster, the better I liked it!



AS though the ravages of the flood and rain were not enough, another very real danger was dumped right at our doorstep. The moment the rain ceased, the railroad shipped one hundred and fifty immigrant Turks into our territory to help with the new roadbed. Of course, they *had* to be dumped right near our property with only enough box cars to house half of them! The Turks were big and illiterate . . . still wearing the fez and sash of their home country. Each had a curved knife carefully concealed at the waist. After about two nights of sleeping on the damp ground in the open, those who had no cars to stay in got mighty well out of hand. It rained a bit the third night—and at dawn, seventy-five Turks went on the warpath.

"We were awakened just as it began to show light, and looking out the front windows of the ranch house we saw this horde of murderous looking men rallied in a

How young Master Gary had an English accent thrust upon him



The young man is growing up—on the left. Taken after his return from school in England. How those Montana pals of his did whoop at his English duds and English accent! It seems there was a little private session behind the barn—after which the English accent became suddenly Americanized.



Gary at twenty—just about the time he was trying to astound the world as a cartoonist. And just before that very frank Western producer said, "I don't want an actor—I want a guy who can manage a horse" and gave Gary his start on the Hollywood road. Like Gary's hair brushed back that way?

muttering, protesting body—right in our front yard! They were mad . . . we didn't need an interpreter to know that they wanted the warmth and protection of our ranch house. They would spit toward the house and shake their fists at the windows where our little group was clustered. One of the cow hands (who could drive nails with a six-shooter) got a little burned up and was all for letting them have it. Mother stopped him and for her judgment we can all thank God.

"While the men had their backs turned, mother suddenly threw her shawl over her shoulders and stepped out the door—right into the midst of all those dirty beggars. They were so surprised that they ceased muttering—nor did they make any effort or gesture of defiance. Our boys covered mother from the windows with their guns.

"Mother said: 'This is private property—but if you are cold you may sleep in the barns. The boys will build a fire for you there.' So gently did she speak to them that those seventy-five Turks turned and quietly followed her to the barns. I shall never forget that picture of my mother walking resolutely and unafraid among those cut-throats . . . swinging her lantern for light against the coming of a dark day. To me, she seemed a figure far braver than the glamorous heroes in the stories she read to us!

"From that time on, the Turks were quite friendly. When, about a year and a half later, there were only a few of them left on the section gang, I was very pally with them. The reason I saw them so often was the fact that there was a cold spring back of the ranch house in the trees and into this the Turks always put their bottles

of beer for cooling. Late every evening they would come over to the spring and, after building a fire, sit in a large circle and drink beer. One Sunday afternoon, I wandered down to the spring to find out what all the noise could be. There were the Turks having a beer bust. They all offered me a bottle and finally I drank one. Eight-and-a-half years old . . . and a full quart of beer!

"I shall never forget the look on mother's face as she watched her young son stagger and reel up the path from the spring to the house. I can't recall whether she spanked me or sent me to bed . . . surely one or the other. The following morning the lectures began—and lasted almost the whole day. The beer hadn't made me sick, however, so the only regret I had was the fact that mother had been hurt by my actions."

GARY started to school that spring in the little log cabin schoolhouse located on the edge of the ranch. There were only ten pupils. The teacher, Miss Blessing, lived at the Cooper ranch house. (When Gary was doing one of his earlier Westerns, "Nevada," Miss Blessing visited him on the set . . . and they both got a great thrill out of the reunion.) But when Gary was young, Miss Blessing represented "schooling"—a form of compulsion that Gary cordially detested. He waited five days each week for Saturday to come so that he could go fishing and hunting.

"My first big game," smiled Coop, "was a chipmunk! Later I was able to bag ground hogs, rabbits, skunks and weasels. But it was a big thrill to get that first chipmunk. I remember bringing it home and telling my brother, 'When I grow up, I am going (Continued on page 99)

And how big, handsome Gary bronco-busted his way to fame



(Left) Her eldest son, Samuel Colt; Ethel Barrymore, herself; her daughter, Ethel Barrymore Colt; and her younger son, John Drew Colt. Ethel believes in making friends of her children.

... In this amazing interview, Ethel—once and for all—smashes the famous Barrymore tradition. The tradition that the Barrymores are a race apart

CAN THIS BE ETHEL BARRYMORE?

By GLADYS
HALL



(Right) The Queen of the Royal Family of Broadway playing the Empress of Russia in "Rasputin and the Empress."



ETHEL BARRYMORE isn't one bit as I expected her to be. For I have been brought up, so to speak, even as you, on the Barrymore tradition—the tradition of Barrymores doing and saying outré and fantastical things. I expected some display of it. I don't quite know what I *did* expect . . . imaginings ran through my mind like fireflies. I think I imagined that Ethel might scorch me with Thespian scorn, freeze me with some Barrymore brand of hauteur, throw a thing or two at me, turn her back on me, then show me the door, perhaps.

I went to Ethel's dressing room on the M-G-M lot. I found a gentle-voiced, rather tired-faced woman, with a soft, persuasive manner of speaking, vague gestures seeming to ask questions rather than to answer them, a small, three-cornered face with eyes too large and too luminous to live in it quite comfortably. She wore a regal black

velvet court robe bordered with chinchilla. And she said to me, fingering it, "*Real chinchilla, see, touch it—ah, this Hollywood! All my life I have been longing to own a gray suit—that special pale shade, you know—bordered with real chinchilla—I've never been able to afford it. But I really don't mind—I wear my chinchilla inside.*"

And instantly, I felt, I knew Ethel Barrymore. I was aware, *you* would be aware, that she wears many things "inside"—chinchilla and, perhaps, jewels and stones of a softer substance. Dreams and longings and tender-nesses, gifts that have never been given and gifts that were never received.

I said, a trifle at sea, "But the Royal Family of Broadway—where have all the legends come from? You seem just like any other woman with three youngsters and a job."

"Not a scrap of temperament (*Continued on page 104*)

P O R T R A I T S



Photograph by Clarence Sinclair Bull

The always interesting Karen Morley looks older than her twenty-two years—both on the screen and in real life—because of that sophisticated personality. She had a grand honeymoon with her husband, Charles Vidor. She values Lionel Barrymore's praise above that of anyone else. When he told her she was a real actress she practically couldn't eat for days from excitement. Karen has no social ambitions whatsoever. She has only been to one Hollywood premiere. She much prefers finding funny little restaurants. She adores sport clothes.



Photograph by Clarence Sinclair Bull

Madge Evans has returned to M-G-M (after her visit to United Artists to do "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum" with Al Jolson) and you will see her with Robert Montgomery in "Hell Below"—originally titled "Pig Boats." Madge used to pose for soap ads when she was a little girl, as well as the famous Madge Evans hats. She has a most surprising singing voice—deep contralto. So unexpected, after her silvery speaking voice. Madge lives with her mother in Hollywood. She loves swimming and deep sea fishing and bicycle riding. She dresses very plainly.



Photograph by Bert Longworth

Leo Carrillo began his career as a cartoonist on the Los Angeles Examiner. He says his hobbies are polo, writing and human nature. He has a Chinese servant named Ling who simply worships him. Carrillo is famous around Hollywood as a host—has grand barbecues and fiestas on his ranch. He's a pretty good cook—especially of Mexican food. Carrillo is in "Parachute Jumper" with Doug Fairbanks, Jr. And he's in "Obey the Law" for Columbia. his home studio. And M-G-M has borrowed him for "The White Sister" with Helen Hayes.



Photograph by Robert W. Coburn

Eric Linden intends to stick to acting (which he doesn't particularly care for) and never marry until he has provided for his family. Recently a Linden fan, reading in the newspaper that Eric wanted a horse, wrote: "Start building barn immediately. Have horse ready that spent six months with Canadian Mounted Service." The clipping was enclosed with the letter. You'll see Linden next in "Sweepings" with Lionel Barrymore. Did you see him in "No Other Woman" and "The Past of Mary Holmes"?



Photograph by Ray Jones

Lew Ayres was borrowed from Universal by Fox for a part in "State Fair." His next film for his home studio will be "Out on Parole." We were very sorry to hear of his break with Lola. Lew is always acquiring some new hobby—the latest is chess. He's still crazy about astronomy. He putters—quite expertly, too—in sculptoring and occasionally twangs the banjo in memory of his orchestra days. Along with many others in Hollywood, he caught the flu during the recent epidemic. This gave him a good excuse to run down to Palm Springs for a few days.



Photograph by Elmer Fryer

Claire Dodd, who looks a bit like Dietrich, won her first break imitating Garbo. But she has ceased since Warner Brothers gave her a better break and a contract. You'll see her in "Ex-Lady" with Bette Davis. Did you see her in "Hard to Handle" and "Blondie Johnson"? Claire has gorgeous legs, but she refuses to pose for leggy pictures. She loves to knit. She never tires of fresh green peas. Likes deep sea fishing. Believes that sleep is the greatest aid to beauty. Her favorite indoor sport is chess. She was a Ziegfeld beauty.



Buster Crabbe, Paramount's "King of the Jungle," born in Honolulu, now lives in Hollywood with his father and mother. He's twenty-two and has never been in love. In the recent Olympics, he broke the world record for the four hundred meter free style swimming race. Time: four minutes, forty-eight and four-tenths seconds. And he has a number of other swimming trophies, too. He competed with one hundred and fifty other athletes for the "Jungle" role. It's his very first appearance before the cameras.

THE INSIDE STORY OF HOLLYWOOD'S PRIZE ROMANCE



ARE they married yet?" "Certainly, they were officially tied up at Arrowhead last week." "Nonsense, my dears, they're going to have a church wedding early in the year or maybe they'll put it off till spring." Then again, "It's off—they've quarreled."

Those are the buzzes you hear constantly over Hollywood's own broadcast station R-U-M-O-R. Everyone's watching it, this Maureen O'Sullivan - Jimmy Dunn torch duet. And speculating, of course. Maureen has excited so many male hearts and everyone knows what a playboy Jimmy has been.

But have you ever noticed that when that "certain something" clicks between two such eager, intensely alive, gay young persons, it's usually the real thing?

I've seen a good many romances in this fair film village of ours kindle and burn to white heat—and die down to white ashes. But it's been a long time since I've seen one that had the glow that this has. The same sort of delicate glow you find in the love poems of a Tom Moore. It makes you believe all over again in the sublimity of young love. . . . The sort of love you find in books.

And I have never seen a girl fight harder against love than Maureen did. She didn't ask for this. She didn't want it. In fact, it was the last thing on earth she *did* want. Not that she is averse to the little bow-and-arrow fellow. It was *loving Jimmy Dunn* that she fought against.

He was irresponsible. A scatterbrain. One of those fellows who think the world is their special bubble to burst. When he came striding onto the set of "Bad Girl" eating a huge red apple and whistling between bites, Maureen gave him the benefit of a very disapproving, very cold glance. She didn't know who he was—and didn't give a tinker's dam.

"What a *fresh* sort of person," she told Frank Borzage in that delightful south-of-Ireland drawl of hers.

Frank twinkled. Perhaps he sensed the vibrations between those two even then. He says so anyway.

"Sorry you don't like him. He's my new leading man just out from New York."

"Oh."

That "oh" dismissed Jimmy Dunn wholly and entirely from Maureen's life. Or so she thought.

At the time she was living in the Garden of Allah, and

By VIRGINIA
T. LANE

. . . When Maureen O'Sullivan first met Jimmy Dunn on the "Bad Girl" set, she thought merely that he was "a fresh sort of person." But that's all changed!



J. B. Scott

Above, left, you find Jimmy in his Hollywood home, Maureen in a favorite garb, and the two of them at a recent race meet. They are mad about each other—yet Maureen has certain doubts and fears.

her point. Such as Jimmy sending his mother yellow tea roses twice a week. And paying his father's debts. And there was that time on a transcontinental train when he happened on an old lady crying silently from sheer loneliness. He dug the backgammon board out of his bags and proceeded to enliven her trip all the way out. Miss Coons knew because she read the old lady's letters that came to him weekly. And what's more, Jimmy answered them himself!

occupying a bungalow across from her was Molly O'Day. Now Molly was James' first Hollywood fancy. The others, like June Knight, Irene Ware and Cecilia Parker, came later. All "fancies" as he explained to me. But Molly was first. You could hear him come a-courting her from two blocks away. Exuberant Jimmy. Maureen's piquant nose tilted up another half inch at the sight of him. Such a man!

It was really Miss Coons who changed her mind. She is the pleasant faced lady who tends to the "fan" mail out at Fox and she continued taking care of Maureen's even after her contract was up there.

"But you should know him!" she protested when Maureen derided Jimmy.

"He's *sweet*." And she brought up incidents to prove

THAT *did* put another light on young Mr. Dunn. A boy who was kind to old ladies . . . Well, he didn't seem *just* a playboy. Miss Coons doubled for Cupid in masterly fashion. Every time either one of them popped into her office—which occurred frequently—she managed to mention the other. Mention them in such a manner that they began mentally to preen for the introduction. You know how that is? You get your hopes built up sky high—then you meet and *zoom*, down go your fond expectations. That's usually the case. But this time it was different. Jimmy said, "Wow!" Just like that, as if someone had given him a blow straight to the heart.

Maureen said nothing. She didn't have to, not with those Irish eyes. . . .

(Continued on page 108)



MEET THE STARS AT AGUA CALIENTE

PHOTOS BY J. B.
SCOTT (SCOTTY),
MODERN SCREEN'S
EXCLUSIVE CAMERA-
MAN

(Below) General view of Agua Caliente. (Left)
Jean Harlow on the links. (Above, left) Jean with
Jesse Lasky. They played a full round together.
(Above, right) Jean with Marino Bello, her step-
father. They're devoted to each other.





. . . When the picture is finished the stars rush off to Agua to have fun. Let's join them for a while

(Top, left) Carl Laemmle, Jr., Eleanor Holm and a friend. (Top, right) Charles Ruggles, the zany, tossing pennies into the wishing well at Agua. The well is located outside the gambling rooms. You drop a coin and make a wish. The money is supposed to be for charity but some say the Mexican waiters split the spoils. But the well does a grand business and (right) has lured Mae Clarke, Gloria Shea and Bernard Toplitzsky.





The races at Agua Caliente are among the biggest and most important going. A lot of money changes hands during an afternoon there. At top of page you get a glimpse of the crowd which attends the races. They certainly seem plenty popular. Joe Schenck controls the entire place. The movie stars watch the races from the boxes. In the small picture in the center of the page you see William Powell and wife Carole Lombard. At bottom of page you'll find Gilbert Roland, Constance Bennett and her Hank.





. . . You can throw restraint to the Mexican winds when you visit Agua Caliente and gamble and celebrate to your heart's content. Want to know how to get there?

Let's go avisiting in the swanky boxes and meet some of the stars. The picture at the left at top of page discloses Betty Lou Henderson, Robert Young, Cliff Edwards and wife Nancy Dover. The picture at the right at top of page shows you Cy Bartlett and Alice White. Hm, Cy and Alice seem to be drinking, ah, water! Below, at the left, may we present the sisters Bennett? And at the right, Joan again and husband Gene Markey.





By CARTER
B R U C E

DO YOU KNOW THE 1933 ALICE WHITE?

WHENEVER the pert, ex-flapper name of Alice White comes up in Hollywood, you hear these questions: Is her return to the screen "permanent" . . . or is it merely a "trailer" in the wake of the star she so closely resembles, Clara Bow?

Is the change in her a really definite reaction in her character, or is she following privately as well as professionally the newly subdued manner of the "It" girl?

In short, Hollywood is once again wondering if the White girl's career is to be an individual path of its own across the movie heavens, or merely a reflection of whatever happens to Clara Bow.

In the old days, when Clara was flaming and "itish"

and unruly, falling in love, first with one man and then another, Alice White, too, was flaming and itish and full of whoopee. If Clara got thin, Alice got thin and it was amusing that if Clara *gained* a spare pound or two, Alice also managed to bulge in practically the same places. They called Clara the "It" girl of the screen and they called Alice "The It Girl's Rival." Even the ending of their contracts (Clara's with Paramount and Alice's with Warner Brothers) came almost simultaneously. They enjoyed the same period of being "through in pictures." Now they have both apparently returned to the screen at the same time!

The parallel fate of the two former screen flappers might, of course, have been set down as purely coin-

... Hollywood says that Alice White has changed—"gone grand." It's perfectly true that the little bonfire has changed—but not in that manner



J. B. Scott



J. B. Scott

cidental if a lot of suspicious minded people hadn't formed the previous idea that Alice was a "manufactured" star, carefully groomed by a rival studio to compete in the same field with Clara, then the biggest box-office attraction in pictures.

SO, no wonder Hollywood is intrigued by the idea of Alice's return to pictures under the banner of her original studio, following on the heels of Clara's sensational return to the screen in "Call Her Savage." They figured she was here for a one picture contract, "Employees' Entrance," and would probably do an immediate fade out after what publicity could be gathered in the wake of the original redhead's return. But Alice fooled them . . . she had no sooner finished "Employees' Entrance" than she went to Paramount for the lead opposite George Brent in "Luxury Liner." She has a grand part in it, too.

Though Hollywood is amusedly talking about the "change" in Alice (*à la* equally subdued Clara), it is a little difficult to discover just what this change might be. It is true she is quieter . . . but in many ways she remains the same loveable little blond Italian she used to be. Her hair isn't quite so blond . . . but her nails are even redder. Her voice isn't so strident . . . but her choice of words is still just as slangy as it used to be.

(Left) Alice and Cy Bartlett, her fiancé. (Right) With her English sheep dog. Speaking of her life as it is today, Alice says: "I'm back in the game I love best in the world. Cy is here with me—that's the man I love best in the world."

tance away. And doing it with swell nonchalance.

She still wears vivid modish pajamas with comfortable house slippers inclined to be slightly run over at the heels. She now has three servants (cook, maid, chauffeur) in place of the slavey-of-all-work she had before . . . but then her establishment is larger!

She still smokes innumerable cigarettes, nervously, and lights them with fingers that shake considerably. After a couple of puffs she puts them out and they are still marked with the ring of moist lip rouge that has always been Alice's trademark on her favorite brand.

She has plenty of swanky looking new clothes which she wears as carelessly as ever. But in spite of her new house and her chauffeur and her new clothes, I, personally, do not think Alice is trying to "go grand" or even imitate the new refined manner of Clara Bow.

I think the little White kid is just plain tired . . .

FOR twelve months she has been working like a dog for this opportunity to come back to Hollywood. For twelve months she has been on (Continued on page 97)



TOGETHER for the first time

It's news indeed when two such stars as Janet Gaynor and Will Rogers are cast in the same picture. Well, they are both in "State Fair," the film which Fox is spending an awful lot of money on and promises to be one of the big events of the year. Besides Janet and Will there'll also be Norman Foster, Lew Ayres, Sally Eilers, and a huge number of extras.

GLAMOR

+ HOLLYWOOD'S AND YOURS +



Helen
Thurlow

Under the direction of
MARGERY WELLS

MODERN SCREEN PRESENTS
"GLAMOR," A MAGAZINE WITHIN A
MAGAZINE, DEVOTED TO YOUR
PROBLEMS OF BEAUTY, FASHION
AND THE MAKING OF A HOME

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All of that can be embodied in your own home. You can take your ideas from Pickfair as the decorators of Pickfair took their ideas from some French home of beauty. On page 74 you will find out how you can reproduce a corner of Pickfair in your own home for—naturally—a fraction of the original cost. Each month we will take a star's home—a room or a corner of it—and tell how to reproduce it.

● Now—the subject of beauty—personal beauty. All beauties are not born that way. Some are the products of the beauty salon. But many thousands more are the results of an inner poise and certainty, plus the softening influence of what are called "preparations."

● Then, fashion! Show me the woman who does not care for dress. And I will show you that, buried in her heart, she really loves clothes along with the smartest.

Hard times have shown us one glorious fact: that it is not the amount of money we spend which brings beauty of surroundings or happiness either.

Let brains and observation do the work of formerly carelessly spent funds. And send in your queries to the heads of these various departments—we'll all help you.

A VIVID spotlight shining from Hollywood brightens millions of American lives. There in that farthest of western communities, styles for all human activities have their starting points.

More and more we look to the habits and activities of the moving picture stars as a pattern to guide our own existences.

We watch their dressing, their make-up, their hair arrangements, their homes, their cooking, their party-giving, their manners.

But often it is not easy for us to adapt to our own needs the lessons the stars teach us. We don't know the principles.

● Now that is just where MODERN SCREEN steps in with this departmental feature, practically applying the glamor—of manners and modes—of the Hollywood colony to the needs and demands of everyday people—to you and me.

For example—why does Pickfair, the home of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, strike you as being beautiful beyond belief? Not alone because it is done in good taste and with the finest of materials by a decorator experienced in his craft, but more importantly because the striking characters of two marvelous people lie behind its building and creation.

"GLAMOR" BRINGS YOU KNOWLEDGE OF CHARM—FOR YOURSELF AND YOUR HOME

YOUR SPRING



What is spring without a suit? Here the suit problem has been handled so that practicality and economy go hand in hand with the outstanding style of the season. Greta Nissen's suit (right) of a rough wool cloth has been used as the foundation plan. Then we suggest a cape to go with it as shown above at the left. Capes this spring will be all the rage. Be careful about the accessories which can make or mar the effect so certainly. The scarf, the proper sort of shoe to wear with a suit, the handbag and a braided leather belt are all sketched in detail (above, right) to help with the assembling of a spring wardrobe. Then, when you're thinking about an evening gown, remember Gloria Stuart's (extreme right). It is black, with sequin bands.

WHAT shall I have for my spring wardrobe? Just about now, that question is reverberating all over the land.

Taking the lead from moving picture stars who know how to dress, and boiling all this knowledge down to absolute essentials, here are the outstanding needs: a suit, a street dress, a coat or cape, an afternoon dress and an evening dress.

You can add indefinitely to this assemblage, multiplying each item indefinitely. But the bare listing will carry you through a season with a flare, and depending on how carefully you choose each item, will carry on in some cases, for next year, too.

There are parts of the country where spring doesn't last for more than a month, and there are other places where this wardrobe will be the essential one for all year round.

Depend upon it, the fashions pictured here are chosen



MARGERY WELLS PLANS FOR YOU A SMART AND EXCITING SPRING WARDROBE

W A R D R O B E + +



Sally Eilers (left) prefers a dress and coat for her spring street outfit and so may you. If so, let the dress be simple in line and perfect in detail. None could be better than the one which is Miss Eilers' choice, made of light woolen fabric. To go with it there is sketched (above, right) a coat of thin material, cut with sleeves that are full at the elbows and a scarf that ties gracefully at one side of the throat. Watch the accompaniments as sketched (above, right). And make a note of Joan Blondell's little white mess jacket (extreme right) worn with a brown crêpe skirt. It's one of the new ideas for spring dinner dressing. This sort of ensemble is most useful—if your budget is limited, it will often serve better than an evening gown.

with a practised eye so that they will last beyond the few weeks called a season. There is no sense these days in buying clothes that will lose their freshness of style after the first wind of a season has blown over them. Only the inexperienced can make such a mistake and no one need be an untutored buyer if she follows this department with thoroughness and care.

All of the hard work of elimination has been done for you. And from the myriads of designs produced, the most wearable and the best looking ones have been selected.

FOR leading features of this season's styles, watch these points:

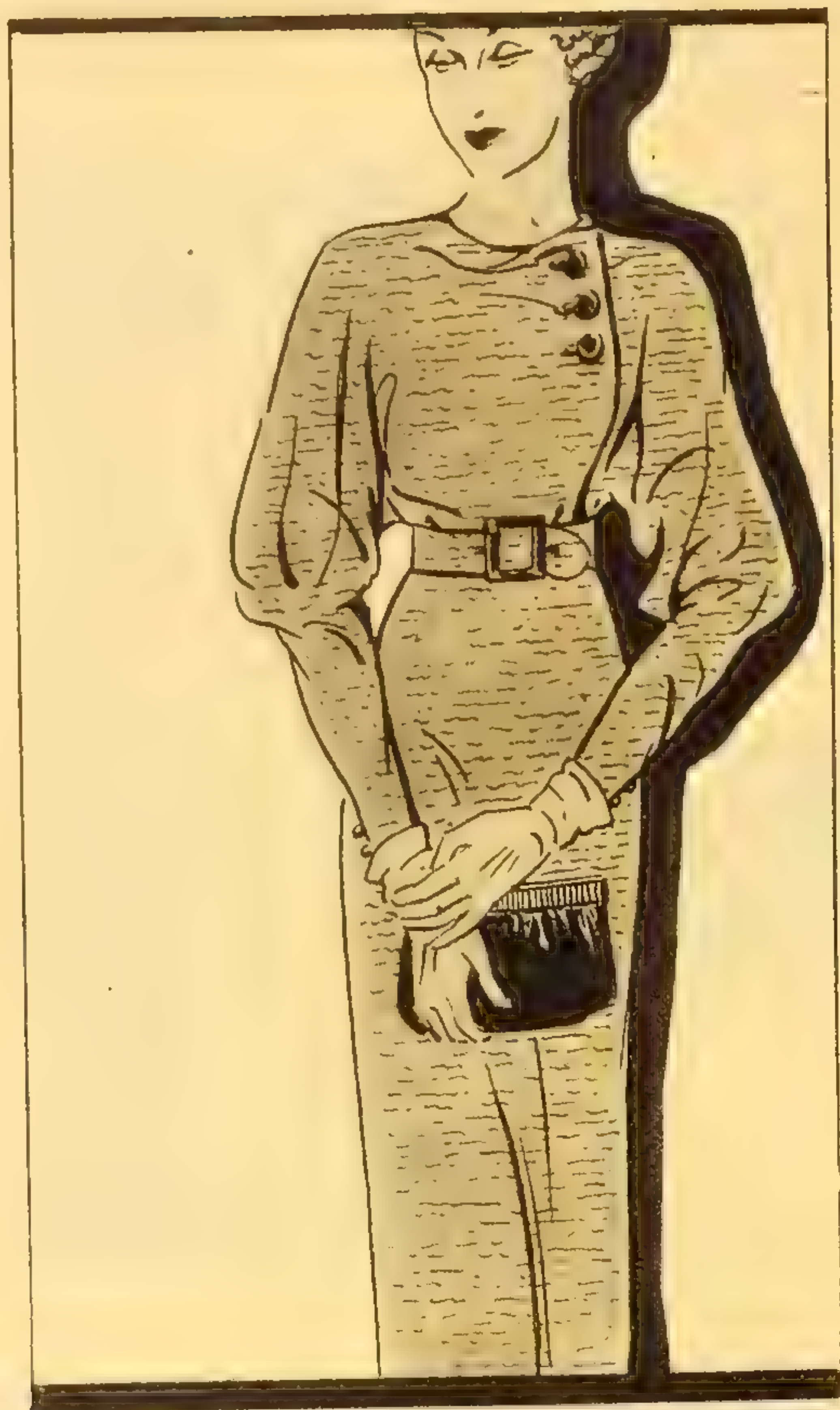
Broad shoulders

Scarfs tied under the chin

High necklines

Sleeves puffed at shoulders (Continued on page 91)

JUST SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO ON A TINY ALLOWANCE! AND IT'S GREAT FUN



The dress that is plain enough in itself to carry different sorts of neck fixings is always a boon, for it can look different with every wearing. At the upper left is sketched such a dress of rough crêpe. It would look lovely worn with collars shown by Anita Louise (above). (Below) Dorothy Jordan wears a jumper dress of the newest design—big sleeves and all. This is Modern Screen's pattern for this month. The number of it is 5180—sizes 12 to 42. See sketch, lower left of opposite page.



TO ORDER MODERN SCREEN PATTERNS

- Enclose fifteen cents in stamps or coin for each pattern ordered. Be very sure to state the size or sizes wanted. Write your full name and full address plainly on the letter. Mail to MODERN SCREEN Pattern Service, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. For Canadian and foreign orders, send twenty cents in coin—Canadian and foreign stamps will not be accepted.
- Address any questions about your own wardrobe to Margery Wells, MODERN SCREEN, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



THE PRACTICAL JUMPER DRESS IS OUR STAR PATTERN FOR APRIL

MODERN SCREEN PATTERNS JOIN THE EASTER PARADE

See back views of these patterns on page 113.



5190

5190—There's nothing more flattering than a deep yoke that gives an off-the-shoulder line, especially if it's finished with soft-tie ends in front. Sizes 12 to 42.

5178—A simple but utterly distinguished frock with perky puffed sleeves that are adorable when made in a crisp net or taffeta. Sizes 12 to 40.

5167—Scallops at the neckline, scallops on the sleeves and scalloped seaming in front give this frock a feminine appeal that's irresistible. Sizes 14 to 42.

5188

5191

5191—Here's one of the new shirtwaist frocks that are due for a brilliant future. Very trim in detail and very smart in striped cotton. Sizes 12 to 42.

5188—Coat. 5170—Skirt. This is an outfit that's going places this season. Note the coat's loose, easy lines. Coat sizes, 12 to 44. Skirt, 26 to 36 waist.

5180—Dorothy Jordan's jumper dress. It's pictured on the opposite page. There should be at least one jumper in every wardrobe. Sizes 12 to 42.

5180

5178

5167

SO EASY AND INEXPENSIVE! IF YOU CAN'T CHOOSE, MAKE THEM ALL



Coiffures by Emil, E. 56 St., New York



White corduroy and black gros-grain. And a smart, close wave must be worn with a perky little hat like this.

White stitched jersey and brown felt. And the hair arranged in combed-out curls—it mustn't be the least bit bunchy.

Navy blue crêpey fabric and pale pink. And more curls—prettily setting off this most feminine of hats.

BEAUTY

By Mary Biddle



SEE that row of new spring bonnets at the top of these pages? Those pictures serve a double purpose: they show you, obviously, what the spring hats will be like—and they show you how important the coiffure-under-the-hat has become. Mark my words—your hair is going to make or mar your new spring outfit—and all your summer clothes, too. Because hats are extremely shallow in the crown, they sit way up off the back of the hair and, furthermore, they are much more feminine and bedecked than they have been formerly and therefore they simply scream for prettily—and properly—arranged hair.

That first hat I'm almost sure will be a very popular type—it isn't extreme in the least and it is becoming to many persons. That particular one is made of white corduroy, with inserts of black ribbon. For that type of

Eleanor Holm (above) is proving what you have been told many times—pluck only the stray hairs, and only from underneath. (Below) Kathleen Burke sometimes accentuates the upward slant of her Oriental eyes with a discreet shadow at the corners of plain ordinary lead pencil. She uses brown eye shadow on the lids.

LET'S ALL GREET THE FIRST ROBIN WITH A NICE SPRINGLIKE FACE



Mint green felt and a bit of gold ribbon. And a sleek, smart swirled wave, ending in flat neck curls.



The Merry Widow hat! Very new. And to make those ring-lets your hair must be properly tapered.



White organdie and black ciré ribbon. The hair, though very short, gives almost the effect of long hair.

ADVICE

Write to Mary Biddle about your beauty problems. Address her at MODERN SCREEN, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope

hat, the hair must be short and waved rather flat against the exposed temple and ear, and the back hair should either be arranged in two ridges of combed-out curls as in the picture next to it—or perhaps swirled and rolled in the nape of the neck as in the fourth hat picture.

The second picture, already noted, gives you a beautiful example of a pretty, youthful and smart back-of-the-hair arrangement. This particular hat is brown and white—and that's just as good a color combination this year as it was last. The white is stitched jersey, the brown is felt—felt and fabric will be smart.

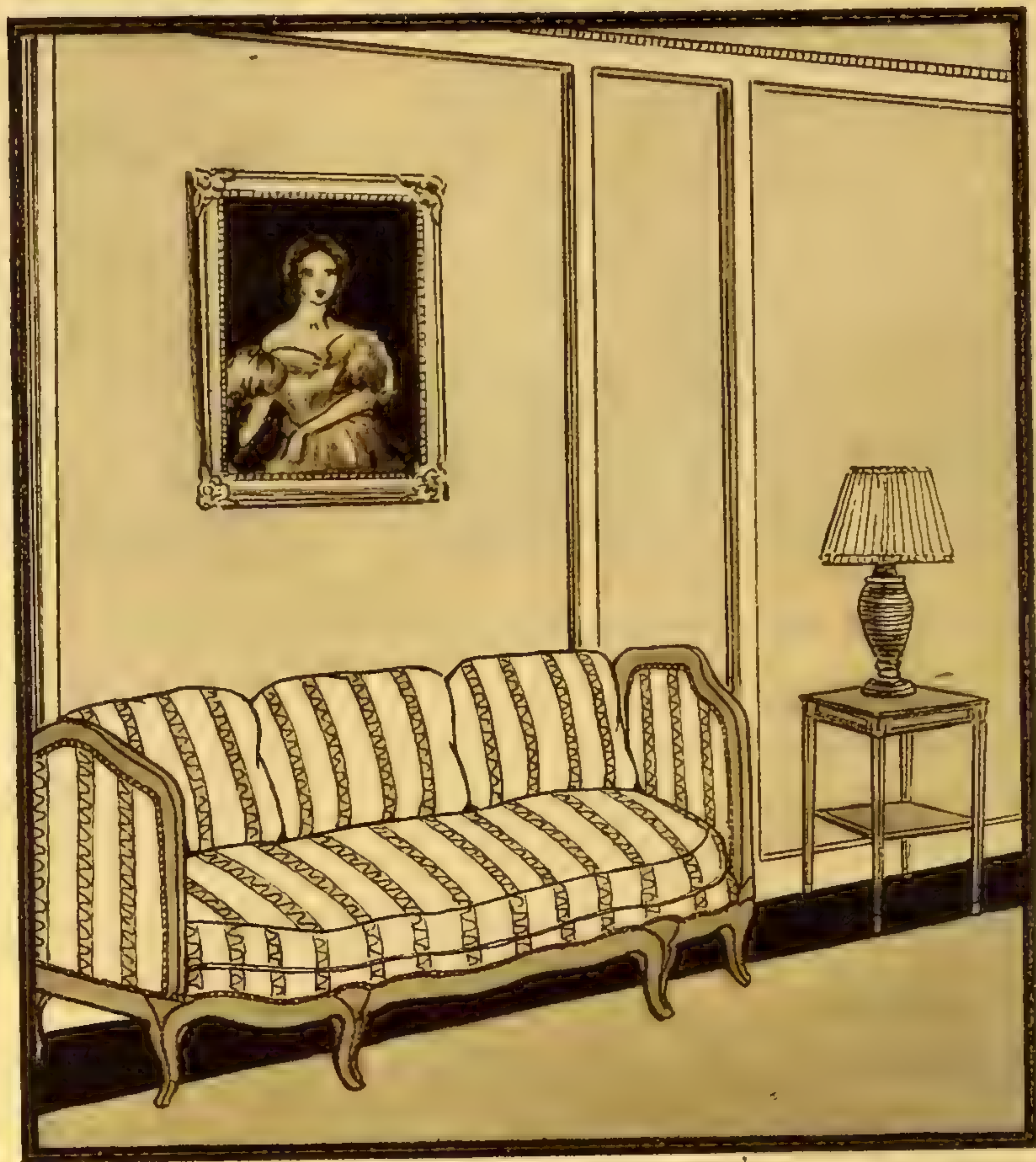
In the third picture, you see one of the cutest hats on record. It's a navy blue crêpey fabric, very saucerish as to crown, with a diminutive brim, and the trimming is a bit of pink ribbon. Fluffy, combed-out curls at the side carry out the ultra-femininity (Continued on page 111)

There's Claudette Colbert's new banged coiffure (above). Such a hair length is becoming to almost all young types, but beware of bangs if your forehead is low. (Below) Patricia Ellis finds that one yard of maline, tied around the hair while changing a frock, saves her time, appearance and temper.



AND LET'S BE EXQUISITELY GROOMED TO DON THOSE SPRING CLOTHES

IN YOUR OWN HOME —a corner of PICKFAIR



Take a hint from the arrangement in a room at Pickfair, the home of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks in Hollywood. The actual photograph from their place is shown at the left. Above is a drawing, very much simplified so that you can see how easily the setting can be duplicated. The scheme has all been worked out for you and explained in the article, so that if you wish to have this sort of furnishing in your own home nothing could be easier than to go ahead and accomplish it. Look next month for another lesson in home beauty.



By Olive Crew

THE longing for a beautiful home and an elegant one is almost universal. But the usual human reaction is apt to be, "That is much too good—too costly—for me."

But it isn't—not if you cultivate ingenuity and realize that the finding and the constructing of handsome furnishings needs care, thought, patience and hard work. If you are willing to dive in and demand the best, you can have it—and not for the heavy cost that you might think necessary.

On this page there is a picture of one corner of Pickfair, the home of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. And with it is a simplified drawing showing that same corner reproduced by a decorator who has done exactly what you can do.

First there is the French divan. The one at Pickfair is probably a priceless antique, faultless in line and perfect in construction.

Dealers in furniture, either a cabinetmaker who works it all out by himself, or a firm of manufacturers, can build a frame like this of unfinished wood and rattan. You can paint it a soft gray or green and outline the fine edges of the woodwork with silver or gold lines.

Pillows, preferably of down, though they may be of coarser feathers, must be made by an upholsterer to fit. Then you can cover them yourself, for, as you can easily see, the shapes are simple enough for even an amateur to manage. Corded edges, the cords being covered with the same material as the cushions themselves, help with the correctly tailored look. *(Continued on page 103)*

YOUR HOME CAN BE BEAUTIFUL AS THOSE OF THE HOLLYWOOD STARS

IN 3 DAYS

Red, rough hands

*made soft, white,
alluring...*

Painful chapping relieved instantly

"THAT's the girl I've been looking for all my life!"
He thought as she entered the room—beautiful, poised, exquisitely gowned...

A murmured introduction... he asked her to dance.

Quickly he glanced at her hands to see if she wore a wedding ring. What a shock! Coarse, red hands that cried "Scrubwoman"—not "Romance." He finished the dance—interest gone.

It's tragic, when only 3 days of Hinds care would make those hands soft, white, baby smooth... the kind of hands men love.

Why hands get rough, coarse

Housework means putting hands in and out of hot water, using harsh alkali cleansers. This dries out the natural skin oils. Then cold weather roughens, chaps and cracks open skin. Hinds *puts back* these precious oils. And thus ends chapping pain... restores youthful softness and smoothness.

Hinds is not a weak, thinned-out lotion. Not a thick, gummy jelly that just goes over the top of the skin. Hinds is an *ultra-penetrating lotion*. Thus is absorbed more *thoroughly*. That is why it can do in 3 days what other creams *may* do in weeks.

What the "second skin" is

And then, Hinds leaves an invisible "second skin" that *protects* hands from chapping. This "second skin" is a fine layer of Hinds Cream that has penetrated so

deeply through the rough skin that water won't wash it off. There it stays, softening, whitening, *protecting*.

Use Hinds after exposure. After hands have been in water, and *always at night*.

A 7-day trial bottle for you—FREE

(Also special trial sizes of the new Hinds Cleansing Cream and Hinds Texture Cream)

Coupon below brings you a generous trial bottle of Hinds by return mail. The minute the postman hands you your bottle of Hinds open it, smooth this famous lotion on your hands—your children's hands. See how it heals chapping... how soft and lovely it makes hands. Fill out and mail coupon NOW!

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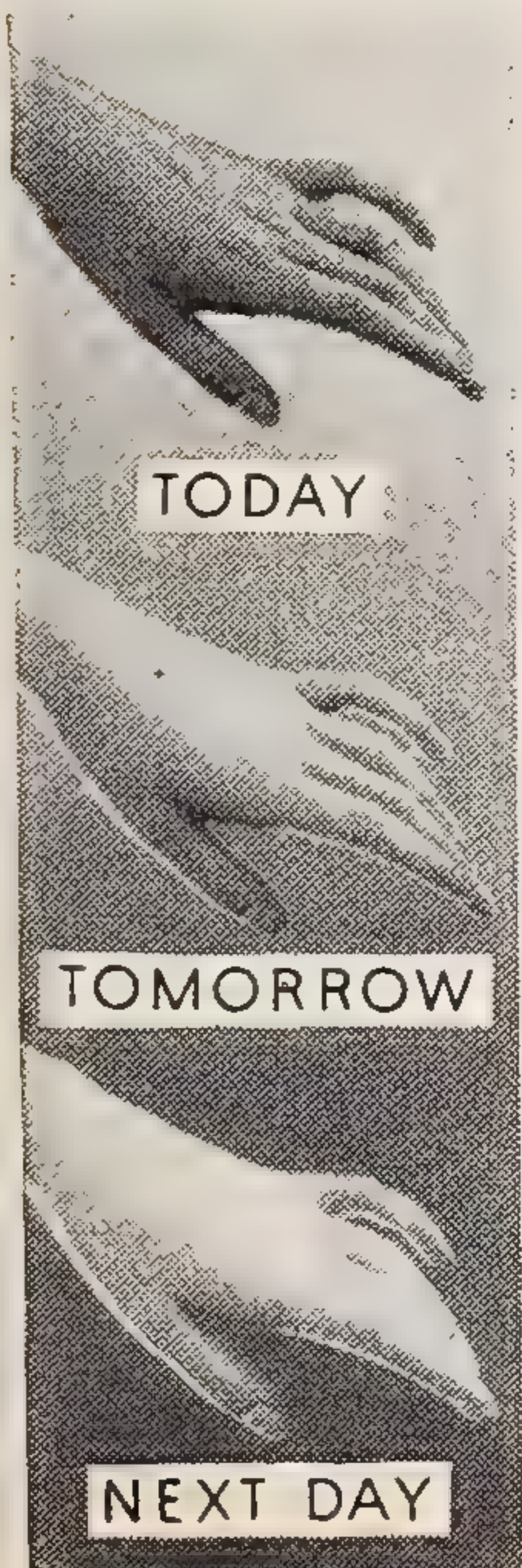
HINDS *honey and almond* CREAM

Her beauty whispered
"ROMANCE"
but her hands screamed
"scrubwoman!"



Women! Here's real beauty news!

Now! A new expensive-type liquefying cleansing cream for only 40c the small jar—65c the large! The kind of cleansing cream women were glad to pay \$2.00 for in good times! Ask for Hinds Cleansing Cream.



Lehn & Fink, Inc., Sole Distributors,
Dept. HT4, Bloomfield, New Jersey

Please send me a generous FREE trial bottle (enough for 18 or 20 applications) of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Also new Hinds Creams.

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HOLLYWOOD CHARM GOSSIP

By
Betty
Ward



(Above) This is the first fashion picture for which Jean Harlow has posed since the tragic death of her husband. She's wearing a simple and superbly fitted street frock of star-dotted black silk and a tiny black beret. (Left) Katharine Hepburn wears the classic polo coat and beret so dashingly that it looks like a brand new fashion fad. Hers is dark brown. (Left, above) Tweed capes with sailor hats to match, like Ann Harding's, are very smart for spring.

TRAVIS BANTON startled all filmdom when he introduced the absolutely tailored evening gown—the most luxurious of materials cut on the simple lines of a shirtwaist frock. Carole Lombard ordered one made entirely of gold beads. She doesn't believe in many new formal gowns a year but those she does have. . . ! This one has a high neck tied in the casual manner of a tennis dress. It slopes over the shoulders and there's a tube-like skirt. Another of her gowns is of heavy chalky white crepe. The shirtwaist has a flat collar; there's an inverted pleat in back and, oh yes, it has a set-in yoke. Believe it or

doubt it, the long sleeves have turned back cuffs with star sapphire cuff links. The belt buckle and the clasp on the collar are also of star sapphires.

THE stars have taken the "Buy American" slogan to heart. Even that delightful Diana Wynyard, who is still a British subject nominally (she's applied for citizenship papers, you know), believes in patronizing the community in which she's earning her daily bread. Consequently she bought her complete spring wardrobe in Hollywood. And a fascinating one it is. One of the loveliest of her evening ensembles is a fog gray gown that she wears with a plum

velvet cloak. Imagine how bewitchingly old-fashioned she appears in it!

CLIPSIES for sipsies—no, not baby talk. They're the cutest household gadget on the market. And about the most practical. 'Tis coming the time of the year when frozen drinks are in order and this summer you needn't have the embarrassing experience of saying to a guest, "Of course you'll have more lemonade . . . but, oh dear, which is your glass?" Just designate it with one of these tiny enamel clips fastened on the rim. They come in assorted shades—very attractive.

(Continued on page 101)

FASCINATING CHATTER ABOUT THE STARS' CLOTHES, MAKE-UP AND HOMES

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First, apply the pure, fragrant Maybelline Eye Shadow to your eyelids. Blend its smooth, creamy substance to just the degree of shadow most becoming to your eyes. This will give the appearance of deeper color and greater sparkle to your eyes. Maybelline Eye Shadow comes in Blue, Brown, Blue-Gray, Violet and Green.

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Third, apply the wonderful new Maybelline Eyelash Darkener to your lashes, and see how they instantly appear darker, longer, and more luxuriant. This mascara is the choice of particular women everywhere because it is absolutely harmless, non-smarting, tear-proof, and very easy to use. The fact that Maybelline is the largest selling mascara in the world *speaks for itself*, and when you apply the famous Maybelline to your lashes, you'll be delighted with the way your eyes *speak for themselves*!

Fourth, apply Maybelline Eyelash Grower to your lashes nightly before retiring, and allow it to remain on while you sleep. It is composed of pure and beneficial ingredients that stimulate and nourish the growth of the lashes. You will find it delightfully effective.

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MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

Maybelline
EYE BEAUTY AIDS



THE perfect MASCARA

Ann's Hideaway

(Continued from page 39)

suit walked up to him and explained that she was a stenographer who would like to do something worthwhile with her evenings, and please, would he let her read a part?

That part, the role of Madeline in "The Inheritors", first attracted attention to Ann Harding. She went on to greater successes uptown. The Provincetown folded; and Deeter marched the survivors off to Rose Valley to found the repertory theater which he has headed ever since.

During the ten years, Ann Harding has gone back there from time to time, whenever she got the chance. It is Old Home Week for Ann. Besides Deeter, who is a warm personal friend, there are half a dozen members of the original company with whom Ann trouped at the Provincetown.

Since she went to Hollywood, Ann has only had opportunity for one visit there—until this time. The studio, incidentally, didn't want her to go.

When the studio called her the night of her departure and told her she mustn't leave under any circumstances, she said:

"I'm sorry. I've already gone. I'm in San Bernardino or some place."

You should see that theater!

It was originally a towelling mill, built at the time of the Revolution. Deeter found it a ruin and made it a theater. Even now it is only a place for those who take their art straight. Picturesque, yes. Huddled on a hillside by a winding brook. But comfortable, no.

The stage of the theatre is a cubby hole. Until a few years ago they had only oil lamps for footlights which would blow out if anyone opened a door. It is probably the only theater in the country with a tin can studded with nail holes for a marquee. And the theater holds a hundred people!

Yet there Ann Harding plays all the things she loves to play. "The Inheritors" again, "Mesalliance," "Captain Brassbound's Conversion."

She did a lot for the Hedgerow Theater. For the first time this year they played to a packed house with standees. The Hedgerow did a lot for her. As she expressed it, it was the one place "where she could get her batteries charged."

She is going back to Hollywood now, refreshed, renewed, to fight her battles with all the spunk of her long line of army forbears.

She says she will never go back to the stage. I do not think she will ever return to Harry Bannister either.

Her first break in many months came while she was at the Hedgerow. The studio picked her for "Declassée", a role which they like and she likes.

Maybe the tide is turning. At any rate, she is ready for the fray once more, with her new strength, new courage, gained from the three weeks of simple life and "art for art's sake" at the Hedgerow Theater.

Technocracy

(Continued from page 37)

of Communism to me! Those things always *sound* great . . . but ask any Russian what he thinks of an idea like that and he will say ka-pu (or sounds to that effect) which in his language mean *Flop!* I came across a young American engineer in Russia who had been in bed for three weeks with dysentery and the hospital hadn't once changed his sheets! It was an *average* hospital under a system! Regardless of the money angle, I am in favor of everyone rising or falling upon his own merit and hard work! What would all the people do while they weren't working? You know how dull it is to be without something to do!"

Carole Lombard: "Twenty thousand a year? Everyone have the same regardless of his education or merit? The prop boy, the star and the director equal in earning power? All have the same sort of cars? It leaves me sort of limp! What about trips to Europe . . . could I go when I wanted to? Would everyone live in the same kind of house? Bill (Powell) would have a grand time finding his way home nights! But would *he* go for that four hours a day work."

Clark Gable: "I can't crack it!"

Set Electrician: "I worked six years learning electrical engineering and I get a few dollars a week. He (a star) has *no education* and gets thousands! Is it fair? Let science run the country a while, I say!"

Dick Arlen: "I was brought up on the idea that, 'The *achieving* of a goal is not thrilling at all when compared to the struggle toward that goal.' And I believe it! That is the main quarrel I have with this theory of Technocracy—it seems to achieve everyone's goal in one swoop! Nothing will be left to work toward! Ambition? What happens to *that*? I don't think the average man of intelligence will be willing to sit by and watch the same fruits of labor going to all! I doubt if it will work under a test!"

A \$7.50 a Day Extra: "Say, I've got dreams of becoming a star some day! I've been looking forward to it for years! I'd rather work for \$7.50 a day (if that's all I'm worth) and take my chances with the rest of Hollywood in making a lot *more* than twenty thousand a year!"

A \$10.00 a Day Extra: "I've been hanging around this town trying to get a break for a long time. Some weeks I don't get a chance to work at all. I don't think I'll ever get out of this rut . . . wouldn't it be great to get \$20,000.00 a year for the same work?"

Jimmie Durante: "Am I sore? Am I SORE! Here I been waiting and hopin' for a raise . . . and just as I get it, some of them mugs find out about it! Them technocracy mugs *know* it's going to be a Durante year . . . and *what* do they do? What do they *do*? They gets out a lot of pamphlets . . . they gets out a lot of pamphlets! Am I SORE?"



See how much longer clothes last this way!

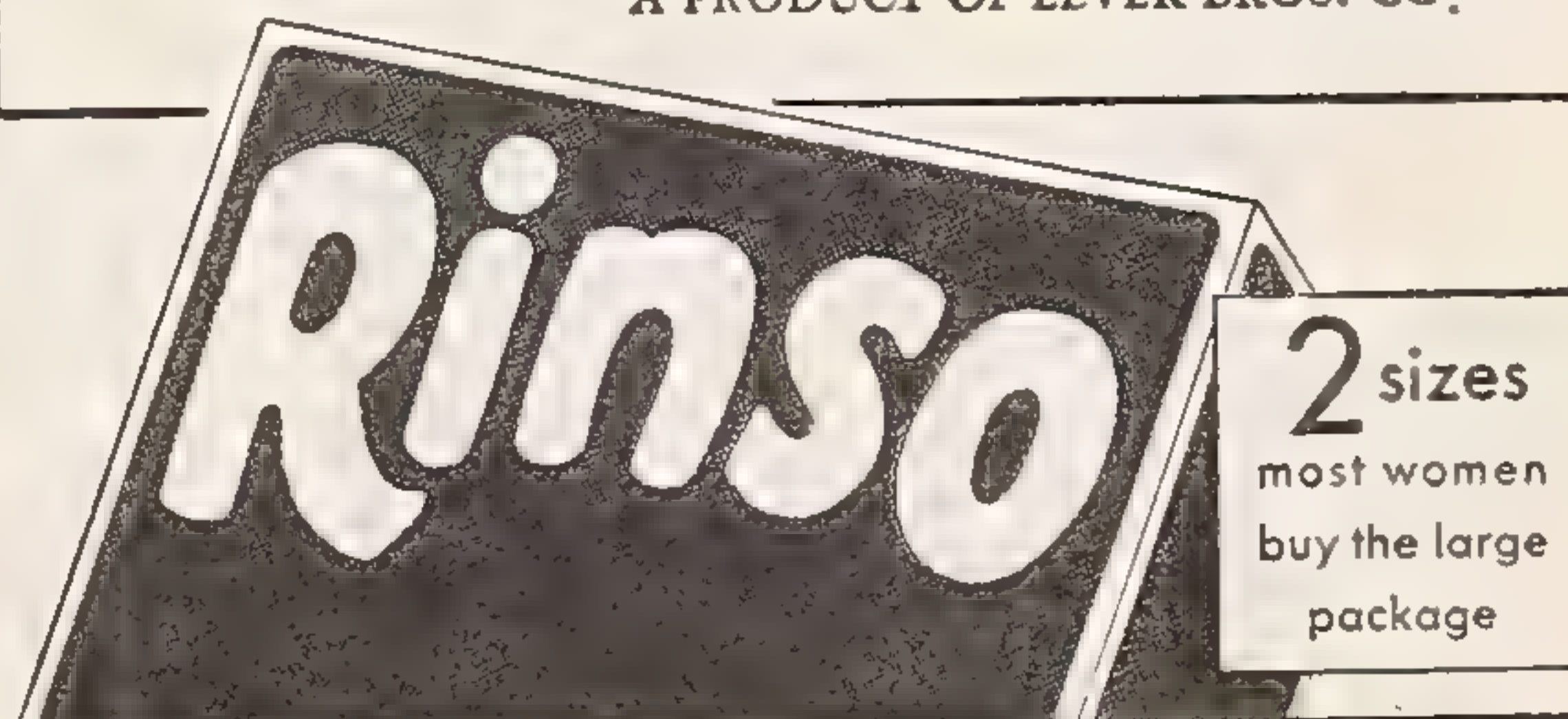
CLOTHES cost entirely too much to scrub ragged against a washboard. *Change to Rinso!* Its rich, lively suds *soak* clothes 4 to 5 shades whiter—*safely*. Clothes last twice—three times—as long!

Rinso is safe for your finest cottons and linens. It's easy on hands. It keeps colors bright and true. The makers of 40 famous washing machines recommend it. The home-making experts of 316 leading newspapers endorse it. *Try it and see why!*

Cup for cup, Rinso gives twice as much suds as lightweight, puffed-up soaps—in *hardest* water. Wonderful suds for dishes and all cleaning. Get the BIG box today.

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cottons and linens
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The biggest selling package soap in America

BETWEEN YOU and ME

We keep this page open for your letters. Let's have your opinions, your likes and dislikes—with reasons—on talkie topics

Wise

Girl!

35¢ saved her many a friend many a dress

Time was when she wasn't so wise! Perspiration-ruined dresses were common to her wardrobe. And former friends sometimes whispered about underarm odor.

But now she uses Odorono. She saves dollars and dollars on her dress bill. And underarm odor is banished . . . completely.

You can only prevent stained dresses and offensive underarm odor by preventing the perspiration itself. Odorono is a doctor's prescription—used and recommended by nurses and doctors—that does prevent it, harmlessly and surely.

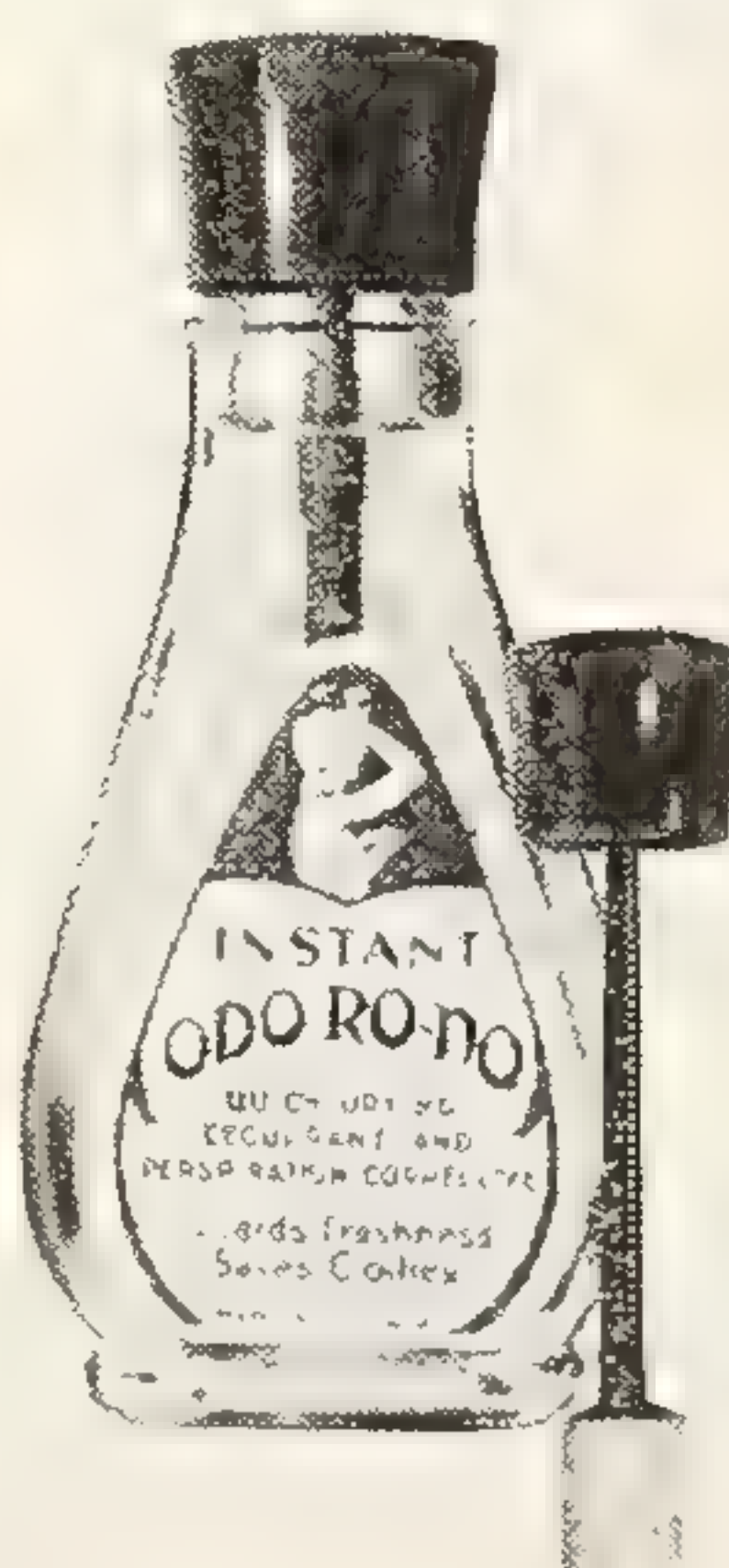
Greasy creams, temporary powders, soaps, perfumes, cannot save you. For if this perspiration goes on, odor will surely follow. You still need Odorono—to protect your dresses, to protect your charm.

2 kinds

ODO-RO-NO REGULAR for use before retiring—gives 3 to 7 days' complete protection. 35¢, 60¢, \$1—with the original enclosed sanitary applicator.



INSTANT ODO-RO-NO is for quick use—while dressing or at any time. 1 to 3 days' protection. 35¢, 60¢, \$1—with applicator.



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Dear Friends:

It seems to be my season for words of praise. Last month I sang a heartfelt encomium for Helen Hayes. This month I can't refrain from throwing my hat frantically into the air for the biggest screen event since mother let me go to my first movie.

I refer to "Cavalcade." This isn't the place for a review of this great picture—you'll find that on page six—but in case the enthusiasm of critics and movie-goers all over the land reminds you of previous enthusiasms over less worthy pictures, I want you to be warned: you have probably never seen nor will see for some time as vividly spectacular, emotionally exciting, and HUMAN a film as "Cavalcade."

Next month MODERN SCREEN will tell you the inside facts on how this picture was made.

I think every MODERN SCREEN reader should see this picture and write me to register his opinion of it. Does it make you proud to be a movie fan?

The Editor

Please address all letters to
The Editor, MODERN SCREEN,
100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

"Madame Bovary" was made by an independent producer some time ago. Perhaps it will be filmed again

SYLVIA SCHWARTZ of Philadelphia, Penna., was disappointed:

I was disappointed with "A Farewell to Arms." It could have been made into a great love story—but it turned out, in my opinion, to be one that will be forgotten in less than a month. And why Gary Cooper? He should not have been given the role opposite Helen Hayes. He does not deserve the honor, his acting being what it is. And speaking of this superb actress, don't you think that Flaubert's "Madame Bovary" would be an ideal part for Miss Hayes?

Yes, we agree. In some cases, this is done

ROLAND MILDAM of Melrose, Mass., writes:

Why can't the cast of each picture be shown at the end of the picture? Many times a rather unimportant actor appeals to us, but we cannot find out who it is. You can't memorize the cast that is shown before the picture (you can always write to us and ask, Roland) but if the cast were shown after the picture it would be easy to tell who the actor was.

Do you all prefer happy endings?

IDALIE of Ponce, Porto Rico, complains:

I still hear everybody praising "The Sin of Madelon Claudet." It was a nice picture and Helen Hayes was a wonder, but, after all, did you really have a good time at the theatre? Did you return to your homes happy or at least with a more cheerful disposition? No.

At the last part of the picture it was a hateful error that Bob Young did not recognize his mother. I don't mean we must have comedies, comedies and comedies always, but I think the happy ending is necessary.

On page 34 we're starting a new series which ought to please you, Gloria

GLORIA BARNETT of Reno, Nevada, misses old favorites:

Just a short letter in defense of our stars of yesterday. Oh, how much I would like to see them on the screen again. Norma Talmadge, Mae Murray and others. They came to us before we had radios. The movies gave me an education that I couldn't have acquired otherwise. As a child, five and ten cents took me to see a world that I couldn't possibly have seen, since my family could not afford to travel.

There was great vogue for historical pictures some time ago. Then producers felt that they were losing favor

MAUDE of Mountain View, Calif., wants more historical plays:

I have always been enamored of historical and costume plays such as "Glorious Betsy," "Cimarron," "Annie Laurie" and "Madame Pompadour." Lately it's very seldom that one is privileged to see such pictures. Why is it? Surely it isn't because people wouldn't be interested.

Clark Gable is in "The White Sister" with Helen Hayes

F. G. ALLEN of Collingdale, Penna., writes:

How do such people as Amor Garcia get that way? You know, the one who wrote "The man with the big ears—I believe his name is Clark Gable."

I have never missed a Gable picture and have never particularly noticed that he had ears, as I was so interested in

the picture and his acting. Here's hoping M-G-M gives him a better break than last year, although I enjoyed every one of his pictures.

Kay Johnson has temporarily retired

MARY NULL, of Chicago, Illinois, misses her:

Will you please tell me what has become of Kay Johnson? I always liked her because she was so natural. And she could pronounce her R's. I have never heard her say "Dolling" or "Mahvelous," which seems to be a failing of every other actor and actress except Evelyn Brent.

You can see Cary Grant in "The Woman Accused" with Nancy Carroll

LOIS LEONARD, of Hollywood, Calif., finds a new hero:

Does the Paramount studio realize what a find they have in Cary Grant? After seeing him in "Madame Butterfly," I have come to the conclusion that there is not a man on the screen who can compare with his charm, handsomeness and finished acting. He has an excellent voice. How I should like to see him as Prince Danilo in "The Merry Widow" or as the young bull fighter in "Blood and Sand."

Read Faith Baldwin's "Take My Advice" on page 22, Mrs. K.

MRS. FRANK K., of Detroit, Mich., talks to the stars like a Dutch aunt:

Marlene Dietrich: Be versatile and you will establish a standing with the fans.

Joan Crawford: Learn to master emotions instead of ridiculing your expression with that vulgar make-up.

Norma Shearer: Stick to sweet simplicity. It appeals to us more than the sophisticated divorcée rôles.

Helen Hayes: Sign a contract with God to live and be in pictures for years and years.

Ramon Novarro: We pray that you sing to enchant us again.

Jean Harlow: Be more discreet.

Watch for Constance in "Our Betters," Lucyle

LUCYLE MURRAY, of Jamaica, N. Y., adores the eldest Bennett:

Constance Bennett is and always will be my favorite—even though most writers don't care for her. To me, she is a beautiful woman with a grateful heart. Every time I have written for her photograph, she has sent me one. I sent her birthday greetings and in return Connie sent me a telegram, thanking me. And she is supposed to be very tight with her money! Really, it burns me up when I read that.

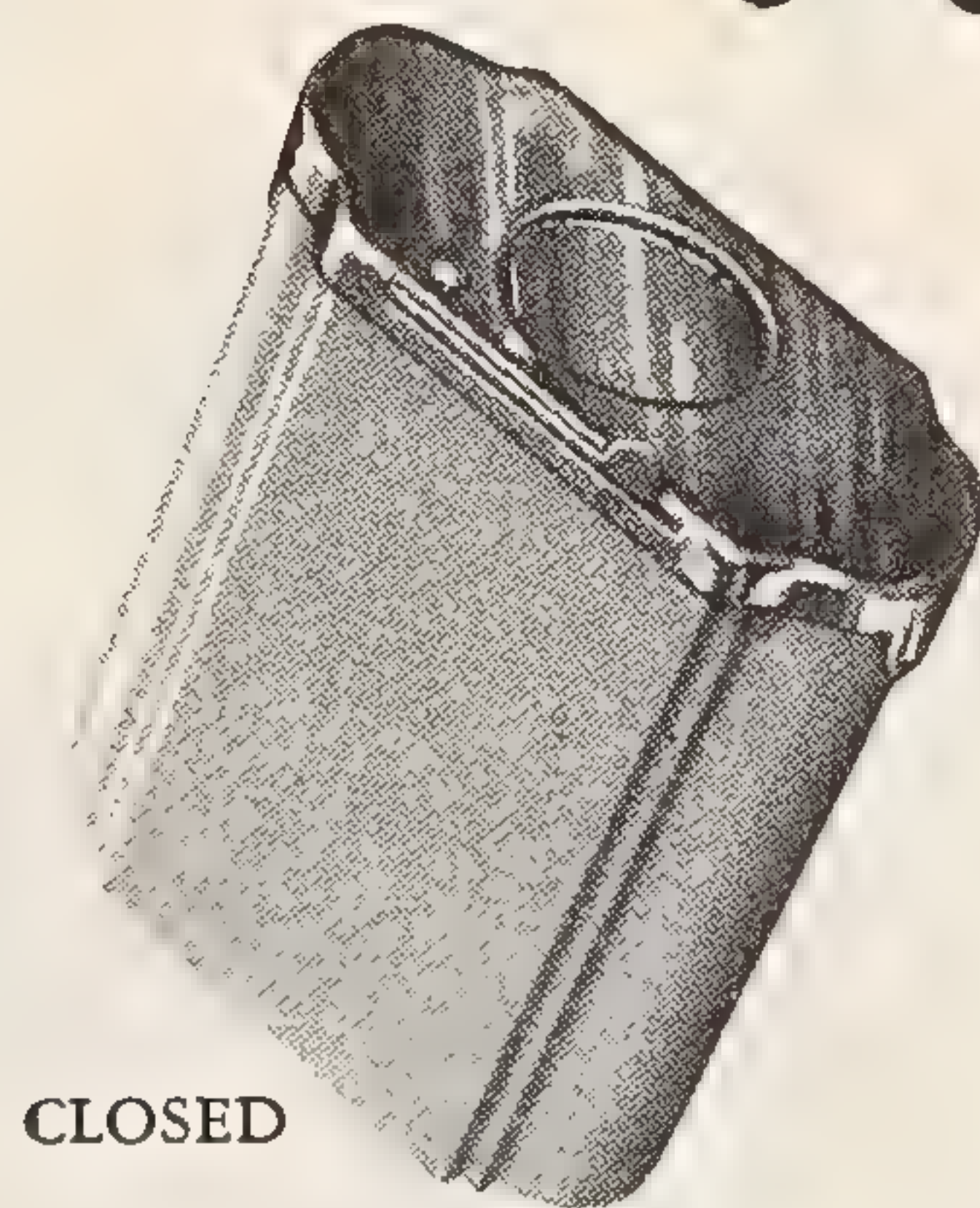
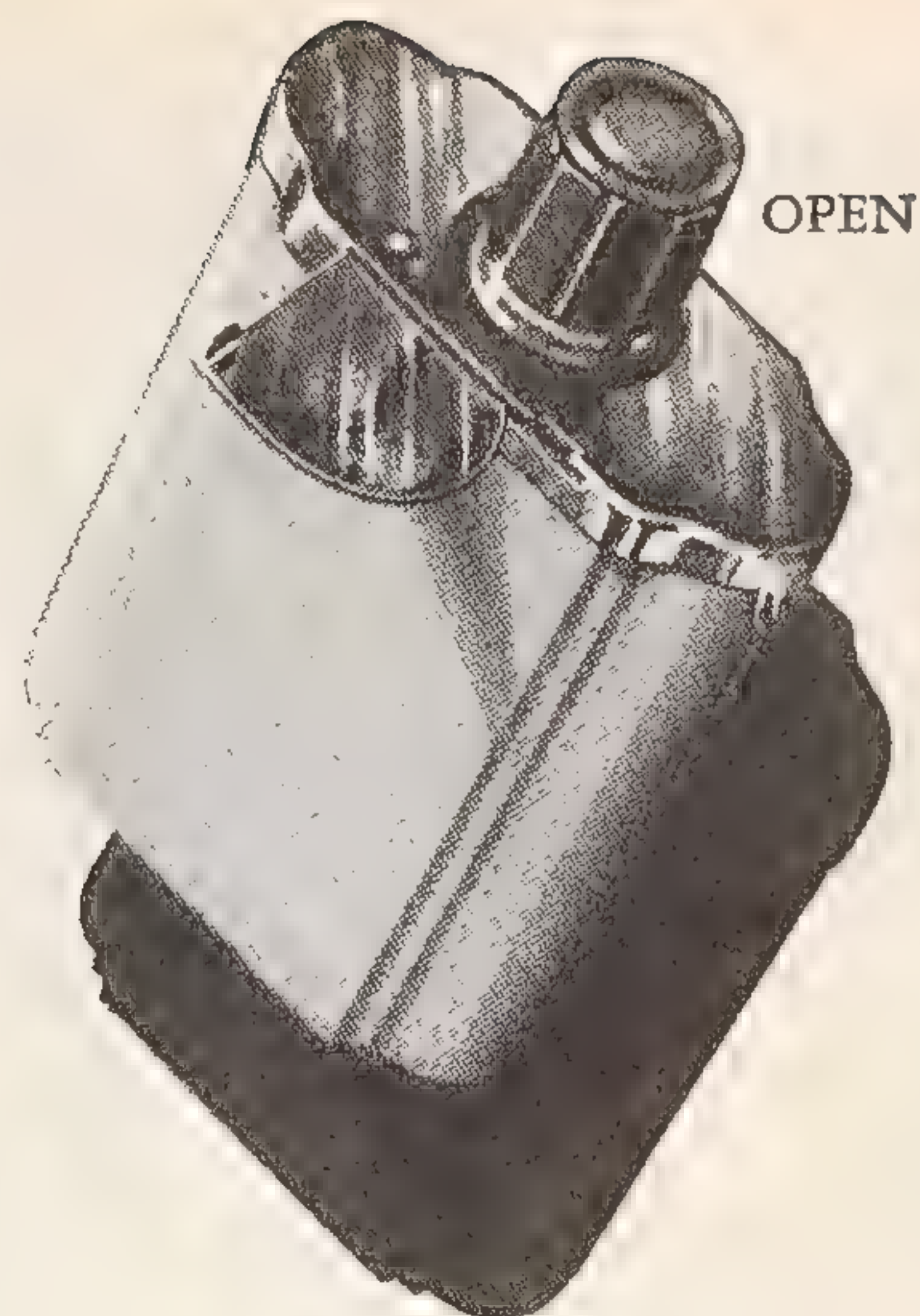
Lugosi prefers character roles. And therefore makes fewer pictures

A BELA LUGOSI FAN of Oakland, Calif., writes:

Month after month I am in hopes of seeing a story about Bela Lugosi in your magazine. Everyone is mentioned but Lugosi. Many of us think he deserves more credit than he gets for his fine acting. He is one of the best on the screen. Why can't he take the romantic rôles? He is handsome enough.

(Continued on page 83)

A Remarkable Offer



You will surely want at least *one* of these neat little perfume containers for your own use. And...they are so attractive and useful that you will want *more*...to serve as ideal gifts for your friends. These non-leakable containers may be had in six popular colors...Get yours *now*...keep it in your purse...and you will always have a ready means

of applying a dab of your favorite scent.

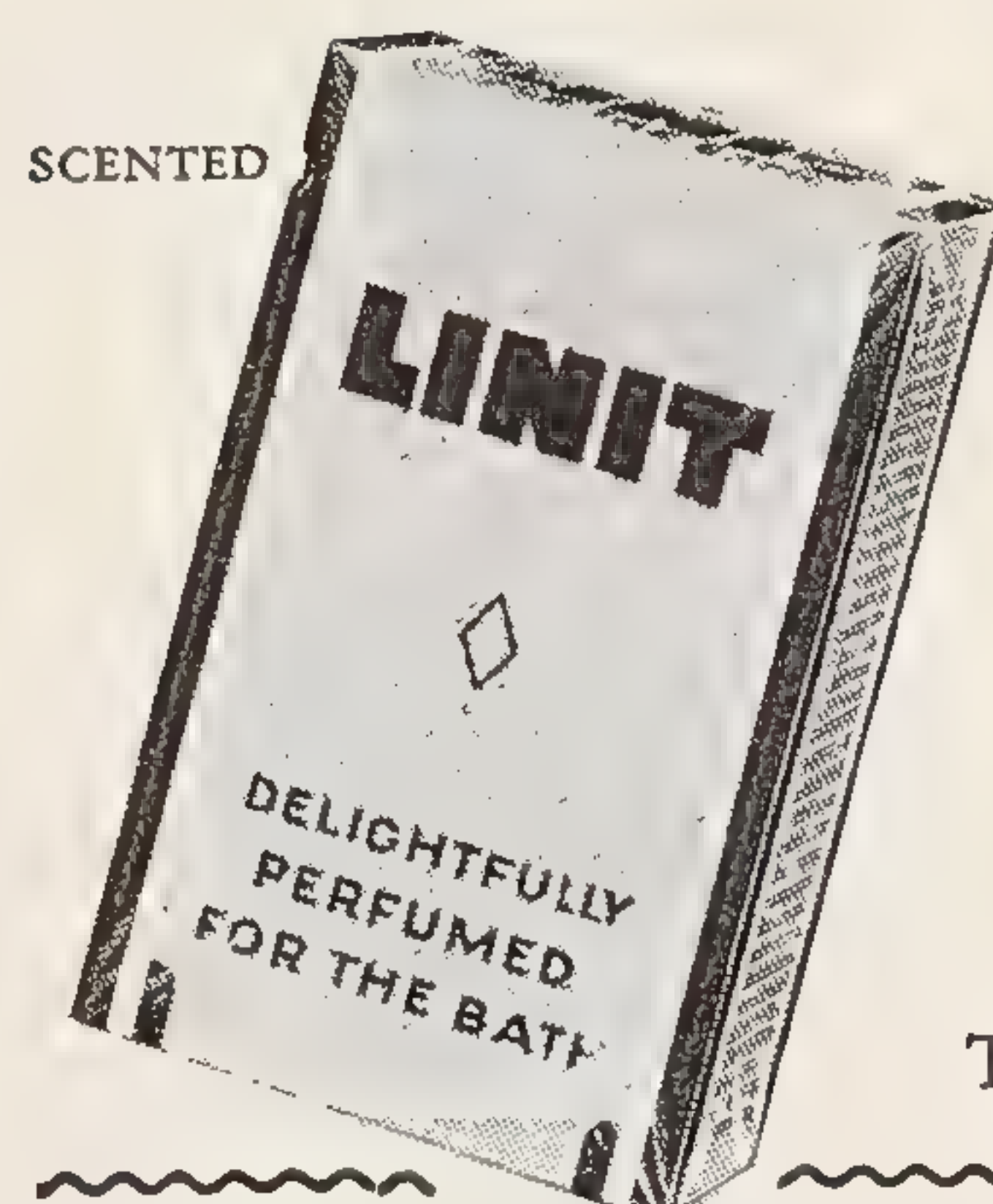
Just send your name and address with the top of a LINIT package and 10c (to cover cost of wrapping and postage) for *EACH* perfume container wanted. Use the handy coupon below.

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Merely dissolve half a package or more of LINIT in your tub...bathe in the usual way, using your favorite soap...and then feel your skin! In texture it will be soft and smooth as velvet...as well as perfect in elasticity and suppleness.

Perfumed LINIT is sold by grocery stores, drug and department stores. Unscented LINIT in the familiar blue package is sold only by grocers. Try a LINIT Beauty Bath tonight...you will be delighted with the results.



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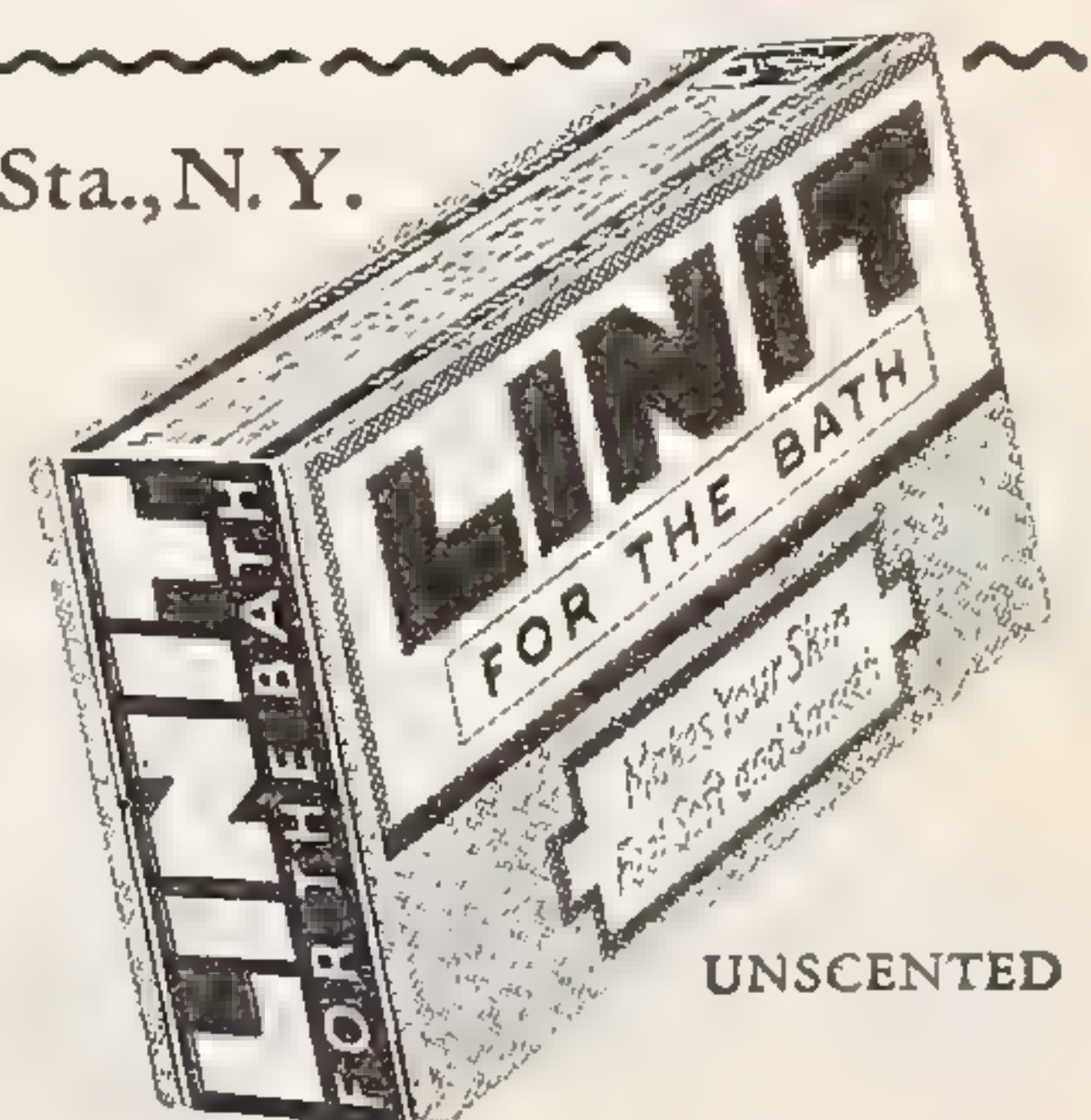
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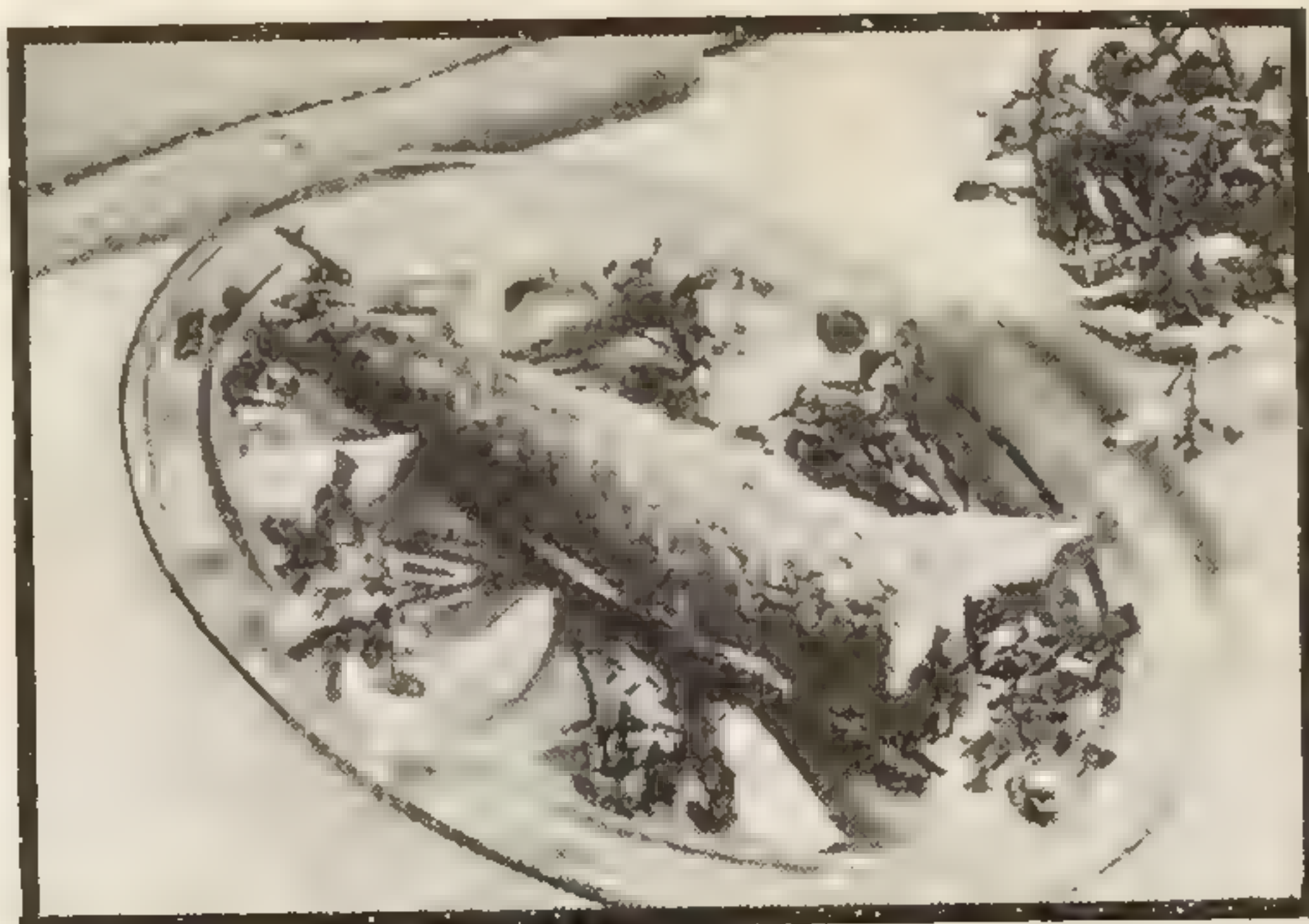
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THIS OFFER EXPIRES NOVEMBER 15, 1933



Cary Grant isn't one of those who dread "fish day." No one possibly could after they had tried Cary's favorite Baked Swordfish Supreme dish and the other recipes for this month. (Above) Another Grant favorite—tuna fish pie. The small picture shows you the proper way to garnish fish with lemon and parsley.



THE MODERN HOSTESS

By Phyllis Deen-Dunning

ON our list of really amusing pastimes, fishing is way down at the bottom! We have waded in mountain streams, falling down and getting horribly wet and dirty. We have sat in boats on many lakes, getting sun-

burned and providing a holiday banquet for countless representatives of local insect life. We have gone forth onto the bounding main, only to suffer agonies of sea sickness. All undergone in an effort to make a big impression on some man.

So it was that when Cary Grant told us that he was crazy about deep sea fishing, we held our breath! We *knew* that if he asked us to go deep sea fishing with him we'd just naturally up and go. (We'd accept an invitation to attend a lecture on Abyssinian plant life with Cary Grant!) But he didn't invite us deep sea fishing—he asked us to lunch instead, which was much, much nicer. There it was that Cary told us how much he liked to fish for tuna and swordfish off Catalina Island. We listened, fascinated, to his experiences. We can be very eager and intelligent about piscatorial conversations—years of practice having taught us just

what to say and when to say it. To our practical mind, catching the fish implies the eventual eating of him, but we have noted that lots of ardent fishermen are very eager to give away their catches, and we have often wondered about it. During the course of this luncheon with Cary Grant, we got up nerve enough to ask him to explain this to us.

"I suppose it is the old story about the chase being more delightful than the capture," said Cary, "but then again, it may be because it is so hard to find anyone who knows how to cook fish properly. I like fish very much when it is well cooked and seasoned and I think most men do. But we so seldom get it that way. Now I'll ask one," he continued with a grin. "Why is that the case? Is fish so hard to cook?"

"No," we replied, "but nobody seems to take much interest in cooking fish. To (Continued on page 92)

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

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MODERN SCREEN Magazine
100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me the recipes for April, 1933—at absolutely no cost to me.

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Address

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(City)

(State)

MENUS FOR THE LENTEN SEASON—WHICH YOU'LL SURELY WANT TO TRY

Between Us

(Continued from page 81)

Questions — rhetorical and otherwise

PEARL HEUMAN of Bellingham, Washington, wants to know:

If Tala Birell can really smile. (That sounds like a criticism, Pearl. But read the story on page 44 and maybe you'll understand why.)

Why Johnny Weissmuller thinks he is so disgustingly important.

Why Buddy Rogers cultivated that brush on his upper lip. (To make himself look older, we think.)

If Norma Shearer is proud of her ears. (Well, aren't they pretty ears?)

Where Janet Gaynor got her sweetness and Loretta Young her beautiful eyes.

Where there is a cuter couple than Rex Bell and Clara Bow.

If Greta Garbo is afraid of hair-dressers.

Why Dolores Del Rio isn't in lots, lots more pictures.

If Constance Bennett enjoys life.

If Mrs. Clark Gable is as likable as the appearance of her picture. (Everyone says so.)

Why we don't get a story or so about Anita Page and Al Jolson. (We're noting that request, Pearl.)

Why I couldn't have Dickie Moore all for my own!

Miss Chatterton is popular with all kinds, D.J.G., and we believe entertains all kinds except the very young and the very wild crowds

D. J. G., of London, England, thinks Chatterton is incomparable—and adds:

The article, "The Inside Story of Hollywood's Cliques," by Katherine Albert, was very interesting, but I was disappointed that Ruth Chatterton was not mentioned in it. Will you please tell me what set she belongs to?

We suppose Fox wished to modernize the story somewhat, E.A.C.

E. A. C. of Portland, Maine, found the local color of "Rebecca" not to her liking:

"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm"—that was a dandy picture. But it wasn't Maine as I know it from spending my whole life (nineteen years) here. Nor Maine as Kate Douglas Wiggin meant to show it. Why didn't they keep the brick house and Rebecca's long black braids and the hat with the porcupine quills? And why did they add so much pomp and splendor to the home and life of the aunts in Riverboro?

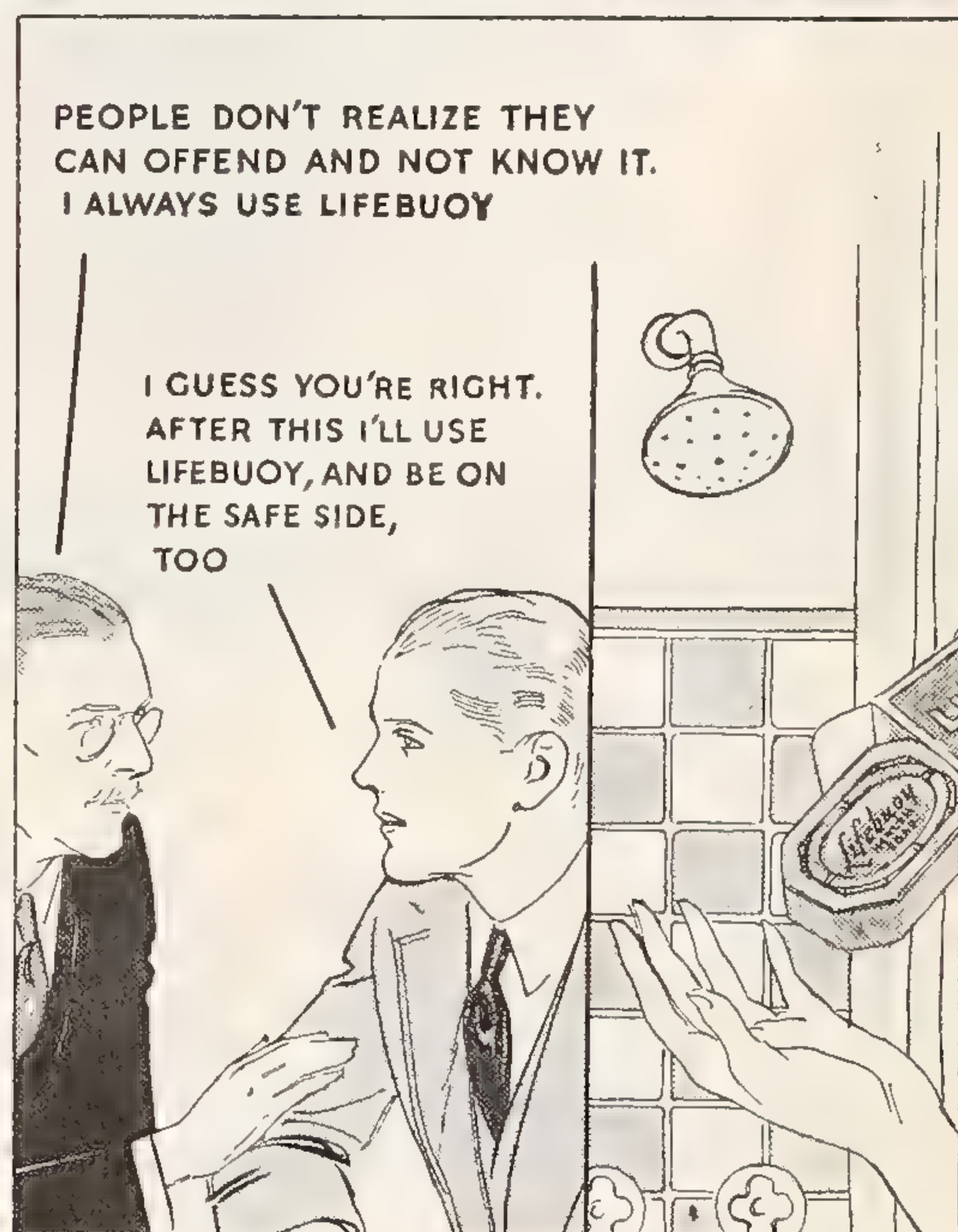
Well, you will certainly have the pleasure of seeing Marlene in one more picture — "Song of Songs" — anyway

RAE MATHEWS of Cleveland, Ohio, writes a word to the wise:

Marlene Dietrich's acting is superb, I will admit. I have seen all her pictures. But why does she quarrel with Paramount so often? I am inclined to think Marlene is rather fickle. If she is wise, she will stay out of all possible scandal. She is forgetting that she is not the only actress on the screen that has legs that are beautiful. The picture
(Continued on page 85)

THE BACHELOR WHO WASN'T

"ELIGIBLE" UNTIL... by Timmins



"B.O." is just plain bad manners

(body odor)

WE DON'T notice when we're guilty of "B.O." (body odor.) Others do. And immediately put us down as thoughtless, inconsiderate—socially impossible! Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its pleasant, quickly-vanishing, hygienic scent tells you Lifebuoy is different from ordinary toilet soaps—gives extra protection. Its gentle, penetrating lather purifies and deodorizes pores—removes every trace of "B.O."

Try this complexion care

Massage Lifebuoy's creamy lather well into the pores; then rinse. This deep-cleanses your skin. Makes it look and feel fresh, radiantly alive!

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

LET'S TALK ABOUT HOLLYWOOD

... Read about Hollywood's newest fads ... What the vacationing stars did in Europe ... Odd facts about some players

Here are Hollywood's Newest Fads:

ALL the film folks have gone bicycle crazy. And the smartest shops are displaying "bicycling frocks." They look like shorts—and Sally Eilers looks pretty cute in hers. Henri, the Marquis de la Falaise, cried so hard for a bike that Connie Bennett finally went out and bought him a nice bright red one. Now Henri wheels all over Hollywood Hills and is he proud! Joan Crawford is another bicycle rider.

But trust these foreigners! Lillian Harvey has introduced a new sport to Hollywood—tight rope walking. Unhuh, she honestly does it—and it's going to burn Lil Tashman and the rest of the fad-starters that they didn't think of it first!

Myrna Kennedy (she's a red-head, you know) wore a costume entirely of red—shoes, hat, gloves, dress—everything. She wore it to the Brown Derby for luncheon.

Claudette Colbert is wearing one of the new drop stitch suits that are all the Hollywood rage this spring. With it she wears a patent leather scarf.

Anna Sten, a foreign importation, is pulling a Dietrich. That means—of course—wearing trousers.

Facts You Should Know:

Clara Bow bought 30 pairs of shoes, 50 dresses and dozens of hats before she left for Paris. Buy American (or maybe Hollywood) is the slogan!

Wera Engels, the new German importation has the cunningest way of talking about herself as if she were twins! Always refers to herself as "her."

Hardie Albright has his chest all puffed out because Marlene Dietrich personally picked him for one of the leads in her next—and last—American picture.

Katharine Hepburn has discarded some of her eccentricities and is acting more like a human being.

When Jean Harlow spent a week-end at Caliente playing golf one dozen handsome men acted as caddies.

Cary Grant and Randolph Scott are pals. They live in the same house and their birthdays fall on the same day.

Not content with being a movie star and the author of three novels, Elissa Landi has now turned composer. "Sonata in F Minor," which she plays in "The Masquerader," is her own composition.

Carl Laemmle—"Uncle Carl" as he is known to hundreds who love the pioneer—celebrated his sixty-sixth birthday recently.

How the Stars Behave in Europe:

When Clara Bow was on her way to Europe with Rex Bell she didn't care for the pitching of the boat and stayed in her cabin most of the way. One day she did come to the smoking room however and although she was considerably stared at, none of the passengers talked to her—thinking that she wanted to be let alone. Finally, one, bolder than the rest, asked her how she liked the trip. "Terrible, so far," she said. "Why does everybody avoid me? I'd like to talk to a few people."

When she got to England, Clara found that her eyebrows created a sensation. English ladies have their eyebrows thinned, my deah, but Clara's—which are entirely plucked so that she can draw them any shape she wants—threw the English gals into hysterics.

In Europe they call Harold Lloyd "America's ambassador of friendship." He's been entertained by Premier Ramsay MacDonald and has been confabbing with the Pope and the mighty Mussolini. Besides that he has given long after dinner talks and been making personal appearances—things he never does in America. They're crazy about that Lloyd fellow over there.

You remember the sensation that Ann Dvorak caused when she chucked her most promising movie career to tramp around the world with hubby Leslie Fenton? They're still in Europe and dash from St. Moritz to Paris, like a couple of small town commuters.

Hollywood's Gangsters Did This:

Held up Zeppo Marx for thirty-eight thousand dollars.

Forced Mae West to part with about \$16,000 worth of jewelry.

Robbed Helene Costello's home of about \$30,000.



From Generation unto Generation

Many things change between christenings. But for every new baby in the family this little dress comes out of its rose leaves as regal as ever—every precious stitch intact. For, seams sewed with Clark's O. N. T. or J. & P. Coats thread outlast the garment itself!

The christening dress shown in the illustration was graciously loaned by Mrs. Frank Black, 115 Husson Street, Grant City, Staten Island, N.Y. It was made by her mother in 1887 and has served at the christenings of 11 children of her family.



J. & P. COATS & CLARK'S O. N. T.

For more than a Century—as Today
The Two Great Names in Thread

Tune in on THREADS OF HAPPINESS, which is broadcast Tuesday nights at 9:15, New York time, over the Columbia Network.

Between Us

(Continued from page 83)

industry is run differently in this country than in Europe. There are always others to take the empty place. Once you are out, it is mighty hard to get back in again. And even if she did return to Germany, she would not draw the high salary she draws here. Look out, Marlene—take a hint. (*There's an interesting story on Marlene on page 38, Rae.*)

Do you disapprove of socking?

K. WILLIAMS (no address) protests:

Ever since I have been going to the movies, I've gone to see good acting. And now I find that if a man can sock a woman to loosen her teeth or knock her out, he is considered a sensation. I am speaking of none other than Clark Gable. I have tried my best to see anything in that guy, and I can't. As soon as he acts like a gentleman, as he did in "Polly of the Circus" and "Strange Interlude," he is no longer in demand. But when "Red Dust" is released, where he is again a menace, the money rolls into the box-office. Personally, I'm a Joel McCrea fan. He at least leaves his women in one piece.

Protest from thirteen-year-old

JAMES ASELTINE of Joliet, Ill., complains:

I only have one criticism of MODERN SCREEN, and that is the notes after your reviews—"leave the children at home." I am thirteen now and movies have never left a lasting impression of drinking, shooting and so forth. I like sophisticated movies and have boosts for nearly all the players, especially Kay Johnson and Tallulah Bankhead.

BRIEF OPINIONS FROM OTHER LETTERS

ELIZABETH WHITLEY of Lowell, Mass., thinks movies are not nearly as good as they used to be and bewails the fact that Dorothy Mackaill had to take second place to Carole Lombard in "No Man of Her Own." "I know Dot can do better and has done, so here's wishing her a speedy comeback." Speaking of the same picture, Anthony Borelli of New Haven, Conn., objects to the title. "By rights, it should have been 'Everybody's Man,'" he says. ELAINE SCHOOFF of Milwaukee, Wis., has unique praise for Barthelmess: "—because of his generosity and kindness in giving the beautiful Bette Davis a chance in 'Cabin in the Cotton.' It is through him that many of our dazzling stars of today have had their chance." NATALIE FISCHER of Burlingame, Calif., is disgusted because Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald won't be teamed any longer. "The reason, I understand, was because as a pair they cost so much. Tell me, if a producer expects to make money on a picture, why doesn't he spend a little on two good players like Jeanette and Maurice?" (*Evidently, these players plan to work separately—you're right. But, cheer up, you'll see Maurice in "A Bedtime Story" and Jeanette in "The Merry Widow."*) ROSE WORTHINGTON of Wilkes-Barre, Penna., has an unusual request. She wants players to be spanked on the screen! "I think everyone gets a

(Continued on page 87)



HOW often you've seen it happen! A man meets a stunning looking girl. He says to himself, "Beautiful!"

He dances with her . . . and says to himself as he turns away, "Cheap!"

Nothing so surely and quickly marks a girl down in the estimation of a man, as the ugly odor of underarm perspiration on her person and clothing.

And this form of personal neglect is all the more inexcusable because it is so easy to keep the underarms fresh, free from the slightest trace of odor. With Mum!

Mum is a fragrant snowy cream which gives all-day or all-evening protection. Half a minute is all you need to apply Mum. No fuss, no time wasted.

You can use Mum any time—when dressing or afterwards. It makes no

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT
OF PERSPIRATION

WOMEN ARE GRATEFUL FOR THIS, TOO. Mum is a wonderful deodorant for sanitary napkins. Enjoy its protection in this way.

difference, for Mum is perfectly harmless to clothing.

And it's soothing to the skin—so soothing you can even use it right after shaving the underarms. Remember, too, Mum does not interfere with natural perspiration.

Another thing women like Mum for is to remove clinging odors of onions, fish or dry cleaner from the hands.

Don't risk *your* popularity. Make sure that underarm odor can never be detected on *your* person. Be safe with Mum! 35c and 60c at all toilet counters. The Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.



THE Witchery

OF A SOFT SMOOTH SKIN CAN BE YOURS



with this marvelous Olive Oil Face Powder

It is so easy for a woman's skin to become red and rough. Particularly at this season... Sharp cold and biting winds attack the face. Destroy its smoothness and charm... Indoor heat saps the natural oils from your skin. Leaves it dry and old-looking.

Protect your complexion from these harsh extremes. If your face has a tendency toward redness... if it often feels dry and rough... begin using OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder at once. Dust it on every day before going out. And again when you come in.

OUTDOOR GIRL is the only face powder made with an Olive Oil base. It is soft and fluffy in look and feel, yet it clings longer than any other powder. With the first application you'll notice a distinct improvement in your complexion.

Try this different face powder today. In 7 smart shades to blend naturally with any complexion. The Good Housekeeping "Seal of Approval" is your guarantee of quality.

OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder and other Olive Oil Beauty Products are sold by leading drug, department and chain stores in 3 sizes—10c, 25c and \$1.00. If you want to sample five of the most popular preparations, mail the coupon.

OUTDOOR GIRL OLIVE OIL FACE POWDER



Crystal Corporation,
Dept. 504
130 Willis Ave., New York

I enclose 10c to cover postage and handling. Please send me your OUTDOOR GIRL "Introductory Sampler" containing liberal trial packages of Olive Oil Face Powder—Lightex Face Powder—Olive Oil Cream—Liquefying Cleansing Cream and Lip-and-Cheek Rouge.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

The MODERN SCREEN DIRECTORY of PICTURES

All the dope on the pictures playing around—put into a few time-saving words. Better look over this list before you decide to go to the movies

AFRAID TO TALK (formerly called "Merry-Go-Round") (Universal)—Eric Linden does some fine acting in this story about crooked politicians. Sidney Fox is the girl. **Good—children won't be amused.**

ANIMAL KINGDOM (Radio)—Here's the famous stage play done beautifully as a talkie. Ann Harding, Leslie Howard, Myrna Loy and William Gargan are in the fine cast. **Excellent—children won't be interested.**

A BILL OF DIVORCEMENT (Radio)—Although the theme—hereditary insanity—is morbid, you mustn't miss a perfectly acted picture. It has Katharine Hepburn, John Barrymore and Billie Burke. **Excellent—nothing in it for children, however.**

BILLION DOLLAR SCANDAL (Paramount)—Frank Morgan and others in Teapot Dome story. **Fair—not for children.** Reviewed in detail in section starting on page 6.

THE BITTER TEA OF GENERAL YEN (Columbia)—Barbara Stanwyck as a missionary worker and Nils Asther as a Chinese general do nice work in this movie. **Good—the children won't be interested.**

BLONDE VENUS (Paramount)—Marlene Dietrich's first picture with an American locale. **Excellent—but don't take the kids.**

BREACH OF PROMISE (World Wide)—Another political picture with grand acting by Mae Clarke and Chester Morris. **Good—not for children.**

CABIN IN THE COTTON (First National)—Richard Barthelmess, Bette Davis and Dorothy Jordan involved in a love story on a modern Southern plantation. **Good—the children may like it.**

CALL HER SAVAGE (Fox)—Clara Bow's big comeback picture! And the girl really comes back as a vivid youngster from the prairie-land. Gilbert Roland plays opposite her. **Very good—children will enjoy some of it.**

CAVALCADE (Fox)—Clive Brook and others in stupendous historical drama. **Excellent—okay for children.** Reviewed in detail in section starting on page 6.

CENTRAL PARK (First National)—Thrills, excitement and suspense—with some darn good humor thrown in—in a big city park. It has Joan Blondell, Wallace Ford and Guy Kibbee. **Very good—parts of it the children will like.**

CHILD OF MANHATTAN (Columbia)—Nancy Carroll, John Boles and Buck Jones (in non-Western role) all in a story of very modern life. **Very good—but don't take the children.** Reviewed in detail in section starting on page 6.

CRIME OF THE CENTURY (Paramount)—Stuart Erwin, Wynne Gibson and others in a bank robbery story. **Very good—okay for kids.** Reviewed in detail in section starting on page 6.

CYNARA (Goldwyn-United Artists)—Another triangle story, very well done by stage Ronald Colman, Kay Francis and Phyllis Barry. **Very good—it will bore the kids.**

EMPLOYEES' ENTRANCE (Warners)—Alice White comes back in this story of what happens to the workers in a big department store. Loretta Young, Wallace Ford and Warren William all are very good. **Good—the older children may enjoy it.**

FACE IN THE SKY (Fox)—Spencer Tracy and Marian Nixon in a weak story. **Fair—not for children.** Reviewed in detail in section starting on page 6.

FAITHLESS (M-G-M)—Tallulah Bankhead and Bob Montgomery in a yarn about a wealthy girl who loses her money. **Good—not so suitable for children.**

FAREWELL TO ARMS (Paramount)—Helen Hayes and Gary Cooper weave a spell of beautiful romance in Hemingway's story of the Italian war front. Adolphe Menjou is perfect, too. **Excellent—but the children should be left at home.**

FAST LIFE (M-G-M)—An exciting boat race. Bill Haines and Madge Evans. Isn't that enough for an enjoyable evening? **Good—children will like it.**

FLESH (M-G-M)—Here's a peach of a story about the wrestling racket with Wally Beery, Karen Morley and Ricardo Cortez. **Excellent—and in spite of its title all right for kids, too.**

FORTY-SECOND STREET (Warners)—A musical with a plot. Bebe Daniels, Mrs. Al Jolson, George Brent and Warner Baxter. **Excellent—okay for children.** Reviewed in detail in section starting on page 6.

FRISCO JENNY (Warners)—More folks making come-backs. This time it's James Murray and he's good, too. Ruth Chatterton's acting, as usual, is splendid. **Very good—but say "no" to the children.**

THE GOLDEN WEST (Fox)—One of the better Westerns, with George O'Brien. **Very good if you like 'em—couldn't be beat for the children.**

GRAND SLAM (Warners)—Paul Lukas and Loretta Young in a burlesque on bridge. **Very funny—children will be bored.** Reviewed in detail in section starting on page 6.

THE HALF NAKED TRUTH (Radio)—Imagine Lee Tracy as a side show barker and Lupe Velez as the hotcha dancer whom he brings to New York and publicizes. **Very funny. Very good—the kids will like Lee.**

HALLELUJAH, I'M A BUM (United Artists)—Al Jolson rips off some swell songs in this amusing picture in which Madge Evans is his leading woman. **Good—children will enjoy it.**

HANDLE WITH CARE (Fox)—In spite of the charm of Jimmy Dunn and Boots Mallory this picture falls pretty flat. **Fair—children will enjoy parts of it.**

HARD TO HANDLE (Warners)—James Cagney in a press-agent yarn. **Very good—okay for children.** Reviewed in detail in section starting on page 6.

HELLO EVERYBODY (Paramount)—Kate Smith's first starring film. It has everything. **Excellent—okay for kids.** Reviewed in detail in section starting on page 6.

HERITAGE OF THE DESERT (Paramount)—Randolph Scott is pleasing but this Western could have had more punch. **Good—the kids will eat it up.**

HORSE FEATHERS (Paramount)—You can't heat those merry, mad Marx brothers for tomfoolery. This is about college life. **Excellent—and the kids will laugh as much as you will.**

HOT PEPPER (Fox)—Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen as Quirt and Flagg again. **Okay if you like this sort of thing—better not take the kids.** Reviewed in detail in section starting on page 6.

HOT SATURDAY (Paramount)—How gossip can turn an innocent affair into a scandal—nicely played by Nancy Carroll, Randolph Scott and Cary Grant. **Very good—but the kids will be bored.**

HYPNOTIZED (Mack Sennett)—This feature length comedy starring Moran and Mack is rather disappointing. **Fair—children may like it, however.**

I AM A FUGITIVE FROM A CHAIN GANG (Warners)—Brutal and tragic as is this story of a wrongly accused man who escapes from a chain gang, you must not miss Paul Muni's remarkably fine acting. **Excellent but gruesome—emphatically not for children.**

IF I HAD A MILLION (Paramount)—A perfectly swell novelty film in which eight different stars—among them Gary Cooper, George Raft, Alison Skipworth, Charles Laughton and Wynne Gibson—answer the question "What would you do with a million dollars?" **Excellent—children will like some sequences.**

INFERNAL MACHINE (Fox)—Chester Morris and Genevieve Tobin in amusing story about an adventurous young man. **Very good—okay for children.** Reviewed in detail in section starting on page 6.

ISLAND OF LOST SOULS (Paramount)—Kathleen Burke—a newcomer—plays the Panther Woman in this super horror picture with Charles Laughton, Richard Arlen and Leila Hyams. **Good—its almost too scary for the children.**

THE KID FROM SPAIN (Goldwyn-United Artists)—That Eddie Cantor gives you one big laugh right after another. **Excellent—and great for children.**

KONGO (M-G-M)—Walter Huston, Lupe Velez and Virginia Bruce all get pretty morbid and vengeful down there in those tropics. **Good—but don't take the kids.**

LADIES THEY TALK ABOUT (Warners)—Barbara Stanwyck in prison picture. **Fair—not for children.** Reviewed in detail in section starting on page 6.

LAWYER MAN (Warners)—William Powell takes the role of an East Side lad who makes good—and then gets in bad. Both he and Joan Blondell are fine. **Very good—but not so interesting for youngsters.**

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE (Radio)—Mitzi Green plays the role of the famous comic strip character as only Mitzi can. **Excellent for the whole family.**

LUCKY DEVILS (Radio)—A story of stunt men with William Gargan and Bill Boyd. **Very good thrilling stuff—okay for kids.** Reviewed in detail in section starting on page 6.

LUXURY LINER (Paramount)—George Brent, Zita Johann, Vivienne Osborn, Alice White and Frank Morgan in an attempt to do an ocean liner "Grand Hotel." **Fair—children will be bored.** Reviewed in detail in section starting on page 6.

MADAME BUTTERFLY (Paramount)—Sylvia Sydney and Cary Grant in a drama based on that famous and teary opera. **Very good—but the children won't care for the sad parts.**

MAEDCHEN IN UNIFORM (John Krimsky and Gifford Cochran)—If you haven't already done so, don't fail to see this poignant German movie (with English titles). **Very good—not for children.**

THE MATCH KING (First National)—The story of Ivar Krueger, the Swedish match king, with Warren William and Lily Damita. **Good—the children won't be crazy about it, though.**

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Between Us

(Continued from page 85)

thrill to see some one receiving an old-fashioned spanking over someone's knee." (How about the Gable and Cagney habit of smacking their heroines, Rose?) ELLYN STONE AND FRIENDS of Ashland, Wis., are pining for a picture of George Raft. (See page 27—there's an excellent story on him, Ellyn.) And here's praise for Gable without any mention of his sex appeal or his ears from R. G. WATSON of Hamilton, Canada. "After seeing Mr. Gable on the screen, I leave the theatre with new hope and determination. He has that unique something that spurs a person on. His kind, yet aggressive manner and his confidence, along with that 'never say die' spirit, is a genuine tonic for those stumbling along life's rocky path. LUCILLE LYSEK of Delia, Kans., wants the real names of Janet Gaynor, Charles Farrell and Nancy Carroll. (Janet's real name is Laura Gainer, Farrell's is Charles Farrell and Nancy's is Nancy La Hiff. Send ten cents for the issues you wish, Lucille, to MODERN SCREEN, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.) PAT PRENDERGAST of London, England, is mad about Ricardo Cortez and gives us the interesting bit of information that in England "Symphony of Six Million" was called "Melody of Life." WINIFRED WHYTE of Rockville Centre, N. Y., would like to see Mrs. Murdock's "John Halifax, Gentleman," on the screen and thinks Richard Dix would be perfect for the title role. THERESA DI CAPUA of Cleveland, Ohio, would like to see the following books made into films: "Understanding Heart" by Peter B. Kyne, "Sunset Pass" by Zane Grey and "Kazan" by James Oliver Curwood. ROSE PRIMER would like to see Ethel M. Dell's "Bars of Iron" on the screen—and begs, "Please, if this idea should be taken up, I hope the best parts are not taken out, as they usually are when pictures are made from books." The same complaint comes from FRANCES MANLEY of Ponca City, Okla., about the filming of many of Zane Grey's novels: "If you had read 'Wild Horse Mesa,' then seen the show, you would not have known they were the same. In that show—the part where the hero caught the wild horse . . . if that horse had been wild, he would not have been able to wrap the end of his rope around a rock while the horse was running with all its might."

JUST ONE LAST WORD—

Perhaps you have noticed that this month in "Between You and Me" we have pared the editorial comments down to the barest essentials. The reason for this is to leave more space for your letters. We still feel that it is necessary to condense some of the letters—to pick out the bits which will be most interesting to other readers or to answer some question the writer has asked.

We asked you two months ago to limit your letters to about one hundred and fifty words. We took that limit away last month. But we still ask you to make your letters as terse and to the point as you can—they're more interesting to other readers and much more printable.

Now, we'll take up no more space with our advice. But just remember, if your letter doesn't appear one month, look for it the following month. And keep on writing—remember, you are the only ones who can have any lasting influence on the talkies and the talkie stars and players.

I KNOW I'M JUST A SKINNY SCARECROW —BUT WHAT CAN I DO?

DO WHAT OTHERS ARE DOING. HERE'S HOW YOU CAN GAIN 10 LBS. QUICK

Posed by professional models

Thin? New way adds firm flesh quicker than BEER

New discovery brings astonishing gains. Imported beer yeast, richest known, concentrated 7 times. Adds 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks.

HERE'S the last word in scientific weight-building! An amazing new discovery that is quickly rounding out scrawny arms and legs, flat chests, hollow cheeks and bony shoulders for thousands.

Everybody knows that for years doctors prescribed beer for skinny, rundown men and women who wanted to put on flesh. But now with this new scientific discovery you can get even better results—put on firmer, healthier flesh than with beer—and in a far shorter time.

Not only are thousands gaining pounds of solid beauty-bringing flesh in a few weeks—but other benefits as well. Muddy, blemished skin changes to a fresh, radiantly clear complexion. Constipation, poor appetite, lack of pep and energy quickly vanish. Life becomes a thrilling adventure.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, called Ironized Yeast, is in pleasant tablet form. It is made from specially cultured, imported beer yeast—the richest yeast ever known—which through a new process has been concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast concentrate is then ironized—scientifically combined with three special kinds of iron which strengthen and enrich the blood—add abounding new energy and pep.

Watch the change

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, you'll see ugly, gawky angles fill out. Hollow chests develop and pipe-stem arms and legs

round out pleasingly. And along with that firm, attractive, long-desired flesh will come a radiantly clear complexion—glorious freedom from digestion troubles—new, surging vitality, new self-confidence.

Skinniness dangerous

Authorities warn that skinny, anemic, nervous people are far more liable to serious infections and fatal wasting diseases than the strong, well-built person. So begin at once to get back the rich blood and healthy flesh you need. Do it before it is too late.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, or how long you have been that way, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands of others. So successful has it been in even hopeless cases that it is sold under an absolute money-back guarantee. If you are not more than delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly and gladly refunded.

Only be sure you get genuine Ironized Yeast, and not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Insist on the genuine, with "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this offer. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists, Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 34, Atlanta, Ga.

14 Lbs. in 2 Weeks

"Before taking Ironized Yeast I was skinny, weak, my skin muddy. In 2 weeks I gained 14 lbs. and my skin cleared." Maria Jacovielle, Bronx, N. Y.

22 Lbs. in 2 Months

"I have gained 22 lbs. in 2 months with Ironized Yeast. Now in perfect health." F. R. Bowers, Winemucca, Nev.

29 Lbs. in 6 Weeks

"Ironized Yeast gave me pep. I gained 29 lbs. in 6 weeks." Anna Stumbras, De Soto, Ill.

You Can Change DARK Colors to LIGHT Colors

—Easy as A-B-C with
Tintex Color Remover



Supposing you have a dark dress
(or any other dark-colored
article) and are pining for a
lighter-colored one



Tintex Color Remover will safely
and speedily take out all trace
of color (including black) from
any fabric



Then the article or fabric can be
redyed or tinted with Tintex Tints
and Dyes in any new shade to suit
yourself—either light or dark.

On sale at drug stores and
notion counters everywhere

Tintex

COLOR REMOVER

THE MODERN SCREEN DIRECTORY of PLAYERS

MARRIED; IF SO, TO WHOM; BIRTHPLACE AND DATE;
WHERE TO WRITE THEM; STUDIO; CURRENT AND
FUTURE ROLES—BROUGHT UP TO DATE EACH MONTH

COMPLETE STUDIO ADDRESSES

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Educational Studios, Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
First National Studios, Burbank, California.
Fox Studios, Movietone City, Westwood, California.
Samuel Goldwyn Studio, 7210 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.
Paramount-Publix Studios, Hollywood, California.
Radio Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, California.
Mack Sennett Studios, Studio City, North Hollywood, California.
Warner Brothers Studio, Burbank, California.
United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.
Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

ALBRIGHT, HARDIE: unmarried; born in Charleroi, Pa., December 16. Write him at First National. Free lance. Featured in "The Match King," First National. Working in "Today We Live," M-G-M, and "The Adopted Father," Warner Bros. Next is "Song of Songs," Paramount.

AMES, ADRIENNE: married to Stephen Ames; born in Fort Worth, Texas, August 3. Paramount player. Featured in "He Learned About Women," Paramount; "The Death Kiss," Tiffany; "Scandal Sheet," Fox. Working in "A Bedtime Story," Paramount.

ANDRE, GWILI: unmarried; born in Copenhagen, Denmark, February 4. Radio player. Featured in "Roar of the Dragon," "Secrets of the French Police," and "No Other Woman."

ARLEN, RICHARD: married to Jobyna Ralston; born in St. Paul, Minn., September 1. Paramount player. Featured in "The All American," Universal; "The Island of Lost Souls," Paramount. Working in "College Humor," Paramount.

ARLIS, GEORGE: married to Florence Montgomery; born in London, April 10. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Successful Calamity" and "The King's Vacation." Working in "The Adopted Father," Next is "Voltaire."

ARMSTRONG, ROBERT: divorced from Jeanne Kent; born in Saginaw, Mich., November 21. Radio player. Featured in "Madison Square Garden," "The Billion Dollar Scandal," Paramount; and "King Kong," Radio.

ASTHER, NILS: divorced from Vivian Duncan; born in Stockholm, Sweden, January 17. M-G-M player. Featured in "Washington Masquerade," M-G-M; "Secrets of the French Police," Radio; "Bitter Tea of General Yen," Columbia.

ASTOR, MARY: married to Dr. Franklyn Thorpe; born in Quincy, Ill., May 3. Write her at Radio Studio. Free lance. Featured in "Successful Calamity," Warner Bros.; "Those We Love," Tiffany; "Red Dust," M-G-M.

ATES, ROSCOE: married to Ethel Rogers; born in Hattiesburg, Miss., January 20. Radio player. Featured in "Renegades of the West," "Little Orphan Annie," and "Lucky Devils," Radio. Working in "Beer," M-G-M.

ATWILL, LIONEL: married; born in Croydon, Eng., March 1. Write him at First National. Free lance. Featured in "Dr. X," "Wax Museum," First National; "The Secret of Madame Blanche," M-G-M. Working in "Murders in the Zoo," Paramount.

AYRES, LEW: separated from Lola Lane; born in Minneapolis, Minn., December 28. Universal star. Starred in "Night World" and "Okay America," Universal; "State Fair," Fox. Next is "Out on Parole," Universal.

BAKEWELL, WILLIAM: unmarried; born in Hollywood, Calif., May 2. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance. Featured in "Back Street," Universal; "Lucky Devils," RKO.

BANCROFT, GEORGE: married to Octavia Boroshe; born in Philadelphia, Pa., September 30. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Starred in "Lady and Gent," Paramount.

BANKHEAD, TALLULAH: unmarried; born in Huntsville, Ala., January 31. Free lance. Starred in "Devil and the Deep," Paramount; "Faithless," M-G-M.

BARRYMORE, JOHN: married to Dolores Costello; born in Philadelphia, Pa., February 15. M-G-M star. Starred in "Bill of Divorcement," Radio; "Rasputin and the Empress," M-G-M. Working in "Topaze," Radio. Next is "Reunion in Vienna," M-G-M.

BARRYMORE, LIONEL: married to Irene Fenwick; born in Philadelphia, Pa., April 28. M-G-M star. Starred in "Washington Masquerade" and "Rasputin and the Empress," M-G-M. Working in "Sweepings," Radio.

BARTHELMESS, RICHARD: married to Jessica Sergeant; born in New York City, May 9. First National star. Starred in "Cabin in the Cotton," and "Grand Central Airport," First National.

BAXTER, WARNER: married to Winifred Bryson. Born in Columbus, Ohio, March 29. Fox star. Starred in "Six Hours to Live," Fox; "Forty-Second Street," Warners. Working in "Dangerously Yours." Next is "Only Yesterday," Universal.

BEERY, WALLACE: married to Rita Gilman; born in Kansas City, Mo., April 1. M-G-M star. Starred in "Flesh." Working in "Tugboat Annie."

BELLAMY, RALPH: married to Catherine Willard; born in Chicago, Ill., June 17. Fox player. Featured in "Second Hand Wife," Fox; "Destination Unknown," Universal; "Picture Snatcher," Warners. Working in "Parole Girl," Columbia.

BENNETT, CONSTANCE: married to the Marquis de la Falaise; born in New York City, October 22. Radio star. Starred in "Two Against the World," First National. "Rockabye," Radio. Working in "Our Betters," Radio.

BENNETT, JOAN: married to Gene Markey; born in Palisades, N. J., February 27. Fox star. Starred in "Week Ends Only," "Wild Girl," "Me and My Gal." Next is "Department Store."

BENNETT, RICHARD: married; born in Beaconsfield, Iowa, May 21. Paramount player. Featured in "If I Had a Million," Paramount.

BICKFORD, CHARLES: married; born in Cambridge, Mass., January 1. Write him at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "Thunder Below," Paramount; "The Last Mile," Columbia; "No Other Woman," Radio. Next is "A Legal Crime," Paramount.

BIRELL, TALA: unmarried; born in Vienna, September 10. Universal player. Featured in "The Doomed Battalion" and "Nagana." Next is "The Black Pearl."

BLONDELL, JOAN: married to George Barnes; born in New York City, August 30. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Lawyer Man," "Central Park," "Blondie Johnson," Warners; "Scandal Street," Fox.

BOLES, JOHN: married to Marcellite Dobbs; born in Breenville, Texas, October 27. Fox star. Featured

(Continued on page 95)

Reviews

(Continued from page 10)

greasepaint and goes out to Dorothy Wilson's ranch to emote. While he is busy making faces into the camera, Creighton Chaney (Dorothy's foreman) concocts a scheme whereby he can steal the ranch and gal as well. Keene does some keen heroics—clinch and fade. The cast is okay . . . including Roscoe Ates . . . but the story is wobbly. Just fair.

However, if you enjoy movies which have a Hollywood movie background this will give you something.

FACE IN THE SKY (Fox)

A silly story about a traveling sign painter (Spencer Tracy) who rescues Little Orphan Annie (Marian Nixon) from her fate. He is accused of the Mann Act by a disgruntled farm hand who wants Nixon . . . but all ends well. We warn you . . . this isn't first rate! Don't say we didn't tell you.

HELLO, EVERYBODY (Paramount)

Paramount did right by our Kate. If you've been worrying about seeing 212 pounds emote . . . forget it. Kate has a good part and gives a good performance in a down-to-earth story that doesn't try to be grand.

It's really that old gag about the mean old Power Company which is about to take all the farms in order to get a location for their new dam. Kate plays a hefty farmerette who is almost vamped into signing the paper (ha haaaa, but the camper (Randolph Scott) falls for her sister (Sally Blane) in time to turn clean and give up his chiselling ideas.

Of course, Kate's voice is discovered and she goes to the Big City and makes good (page O. O. McIntyre) and returns with all the mortgage money just in time (cheers). In the meantime, you have heard her sing several swell numbers . . . and if you like Kate over the radio, you'll enjoy this one. Kate does one dance number that will bowl you over. It's swell. You'd better be sure and see it—all of you.

HOT PEPPER (Fox)

Those old marines, Quirt and Flagg (Lowe and McLaglen respectively) are at it again . . . with another carload of cuss words. Immediately the story opens, Flagg (dumber than usual) gets hooked in a dice game by Quirt, who makes his get-away—in the usual Quirt manner.

Two years later, they meet again. Flagg is now wallowing in dough from his speakeasy. Quirt is flat. Posing as a copper, Lowe pulls the "protection" gag on McLaglen and *again* gets away with the cash. You can imagine how Flagg feels!

Lupe Velez furnishes the reason for the title. From South America, she sizzles again. Especially when Quirt lands her a job in a night club that

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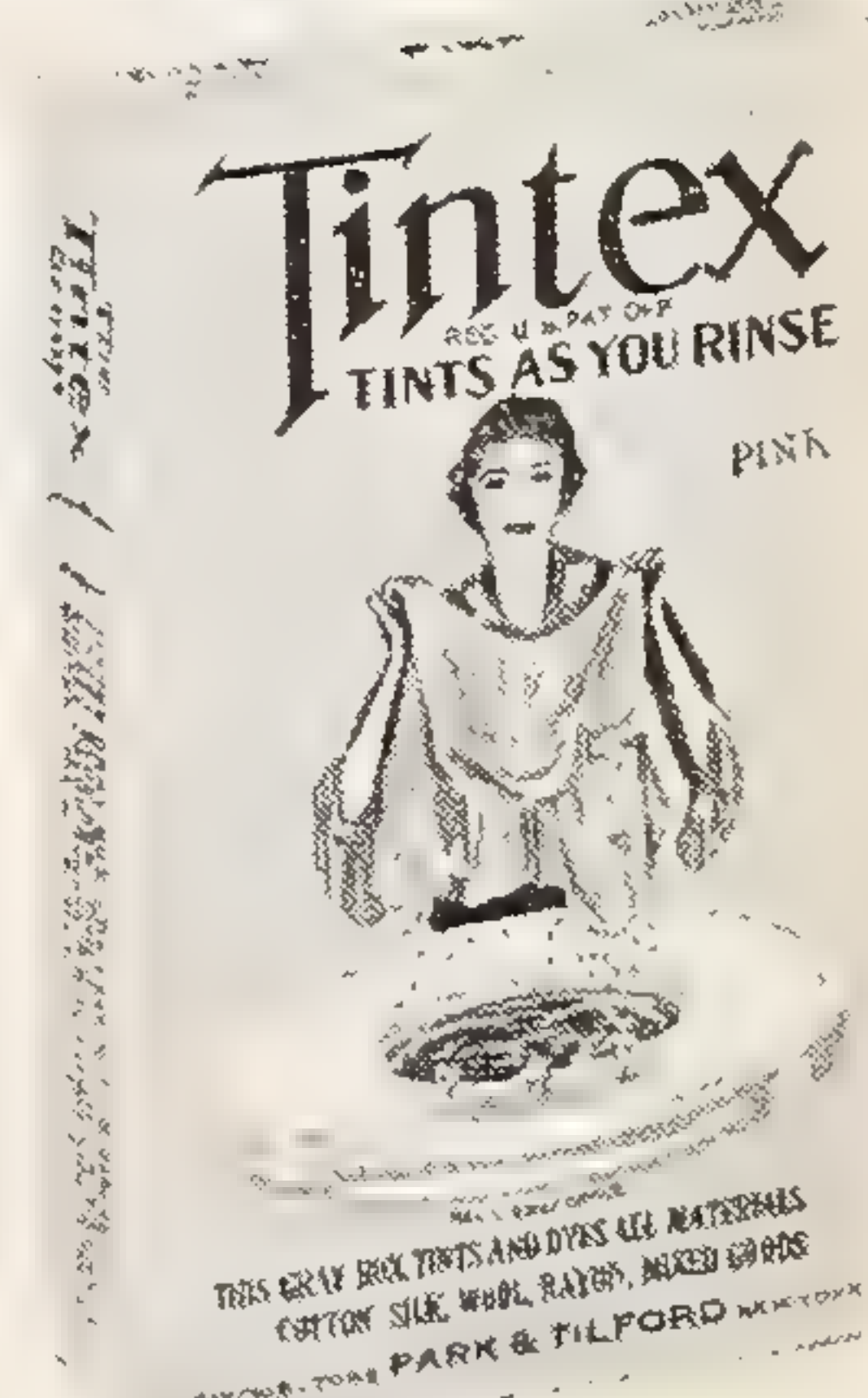


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Italian Balm won its laurels in winter-loving Canada over 30 years ago. Today its sale exceeds that of any other lotion in thousands of cities in the States! Safe. No caustic astringents; no irritating bleaches. Only 5% alcohol; it cannot dry the skin. At drug and department stores in 35c, 60c and \$1.00 bottles. Campana Corporation, Batavia, Illinois.

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TUNE IN—Monday nights, "Fu Man-chu" mystery dramas, Columbia network; Friday nights "First Nighter" plays, N. B. C. coast-to-coast.

has a swell chorus. Don't ask if Lilian Bond has S. A.—we know.

THE PAST OF MARY HOLMES (RKO)

This is the talkie version of the old-timer, "The Goose Woman" . . . but the goose isn't so fat this time . . . and *no* golden eggs. The writers who arranged this in its present form did too much wandering—remember what a swell part the original gave Louise Dresser? The Goose Woman as played by Helen MacKeller is only fair.

Jean Arthur and Eric Linden are among those present.

WAX MUSEUM (Warners)

You'll be avoiding dark corners after seeing this flicker; it's *that* scary. One of those horror-mystery combinations centering around a wax museum where there's plenty going on. For instance: Lionel Atwill, as a disfigured madman, steals human bodies, cooks wax into them and molds them to his pleasure. There's something for you to stomach. Fay Wray, who just misses this fate, and Allen Vincent supply the romance. Frank McHugh, the newspaper boss and his sob-sister (Glenda Farrell) hold all the laugh lines in tow.

It's a first rate horror picture . . . and all done up in Technicolor. Beautiful and terrifying.

SCANDAL SHEET (Fox)

"You got to break Broadway, or Broadway'll break YOU!" Or so Joan Blondell figures when she gets (innocently) a "Broadway reputation" while dancing in a revue. She decides to cash in on the rap . . . fighting the while to shield her small son. She finally meets the real man (Ricardo Cortez) and repents. Emotional and modern. Swell cast: Blondell, Cortez, Ginger Rogers, Adrienne Ames and Allen Vincent. You will get your money's worth!

CRIME OF THE CENTURY (Par.)

Hypnotism, murder and theft—all three are nicely mixed into as lively a mystery as we've seen in many a moon.

Stuart Erwin, Wynne Gibson, Jean Hersholt and Frances Dee are all jumbled up in a \$100,000 bank robbery and later a murder. Erwin, as the reporter who is always in the wrong place at the right time, captures the gal (Frances Dee) for the fadeout. Wynne Gibson continues to surprise as the sadistic wife of a famous surgeon (Hersholt).

This picture has a fast pace and some real thrills. If you can guess the murderer, get your money back—we couldn't guess.

GRAND SLAM (Warners)

If you take your bridge *seriously*, see this one—it'll help your sense of humor. Corking satire! Paul Lukas is swell as the Russian waiter who suddenly finds himself a "second" Culbert-

son. Loretta Young is the wife and Helen Vinson the charmer who usurps him for a while by flattering him that he *can* play bridge. After his vanity cools, he returns to his wife a sadder-but-wiser player . . . bridge and otherwise! You'll like this one!

LUCKY DEVILS (RKO)

Remember "Lost Squadron"? This is more of the same . . . stunt men and doubles in pictures. Dorothy Wilson, despondent, tries suicide but is saved by two daredevil pals, Bills-Gargan and Boyd. Boyd marries her and undertakes the greatest risk of his career when she needs \$200 for hospital expenses. Thrills galore. Very good.

INFERNAL MACHINE (Fox)

Here is a smart comedy with most of the scenes taking place in Paris and aboard a luxurious ocean liner.

A young American (Chester Morris), broke and discouraged, finds new interest in an American girl about to leave Paris for home. He follows her aboard and the fun begins. It is learned that an infernal machine has been planted on the ship which serves to bring out the true characteristics of the girl's sweetheart (Victor Jory) and puts Morris way ahead. Morris tells the girl (Genevieve Tobin) that he will find the bomb if she will spend an hour in the bridal suite with him. The action from there is tense and unexpected.

You will like this, we're sure.

BILLION DOLLAR SCANDAL (Par.)

This snaps into real entertainment once it gets going. Bob Armstrong does his best work to date, as the moronic ex-convict in the employ of a big oil magnate (Frank Morgan), whose business tendencies aren't always so up-and-up. When the convict's brother and the magnate's daughter fall in love, Morgan breaks Armstrong by giving him a phoney tip, then fires him. Later Bob squeals on the former boss, and the big scandal breaks.

Armstrong and Morgan are the shining lights—with James Gleason and Warren Hymer supplying the laughs. Constance Cummings and Frank Albertson do the romancing. It's good.

LADIES THEY TALK ABOUT (Warners)

Just another prison picture. . . woman's angle. Barbara Stanwyck deserves better fare. She gets pulled in and sent up for a hold-up when her old pal squeals. She plots revenge . . . but falls in love. Just a fair picture. Mostly "recreation hour" chatter!

THE SECRET OF MADAME BLANCHE (M-G-M)

Taken from the stage play "The Lady," this story covers a span of thirty years. Irene Dunne, a prima donna, meets and marries a son of wealth, Phillips Holmes. The infuriated father (Lionel Atwill) disinherits his son, and Holmes, unable to endure poverty, commits suicide . . . leaving Irene with a

small child which the Old Man wants. He has the singer shadowed and after several years succeeds in obtaining possession of the child.

Years later, as a British soldier, the boy seduces a girl and kills her father. Irene takes the blame but they jail the boy. In the fadeout, mother and son are planning for the time when he will be released and they can "start over."

Irene Dunne and Holmes are good. Atwill very good . . . but it's the ensemble that gets you. Meller-dramer!

SHE DONE HIM WRONG (Paramount)

Mae West (Diamond Lil) sure dishes out plenty of that risqué business in this one (that's putting it delicately, but in spite of that, or on account of it, depending on yourself, it is down-right funny).

Loaded with diamonds, Lil starts out as a saloon keeper's sweetie. She has men by the score and finally winds up by gettin' her man . . . who was darn tough to land. The cast is great, including Cary Grant, Gilbert Roland, Noah Beery and Rochelle Hudson. If you're not too highbrow, you'll go for this one! But leave the kids attome!

Wardrobe

(Continued from page 69)

and again towards the elbows.

Fitted bodices

Straight skirts

Slightly longer skirt lines

Belts featured

Capes

Hats with brims wide and narrow

Turbans set straight on the head

Backless evening gowns, skirts sweeping the floor.

Then remember that while most of the styles will strike you as being very simple, that fabric counts about ninety per cent for the effect of the whole.

Woolen materials are softly woven with, nevertheless, a good deal of body. Then the knitted materials grow more and more refined so that it is hard to tell them from their tweedy sisters.

Silks are rough—really quite rough—and this being the case they stand up through much wear without showing the ravages of musing.

Colors are vivid—green, brown, red and yellow being much preferred as popular spring tones. Gray is holding up and beige for those with darker skins is a good color, too. Black is not nearly so good for high style as it once was unless it is lightened by some dashing touch of color.

This is a season when you need not bother about fur, for coats with scarf ties and draped collars are much more in the spotlight of fashion than those which are fur trimmed.

If there are any questions you wish to ask concerning your own particular spring wardrobe problems, follow the instructions given on page 70.

Is Such Beauty Your Dream?



To be beautiful and alluring is yours and every other girl's most treasured dream. Such beauty would mean popularity, romance, love! And, though it may seem beyond belief, it is not beyond possession. Beauty is not always a gift of the gods. It is more often the result of correct make-up.

Would you like a face powder which gives your skin a satiny softness, a lipstick which tints your lips a tempting red, and a perfume whose fragrance lingers delightfully about you—then use Blue Waltz face powder, lipstick and perfume, all scented with the irresistible Blue Waltz fragrance. Convenient ten cent purse sizes at your nearest 5 and 10 cent store.



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Norma Talks About Joan

(Continued from page 26)

fixed differently. And when he saw them he said, 'Why, I believe you *can* play that role.' It was a tremendous gamble—but a lucky one."

Anyone who has watched Norma's progress since "The Divorcée" will grant that it was the luckiest gamble of her life—and one of the most fortunate pieces of casting in the history of M-G-M. Norma has been learning fast since "The Divorcée." Recently, in "Smilin' Through," she proved that her popularity is not dependent on the racy, daring, alluring type of portrayal which made her a box office sensation.

"The Divorcée" revealed her for the first time as a spectacular screen personality. "Smilin' Through" proves that she is becoming a fine actress as

well. And Norma herself would be the first to sanction that word "becoming." For far from being complacent and self-satisfied, far from being content to stand still, she is growing—growing in skill and intelligence as an actress, and in perception and intelligence as a person.

Norma Shearer talked to me about Joan Crawford—but in so doing she revealed more about herself than I have known or guessed in six years. That mythical figure of the too-poised, too self-assured Mrs. Irving Thalberg has vanished forever for me—and I hope for you, too.

I didn't say good-by to Norma Shearer. I said "Hello!" For I had met Norma for the first time.

Modern Hostess

(Continued from page 82)

most women a fish is a fish and nothing more, and all fish taste alike."

"AH, but they shouldn't," said Cary. "Each fish has an entirely individual flavor and when properly cooked those flavors are brought out and emphasized."

"What is your favorite fish?" we asked.

"Broiled mountain trout," he replied, without a second's hesitation. "Though I think baked swordfish steak ranks as a close second. As for tuna fish, though exciting as a piscatorial exploit, when it comes to eating tuna fish, in my opinion, it is much improved by a sojourn in a can. I don't know what the canners do to it, but it certainly seems to help the flavor a lot."

"How do you feel about shell fish?" was our next question.

"I like shell fish a lot," Cary replied, "if we weren't almost through with lunch I'd suggest we have a nice boiled lobster with melted butter, right now."

"Lobster can't be properly appreciated in a restaurant," we asserted with conviction. "When we eat lobster we want to be free to get butter and shells all over ourselves and the surrounding landscape."

"Did you know that you ought to put rock salt and olive oil into the pot when you boil lobsters?" asked Cary, proud as all outdoors to have this piece of information to impart.

"No," we admitted. "Should you?"

"Yes," he assured us. Add one cup of rock salt and a tablespoon of olive oil for every gallon of water. And then the lobsters should boil for exactly fifteen minutes—no more—no less."

(You see! Talk about food long enough and you'll find out that almost every man has some culinary accomplishment, particularly if he is a huntsman or fisherman. They have to learn

how to cook something in order to keep from starving to death, we suppose.)

"And by the way, have you ever had the baked filet of sole with lobster sauce they serve in this restaurant?" Cary asked us.

We, who had always had filet of sole fried and served with tartar sauce, had to confess we had not.

"You want to try it, some time," he said, "it's swell."

WE did, and it is. In fact, since our discussion of fish with Cary Grant we have grown very fish conscious—which will be a great help to us during the Lenten season. We are convinced that everyone *should* observe Lent whether or not they consider it necessary from a religious point of view. To cut down on the amount of meat you eat will be good for your budget and your digestion as well as your soul—and during the Lenten season in particular you are assured of getting fish at its very freshest and best. That is why we were delighted to get Cary Grant's ideas on fish dishes that men would like.

Remember he said he preferred canned tuna fish? Well, it seems his favorite tuna fish dish is a tuna fish pie which is as easily made in Maine or Illinois as it is in California. This pie is a one-dish meal embodying all the needs of a balanced dinner except the green salad. This pie, which can be made up in advance, is equally good with a pastry or a biscuit crust.

Then there is the baked stuffed fish that he also told us about. Frankly, we have forgotten whether he specified cod or halibut, but we have tested it with both kinds of fish and each met with unqualified approval. You use fish steaks and put the stuffing between—a very swanky looking dish and one that tastes even better than it looks.

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Mme. La Nore, Sem-pray Salons, Suite 1728-D, Grand Rapids, Mich. Send generous 7-day trial package Sem-pray Compressed Creme. Include introductory package Sem-pray Rouge and Sem-pray Mio Face Powder FREE. I enclose 10c to pay for packing and mailing.

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Sweetheart
Stories
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Oysters *au gratin*, according to Cary, constitute the finest way to eat cooked oysters, and incidentally this dish is relished even by those who swoon at the mere thought of eating a raw oyster. Another good feature is that this method makes a comparatively small quantity of oysters go a good long way.

The recipe for baked Swordfish Supreme we are giving you here. It is one of the fishy foods which is a big favorite with Cary Grant. The recipes for the Rolled Filets with Lobster Sauce, the Tuna Fish Pie, the Baked Stuffed Fish, and the Oysters *au gratin* we have had printed for you on separate cards, tidily enclosed in a little blue folder with Cary Grant's name on it.

These folders are all ready, waiting to be sent out to those of you who fill in the coupon on page 82 and mail it to us. So be sure to get the coupon on its way right off. You'll find the recipes will make Lenten meal planning ever and ever so much simpler, as well as increase your family's liking for fish to the point where, instead of dreading "fish days," they will look forward to them with keen anticipation.

REMEMBER when you are planning a fish dinner that fish is essentially a bland food and that you want to choose vegetables with not too decided flavors or the taste of the fish will be entirely submerged. Garnishes, too, are important, to bring color to and enhance the appearance of simple fish dishes. And always have a crisp salad to furnish a contrast in texture to the rest of the meal.

BAKED SWORDFISH SUPREME

2½ pound swordfish steak
2 tablespoons butter
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
⅛ teaspoon mace
½ teaspoon celery salt
1 small onion, minced fine
2 cups milk

Lay swordfish steak flat in greased pan. Cream the butter and blend with seasonings and minced onion. Rub this mixture into top side of fish. Pour milk around fish and bake, uncovered, in moderate oven (325°) for 30 to 45 minutes until fish is lightly brown on top. Remove fish and thicken milk left in pan by adding to it 1 teaspoon flour dissolved in a little cold milk for every 1/3 cup of milk left in the pan. Pour this sauce over fish and serve, garnished with thinly sliced stuffed olives. This recipe serves six. Any fish left over may be broken into small flakes, mixed with medium white sauce and served on toast for next day's luncheon.

Here are some menu suggestions which will help you when planning meals which feature fish as their main course. Cary Grant, for instance, says his idea of a perfect fish dinner comprises:

Tomato Bisque with Croutons
Baked Filet of Sole with Lobster Sauce

"It's Perfectly Gorgeous"

Says

SHARON LYNNE
FEATURED STAR OF "THE BIG BROADCAST"

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Remember Francis X. Bushman? Of course you do!
What's happened to him all these years? Do you know?
Watch our next issue for the surprising answer

If Men Look Away— GET RID OF FAT!



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String Beans
Salad with Roquefort Cheese
Dressing
Preserved Figs

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Oysters on the Half Shell
Baked Stuffed Halibut
Potatoes on the Half Shell
Green Peas
Apple and Celery Salad
Crackers with Cream Cheese and Jelly

A menu featuring the oysters *au gratin* would include:

Tomato Juice Cocktail
Oysters *au gratin*
Corn Bread
Chopped Spinach
Mashed Potatoes
Cottage Pudding

All these menus are easy to prepare, beneficial to the budget and highly satisfactory as hunger satisfiers. So be sure to fill in the coupon on page 82 and send for this month's MODERN SCREEN Star Recipe Booklet, now!

Directory of Pictures

(Continued from page 86)

THE MASK OF FU MANCHU (M-G-M)—More chills and thrills with Boris Karloff, Karen Morley and Lewis Stone. Very good of its type—and all right for the children if you let them see these thrillers.

ME AND MY GAL (Fox)—Rough and tumble yarn about the waterfront with Spencer Tracy and Joan Blondell. Good—better look at it yourself before deciding whether the kids should see it.

MR. ROBINSON CRUSOE (United Artists)—Douglas Fairbanks bounds all over a South Sea Island and has a swell time doing it. Very good for every member of the family.

MOVIE CRAZY (Paramount)—You'll laugh yourself sick watching Harold Lloyd play the role of a movie struck small town boy. Excellent—and mark down another one for the whole family.

THE MUMMY (Universal)—Old monster Boris Karloff again. This time he plays an Egyptian mummy who comes to life. Very good—parts of it okay for kids.

NAGANA (Universal)—Good acting by Tala Birell, Melvyn Douglas and Onslow Stephens in this tropical melodrama. Very good—children won't be interested.

NIGHT AFTER NIGHT (Paramount)—A lot of exciting things happen in a smart New York speakeasy. George Raft, Constance Cummings, Mae Clarke and Alison Skipworth are excellent. Good—children will be bored.

NO MAN OF HER OWN (Paramount)—Clark Gable is the hard boiled crook and Carole Lombard and Dorothy Mackaill are his women. The story zips along. Excellent—but don't take the kids.

NO OTHER WOMAN (Radio)—More big problems for the wife—solved by Irene Dunne, Charles Bickford and Eric Linden. Good—not very interesting to children.

PARACHUTE JUMPER (First National)—Here is a picture with real excitement and thrills. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Bette Davis are grand. Excellent—and the kids will enjoy it, too.

THE PAST OF MARY HOLMES (Radio)—Talkie version of "The Goose Woman" with Jean Arthur, Eric Linden and Helen MacKellar. Fair—not for children. Reviewed in detail in section starting on page 6.

PAYMENT DEFERRED (M-G-M)—Depressing but powerful story with Charles Laughton doing masterly acting. Good of its type—not for children.

PENGUIN POOL MURDER (Radio)—It's Edna May Oliver's show and it has plenty of laughs. Very good—and okay for children.

PROSPERITY (New Version) (M-G-M)—Marie Dressler and Polly Moran—need we go on? Very good—all right for the kids.

RACKETY RAX (Fox)—Victor McLaglen as a racketeer who takes up football in a big way. There are plenty of laughs. Very good—and kids will think it's funny, too.

RAIN (United Artists)—Joan Crawford turns in a fine emotional performance in the well known Sadie Thompson story. Walter Huston and William Gargan do good work. It might have been better directed. Excellent—but children should not see it.

RASPUTIN AND THE EMPRESS (M-G-M)—Imagine the three Barrymores—Ethel, Jack and Lionel, fighting for acting honors. See for yourself who wins. Excellent—but not for children.

RED DUST (M-G-M)—Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, Mary Astor and Gene Raymond have their lives all upset by tropical atmosphere. Very good—better keep the children away.

ROCKABYE (Radio)—This is not Connie Bennett's best. Joel McCrea plays opposite. Fair—won't interest children.

SAILOR BE GOOD (Radio)—Jack Oakie in nautical story. Very good of its kind—not for children. Reviewed in detail in section starting on page 6.

SCANDAL SHEET (Fox)—Joan Blondell as a Broadway chorus girl—and her adventures. Very good—children won't be very interested. Reviewed in detail in section starting on page 6.

SCARLET RIVER (Radio)—Action picture with a Western location movie company as the plot theme. Good—okay for children. Reviewed in detail in section starting on page 6.

SECOND HAND WIFE (Fox)—You'll find plenty of interest in this story of a twice-married banker and wife. Sally Eilers and Ralph Bellamy have the leads. Good—children will be bored.

THE SECRET OF MADAME BLANCHE (M-G-M)—Irene Dunne and Phillips Holmes in thrilling drama. Very good—not for children. Reviewed in detail in section starting on page 6.

SECRETS OF THE FRENCH POLICE (Radio)—Murders and mystery to make your hair stand on end. The cast includes Gwili Andre, Gregory Ratoff and Frank Morgan. Very good—children will find it exciting.

SELF DEFENSE (Monogram)—That old one about the mother who keeps a saloon but doesn't want daughter to know. Claire Windsor makes a comeback. Pauline Fredrick and Barbara Kent are good. Good—leave the children at home.

SHE DONE HIM WRONG (Paramount)—Mae West and others in some pretty hot stuff. Very good of its sizzling kind—certainly not for children. Reviewed in detail in section starting on page 6.

THE SIGN OF THE CROSS (Paramount)—Cecil B. DeMille turns in a huge and thrilling spectacle of Christian martyr days. You'll see Fredric March, Claudette Colbert, Elissa Landi and Charles Laughton. Excellent—parts of it too harrowing for the children.

SILVER DOLLAR (Warners)—Eddie Robinson brings "Haw" Tabor to life on the screen. Both he and Aline MacMahon give grand performances. Very good—won't interest children.

SMILIN' THROUGH (M-G-M)—See this sweet and beautiful love story with Norma Shearer, Fredric March and Leslie Howard. Excellent—very young children will be bored.

SO THIS IS HARRIS (Radio)—The famous entertainer, Phil Harris, does his stuff in a musical picture. Good—children will like some of it.

THE SON-DAUGHTER (M-G-M)—Helen Hayes, Ramon Novarro and Warner Oland do some lovely acting in this story of San Francisco's Chinatown. Very good—don't take the kids.

SPEED DEMON (Columbia)—William Collier Jr., in the type of story that Wally Reid made famous. Fair—children will like it, however.

STATE FAIR (Fox)—Janet Gaynor, Will Rogers, Lew Ayres, Norman Foster, Sally Eilers. Excellent—okay for children. Reviewed in detail in section starting on page 6.

TERROR TRAIL (Universal)—Tom Mix in a corking Western. Okay for Western fans—excellent for children. Reviewed in detail in section starting on page 6.

THEY CALL IT SIN (First National)—Loretta Young and David Manners solve some modern problems. Good—children won't find much in it.

THEY JUST HAD TO GET MARRIED (Universal)—A grand comedy with Zasu Pitts, Slim Summerville and Roland Young. Very good—and don't leave a single child at home.

THREE ON A MATCH (Warners)—More modern love with Ann Dvorak, Joan Blondell, Bette Davis and Warren William. Good—will bore the kids.

TONIGHT IS OURS (Paramount)—Claudette Colbert and Fredric March in amusing comedy. Very good—too clever for children. Reviewed in detail in section starting on page 6.

TOO BUSY TO WORK (Fox)—A weak story which will only interest ardent Will Rogers fans. Fair—children will find it dull, too.

TROUBLE IN PARADISE (Paramount)—A delightful and sophisticated comedy as only Lubitsch can make 'em—with Miriam Hopkins, Kay Francis and Herbert Marshall. Very good—children won't get the subtleties.

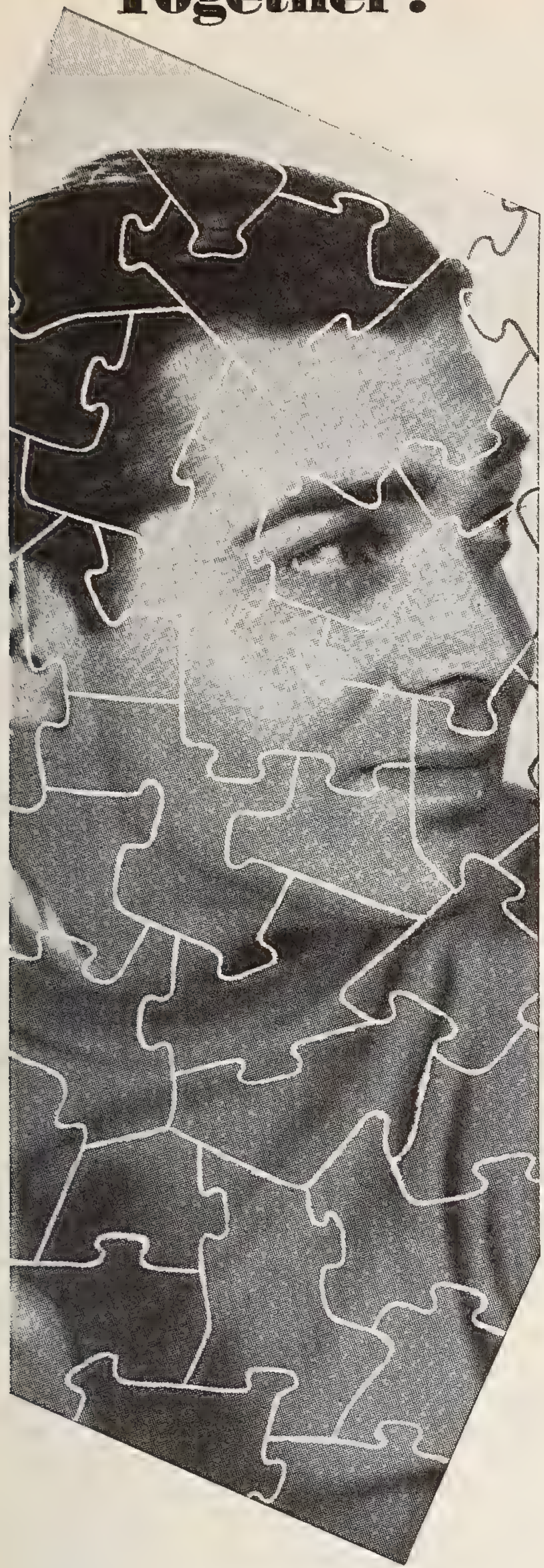
TWENTY THOUSAND YEARS IN SING SING (Warners)—A powerful story of prison life with Spencer Tracy and Bette Davis. Excellent—okay for children if you don't mind their seeing prison stories.

UNDER-COVER MAN (Paramount)—When this George Raft plays the role of a gangster he is always at his best. Nancy Carroll and Lew Cody do good work, too. Good—children won't find it very entertaining.

WAX MUSEUM (Warners)—Thrilling story about a madman who murders people and then turns them into wax figures. Lionel Atwill and others. Very good thriller—children may be a bit too frightened. Reviewed in detail in section starting on page 6.

WHISTLING IN THE DARK (M-G-M)—Una Merkel and Ernest Truex (of stage fame) in amusing comedy. Good—okay for children. Reviewed in detail in section starting on page 6.

Can You Put Him Together?



HERE'S real fun! A new kind of Jig-Saw Puzzle: **MOVIE MIX-UP!** What a kick you'll get out of puzzling it out.

Clark Gable, Greta Garbo, Norma Shearer, Gary Cooper—all your favorite stars in pieces—and it's up to you to put them together again!

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Don't just say jig-saw, say—

MOVIE MIX-UP!

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Directory of Players

(Continued from page 88)

- in "Back Street," Universal. "Six Hours to Live," Fox; "Child of Manhattan," Columbia.
- BOW, CLARA:** married to Rex Bell; born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 29. Fox star. Starred in "Call Her Savage."
- BOYD, BILL:** married to Dorothy Sebastian; born in Cambridge, Ohio, June 5. Write him at Radio studio. Starred in "Yukon," "Men of America" and "Lucky Devils."
- BOYD, WILLIAM:** divorced; born in New York City, December 18. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "After the Rain," Fox; "Madison Square Garden," Paramount.
- BRENDEL, EL:** married to Flo Bert; born in Philadelphia, Pa., March 25. Fox player. Featured in "Disorderly Conduct," "Too Busy to Work," Working in "Cross Pull."
- BRENT, GEORGE:** married to Ruth Chatterton; born in Dublin, Ireland, March 15. First National player. Featured in "Forty-Second Street," "Luxury Liner," Paramount; "The Keyhole," First National. Working in "Baby Face," First National.
- BRIAN, MARY:** unmarried; born in Corsicana, Texas, February 17. Write her at First National. Free lance. Featured in "Blessed Event," "Hard to Handle," "Blue Moon Murder Case." Next is "Oliver Twist."
- BROOK, CLIVE:** married to Faith Evelyn; born in London, June 1. Paramount player. Featured in "Night of June 13th," Paramount; "Cavalcade," Fox. Working in "The Great Desire," Radio.
- BROWN, JOE E.:** married to Kathryn McGrau; born in Holgate, Ohio, July 28. First National star. Starred in "You Said a Mouthful," and "Elmer the Great."
- BROWN, JOHN MACK:** married to Cornelia Foster; born in Dothan, Ala., September 1. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Vanishing Frontier" and "70,000 Witnesses," Paramount.
- BROWN, TOM:** unmarried; born in New York City, January 6. Universal player. Featured in "Laughter in Hell" and "Destination Unknown," Universal. Working in "Grand Central Airport," Warner Bros.
- BUTTERWORTH, CHARLES:** married to Ethel Sutherland; born in South Bend, Ind., July 26. Write him at First National. Free lance. Featured in "Love Me Tonight," Paramount.
- BYRON, WALTER:** unmarried; born in Leicester, Eng., June 11. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Week Ends Only," Fox; "Decency," Hoffman; "This Sporting Age," Columbia.
- CABOT, BRUCE:** unmarried; born in New Mexico, April 20. Radio player. Featured in "Lucky Devils"; "The Past of Mary Holmes"; "King Kong." Working in "The Great Jasper."
- CAGNEY, JAMES:** married to Frances Vernon; born in New York City, July 17. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Winner Take All"; "Hard to Handle" and "Picture Snatcher."
- CANTOR, EDDIE:** married to Ida Tobias; born in New York City, January 31. United Artists star. Starred in "Palmy Days" and "The Kid From Spain."
- CARRILLO, LEO:** married; born in Los Angeles, Calif., August 6. Write him at Radio. Free lance. Featured in "Parachute Jumper," Warner Bros.; "Obey the Law," Columbia. Working in "Exile Express," Universal.
- CARROLL, NANCY:** married to Francis Bolton Mallory; born in New York City; November 19. Paramount star. Featured in "Hot Saturday" and "Undercover Man," Paramount. "Child of Manhattan," Columbia. Working in "The Woman Accused," Paramount and "Kiss Before the Mirror," Universal.
- CAVANAGH, PAUL:** unmarried; born in Chiselhurst, Kent, Eng., December 8. Write him at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Devil's Lottery," Fox; "The Crash," First National; "Tonight Is Ours," Paramount.
- CHAPLIN, CHARLES:** divorced from Lita Grey; born in London, April 26. Write him at Charles Chaplin Studio, Hollywood. Producer—star. Starred in "City Lights."
- CHASE, CHARLIE:** married to Bebe Eltinge; born in Baltimore, Md., October 20. Hal Roach star. Starred in "Now We'll Tell One"; "Mr. Bride" and "Fallen Arches." Working in "Tarzan in the Wrong."
- CHATTERTON, RUTH:** married to George Brent; born in New York City, December 24. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "The Crash" and "Frisco Jenny." Next is "Lilly Turner."
- CHEVALIER, MAURICE:** divorced from Yvonne Vallee; born in Paris, France, September 22. Paramount star. Starred in "One Hour With You" and "Love Me Tonight." Working in "Bedtime Story." Next is "She Laughs Last."
- CLARKE, MAE:** divorced from Lew Brice. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., August 16. Write her at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "Penguin Pool Murder," Radio; "Breach of Promise," World Wide. Working in "Parole Girl," Columbia. Next is "Rivets," M-G-M.
- CLYDE, JUNE:** married to Thornton Freeland; born in St. Joseph, Mo., December 2. Universal player. Featured in "Back Street" and "The All American."
- CODY, LEW:** widower of Mabel Normand; born in Waterville, Maine, February 22. Write him at First National. Free lance. Featured in "70,000 Witnesses" and "Undercover Man," Paramount.
- COLBERT, CLAUDETTE:** married to Norman Foster; born in Paris, France, September 13. Paramount star. Starred in "The Phantom President"; "Sign

(Continued on page 110)

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until now

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Take My Advice

(Continued from page 23)

FREDRIC MARCH

You're a marvelous actor; every billboard bearing your name gets me right into the theatre. But please don't go Barrymore. Is it "The Royal Family" influence, which is still like an aura about you on occasions?

PAUL MUNI

Don't let it happen again—that hiatus between "Scarface" and "I'm a Fugitive." Give us more pictures. You are a great actor, and nothing can stop you, and you have a chance of a wider horizon on the screen than on the stage.

GLORIA SWANSON

Please come home. Make your pictures in America where you belong, surrounded by people who understand American production and American psychology.

LEE TRACY

You can be one of the screen's very biggest bets. Settle down and go to it.

WARREN WILLIAM

You have established yourself in record time as a popular star, but please don't go stagey on us. Too many facial grimaces are monotonous and annoying.

KATHARINE HEPBURN

I could fill a couple of books with how grand I think you are. But don't ever let them make you up again as they did in "Bill of Divorcement." I had seen you on the stage and the girl on the screen seemed like a caricature. Your stirring performance put you over but there's no reason why you shouldn't be as lovely on the screen as you are in person, is there?

GEORGE RAFT

I saw recently that you said you preferred gangster pictures and that you weren't, according to yourself, an actor. In any case, you have sound common sense. Stick to the gangster roles. Don't let the studio persuade you into being sweetness and light and a hero.

CLARA BOW

I think you are sincere in saying that you want to be a real actress and not a flapper. Flappers are outmoded now, anyway. But, if you mean what you say, give us a natural, dramatic, young woman and not a hotcha baby. Be advised on your clothes and do away with the orange eyebrows. You can act, you have everything—and all you need is less legs, as it were and more unself-consciousness. If you grow up—you'll grow great.

ELISSA LANDI

Don't let them make you go in for

glamor parts. You are a brilliant, charming woman but you give no illusion of mystery. Be glad of it. A little mystery goes a long way. You are too honest to be other than what you are. Don't be forced into roles which are alien to you.

GEORGE O'BRIEN

You've a marvelous body, Mr. O'Brien, but can't you persuade the publicity department that the public can see it too often in publicity pictures?

CONSTANCE CUMMINGS

You're much prettier than a picture, Constance and a cracker-jack little actress. Stay with us. Why do you want to make a picture in England? Don't risk letting the home folks get time to forget you. After all, the home folks are the ones who will make your success—or not.

MARIE DRESSLER

Please, from the bottom of a heart which is devoted to you, take, not my advice, but your doctor's. We need you terribly. We need you to make us laugh and make us cry and make us feel the world is a better place in which to live because you're in it. We can't get along without you. Play safe, don't overtax your strength, overburden your great heart. Be a good girl, and get well and strong again.

HELEN HAYES

Don't let them cast you in plays where the other characters refer to you as "beautiful." You aren't. You're so much better than that. There are hundreds of beautiful women in Hollywood but only one Helen Hayes. You can act rings around most of the others, but stay out of stories which hinge on your beauty. Beauty is cheap and fleeting, but art such as yours is long and enduring. You have your own charm.

JOHNNY WEISSMULLER

Please hurry with "Tarzan and His Mate." We want to see you on the screen again. And remember that the marvelous figure which has been so much in the public press is a gold mine. If you want to keep it, it means the old routine again. Let the other lads stay up late. You can't afford a spare tire decorating that nice slim waist, nor a let-down in healthy pep and enthusiasm.

ZASU PITTS

Golly, I was worried when you were so ill. I'm glad you're better. You're one of my favorites, you know. But—don't let them put you in so many pictures. I know it's hard to turn down the good offers, but your screen life will be longer if you don't let the public tire of you. Your own brand of comedy is as good as the screen has to

offer today but don't overdo things. I wish to heaven they'd give you a chance at other roles, at drama and tragedy, but since they won't, don't lose the effectiveness of your special line of work by appearing too often in the same sort of parts.

GEORGE ARLISS

Stronger pictures, Mr. Arliss. The more recent ones have been too weak and too sentimental. And not nearly good enough for one of the great personalities and artists of our time.

DICK BARTHELMESS

Don't let them force you into the very young roles any more.

LEW AYRES

The reverse of Dick Barthelmess. Many of your parts should be played by a man of thirty.

GENE RAYMOND

I'm sure you have a sense of humor. Exercise it. They are giving you too many parts in which you are too deadly and obviously in earnest. Nobody lives a life in one key only.

JOAN CRAWFORD

All admiration to a real person and a fine actress and one who keeps on growing and never stands still. But I am still dubious about the make-up. Isn't it a little too—too much?

LIONEL BARRYMORE

There is beginning to be a sameness

of mannerism in the interpretation of your roles. And that's a pity.

AND NOW FOR THE PRODUCERS

If they'll take my advice they'll stop these picture cycles. Simply because one company has had a hit hinging, say, on the man from Mars, the other companies rush to do their versions. Is this necessary? And we are having too many tropical pictures lately, too many "The-tropics-bring-out-the-beast-in-men" angle.

And if they'll take my advice they won't rush a player into stardom just because of a few overnight hits. They'll wait to see if he or she is strong enough to carry a story. I'm all for the all-star pictures, as it happens, with every role played by someone who can play it, and not one role only to which all other parts must be subordinate.

AND NOW FOR WARNERS AND M-G-M

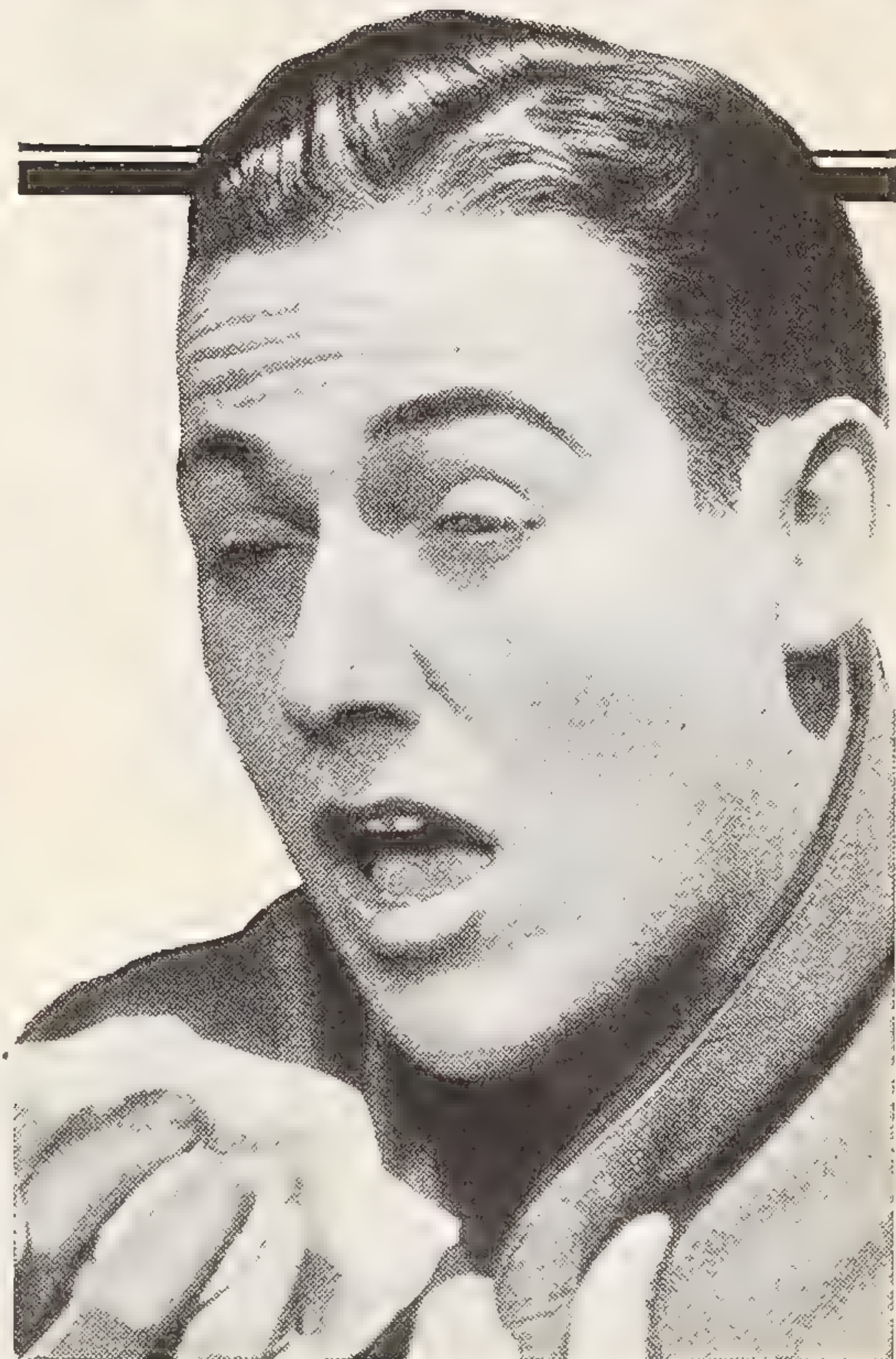
Take my advice M-G-M and watch Jean Parker, who played the small but poignant bit in "Rasputin" as the Princess Rasputin desired. She's a great bet. Give her a chance at bigger things.

WARNERS

Take my advice and find a role for Bette Davis comparable to that which she played in "Cabin in the Cotton." In this she gave us not only a part admirably suited to her but one of the very best characterizations of the year.

Take my advice—
But I know you won't!

Good News for Colds-Susceptibles



If you are forever "catching cold," specialists say you're a Colds-Susceptible, and should be especially careful now. The coming of Spring—with its uncertain weather and quick changes of temperature—always means more colds. And these miserable Spring colds so often pave the way for bronchitis and pneumonia.

But here's welcome news for Colds-Susceptibles and their families—a way to avoid many colds altogether. At the first sign of "catching cold," use Vicks Nose & Throat Drops—the new aid in preventing colds. They promptly soothe irritation, and help Nature throw off the infection that threatens.



VICKS COLDS-CONTROL PLAN

Of course, you have Vicks VapoRub—the family standby for treating colds. Now get Vicks Nose Drops—the new aid in preventing colds—and follow Vicks Plan for better Control of Colds... to reduce their number, severity and costs. The Plan is fully explained in each Vicks package.

The 1933 Alice White

(Continued from page 65)

a "personal appearance tour" that for ravages of weather, inconveniences, hard, grinding work and endurance is comparable only to the old "one night stands."

Yet Alice went after it like a Trojan. Nothing was too much trouble for her, nothing was too hard. In many towns she played seven shows a day... and then consented to make extra appearances in the name of charity whenever she was asked. She lead parades and accepted keys to cities.

In place of resting in her hotel rooms after a work day that would have tired two Italians, she graciously met entire corridors full of eager fans, autographed pictures, granted interviews, advised movie struck girls about their "chances" in Hollywood.

All through this Alice had but one idea in mind... would Hollywood hear of her triumphant tour... would all this work really matter back in the town she had been forced to abandon and to which she so avidly desired to return?

It is characteristic of cagey little Alice that she conscientiously mailed newspaper clippings referring to her "success tour" to the leading columnists of Los Angeles and Hollywood papers in the fond hope that the shaft would reach its mark.

I ASKED her: "Do you think your return to the screen is in any way a reflection of Clara's?"

She looked very small in a pair of black velvet pajamas curled up in a large yellow chair in her new swanky living room.

It is also characteristic of Alice that her answer would be frank: "I don't know... maybe... what difference does it make?"

"I don't mind being compared to Clara... certainly no more than girls like Joan Crawford and Katharine Hepburn mind being compared to Garbo. In fact, I'm always flattered. To me Clara always has been, and always will be the most colorful personality the screen has ever known.

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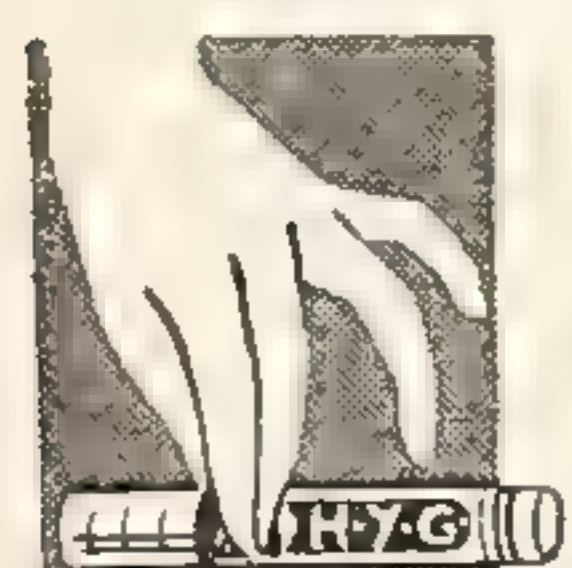
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"None of these new sex girls can compare with her. Yes, I've seen Jean Harlow in 'Red-Headed Woman' and 'Red Dust' and she's vivid and attractive. But Clara is more than that, she is *electric*! If there is any ulterior box-office motive back of my return to Hollywood I don't particularly care about that, either. The point is that I'm back again . . . that's all that matters to me. If fight, and work and wanting to succeed will turn the tides in my favor then it won't be possible for me to fail. I'm going to work like the dickens to stay here . . . now that I'm back again."

She went on: "I know that they are hinting that I have gone 'grand' since my return. I guess they are basing that story on this new house and my new clothes and the servants . . . and everything. But it isn't true that I've gone 'quiet and dignified' because I'm putting on the dog. I'm just plain tired . . . I earned a lot of money on my personal appearance tour . . . so why shouldn't I try to rest and get back my strength in the most comfortable and restful surroundings possible? Believe me these new servants are not for 'show' . . . as Hollywood seems to have guessed. I have them because I need them . . . they add to my comfort."

"And another thing . . . I had my nose operated on . . . not for publicity, but because I thought it would really

help my appearance on the screen. It is hard to be dramatic with an ultra pug nose in view every time you turn profile. So I went down to Dr. Ginsberg and asked him to straighten it for camera purposes. And that is the straight of that story!

SAY, you know me well enough to know that nothing Hollywood says really gets under my skin. I don't even get mad. I'm crazy about it here. What does it matter what people say about me just so long as they realize I'm back in the picture again? If you want the truth about me now just say that I'm tired . . . but happy. Why not? I'm back in the game I love the best in the world . . . Cy is here with me (that's the man I love the best in the world) and Hollywood is spread right down there at my feet whether she realizes it or not." Alice laughed and indicated the valley of the movies which could be seen so clearly from her large living room window.

She's sitting on top of Hollywood again this funny, likeable little White girl, with her staff of servants and her flaming red nails—even if it is only a hilltop real estate location. A year from now she may have proved that she is back for good. In the meantime let them chuckle, for that very funny, loud laugh you hear above the others is Alice's own! She's back in the movies!

This "Going Hollywood" Business

(Continued from page 30)

Hollywood folk more than he once did. I realize that it is an escape for Bob—an escape that perhaps he, himself, hardly knows he needs.

There are several on my doubtful list. To look, superficially, at Joan Crawford you would say (and it has been said) that she has gone Hollywood. Certainly her mode of living has changed. She lives on a higher standard now—as her wealth and position in the industry warrant. But Joan, herself, is the same simple, loyal, eager girl—yearning after truth—that she was years ago.

TO show you how easy it is to get a reputation for being ritzy in Hollywood I'll give you one example about Joan. At a Hollywood party Joan once refused a cocktail and I heard a girl near me say, "Oh-ho—now that she is successful and related to the Fairbanks' and the Pickfords she has gone grand and won't drink with us common people. Why, I remember the time when . . ." I didn't hear the rest, but this I know: I have been with Joan on dozens of parties long before and after her success and long before her marriage and she never takes a drink of any sort. She isn't prudish about it. She doesn't mind what other people do. She simply does not like liquor. Occa-

sionally on New Year's—so as not to make herself too conspicuous—I've seen her sipping a little wine. So you see how easy it is for false values to be put on the simplest of gestures.

Nancy Carroll is another on my doubtful list. Perhaps that is only a personal opinion. I've talked to many people who have worked at the studio with Nancy and they have all said that she is impossible. I've heard many people complain that she has to be introduced over and over again. But I've seen Nancy dozens of times and I have yet to find one trace of ritziness about her.

George Raft, Johnnie Weissmuller—even Clark Gable—have been before the spotlight too short a time to make statements about. Lots of times folks go Hollywood for a short period of time—find it pretty empty and snap back again.

I've tried here to touch the high spots only. If I've left out lots of people who should have been mentioned, I'm sorry—but maybe they'll keep for another story. And what was that I said? That I was going to settle this business once and for all. Well, it's a difficult question to determine—because it's so much a matter of personal opinion—and the controversy will probably go raging on furiously and indefinitely.

Gary's Adventurous Life

(Continued from page 49)

to be a big game hunter and lead expeditions into Africa!" Of course, one of our greatest treats was permission to pack up one of the horses with supplies and go on a hunting and camping trip. Sometimes a neighborhood kid or two would go along on these 'big game hunts' and we would stay for a couple of days at a time.

"One bright spring morning, during my eleventh year, I was surprised to find that my one-eyed dog had had a large litter of pups during the night. We watched them all morning but when we came out after lunch all but one had disappeared! We weren't able to figure it out until we looked up toward the hills and saw a small band of Indians. They had stolen our dogs! Brother and I started out to trail them. We stayed behind them for three miles and then they stopped and built a fire. We couldn't get close enough to watch them, but in about an hour they moved on again. We ran up to the place where they had been cooking and found the remains of all the little missing pups! That was my first adventure into nausea."

In the spring of Gary's twelfth year, the Coopers went to England for the purpose of visiting Mrs. Cooper's family. Gary was enrolled as a pupil in the grammar school at Dunstable, Bedfordshire. At first he hated it. He thought the kids were 'puttin' it on' with their accent and fancy clothes. He liked the open plains of Montana much more. Nor did the damp climate help Gary's health any.

"Study was the only thing left to do," explained Gary, "so I studied. I was at that impressionable age when a kid is easily influenced by his associates and surroundings. I began to drift into the new way of talking and dressing . . . both of which I had considered so sissy upon my arrival. But after about three years of England (and colds) Mother thought it was time to return to Montana and the open life."

The neighboring ranchers accorded the Cooper family quite a welcome—even the kids came along to yell 'howdy' to Gary. But once the old gang got a load of Coop's English duds (plus the rare old accent) they decided to give him a *private* welcome out behind the woodshed! When that was over, his imported clothes were in shreds and he had almost learned to talk American over again.

FOR the next two years, the Coopers alternated between the ranch in summer and Helena (the best schools were there) in the winter. About this time, Gary commenced to ride in real earnest. He went with the Indians on trapping jaunts and was proud of the fact that he even learned enough of their language to talk with them.

Then came the war. Gary wasn't old enough to go . . . but his brother went. This meant that a new man must be placed in charge of the ranch (Old

Andy had died). The new man had been in charge but a few weeks, however, when the Coopers began to miss a lot of calves. It only took Gary about ten days to get enough evidence to cause the new foreman to take out for the tall timbers pulling leather. Gary was put in as foreman in charge of a thousand head of cattle. When the beef was ready for the market, Coop got on the cattle train and personally took his stock to Minneapolis to the market. That was great fun.

Immediately upon his return, and much to Gary's disgust, Mrs. Cooper sent him to Montana Wesleyan School—from which he was kicked out almost immediately for joining a fraternity—frats being taboo at Wesleyan. From there, Gary went to Bozeman, Montana, where he prepared himself for college, (as Gary says: "God knows *how!*") and immediately entered Grinnell University in Iowa where he stayed for two years.

Except for a girl named Doris with whom Gary fell madly in love, college was a complete washout to him. He would have quit the first six weeks if Doris hadn't come into his life. She begged him to finish his schooling. He begged *her* to marry him. They compromised: if Gary would finish school, Doris would marry him. He stuck to his agreement for two years and then decided to quit and earn enough money to rush Doris off her feet.

(I wonder if a certain girl named Doris ever thinks of Big Coop, as she gazes at his name on a theater marquee? He has the reputation of being Coop, the bachelor—Coop, the man who won't get married—in Hollywood. Well, Doris could have changed all that. She could have married him fully three years before he came to Hollywood if she had wanted to. "Lord knows I begged her hard enough!" remembers Gary. But all Doris would say was, "Coop, you shouldn't even *think* of getting married! Married men have to stay set! You don't even know the meaning of the word!")

Gary was young and stubborn—used to having his own way. He decided to "show Doris." After he became a big game hunter—or a famous newspaper cartoonist—he figured she would be sorry enough she hadn't accepted him. But Africa was a bit far away, so Coop drifted back to Helena and managed to get a part-time job on a local newspaper. Gary's mother was visiting in San Diego, California, at the time and thus couldn't hustle her big, unruly son back to school. He took a few trips to the ranch with his father, but for the first time the ranch life bored him. He was growing restless for the more involved adventures of life. He wanted to be on the go. "I suppose I *really* wanted to be on the loose!" he grinned. He spent two or three months in Helena—drinking more than he should; gambling far more than he should and acquainting himself in general with



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some of the more "experimental" phases of what he loved to call "actually *living* life." The failure of his idealistic romance with Doris had embittered him with all women. He made up his mind that he would never again "lay down his heart to be stepped on." If that was the way women wanted to play the game, all right—he would play it with them!

AFTER about four months on the newspaper had brought him a degree of success with his cartoons, Gary decided that Helena was too small a field for his talents. Still highly pleased with his newly acquired cynical outlook on life, he packed his few belongings and started for San Diego to visit his mother. "But that town was too sleepy and peaceful for me," reminisces Gary. "After saying hello to Mother, I set out for Hollywood, which I had heard was a hell of a gay place!"

"Well, perhaps it is. I'm not going to argue that Hollywood is just another 'small town where nothing happens'. Plenty of excitement goes on . . . and if you're honest you'll admit it. It's the most turbulent and upsetting place in the whole world, but not to an outsider such as I was in that first lonesome year. In fact, I sometimes think that first unhappy year in Hollywood when I was trying to get a break as an artist was the most 'adventurous' of my life. I think more things actually happened to me, the person, than has come from all sorts of external happenings which have dotted my life of adventure. The adventure of finding a job, for one thing, just about floored me. No one in Hollywood, it seemed, was desperately in need of an artist or a cartoonist. I did finally get a job with an advertising company, but they went broke before I got my first pay check. Part of the time I was hungry . . . part of the time I was mad! A friend of mine, another adventurous gentleman of life who shared his food and lodging with me when he had them, suggested that I try the studios for extra work. I thought he was lying when he said that I would get \$7.50 per day. That seemed like entirely too much affluence!"

"So I started hanging around the studios. Paramount was the closest, so I did most of my outdoor lounging against their casting directory sign. Once in a while I would get a job . . . especially if there was riding to be done. No, I never had any ambitions toward becoming a star then. I didn't like the idea of having to earn my living by sticking my face up with pink grease paint—it seemed like sissy and undignified work for a man!"

"I was quite amazed one afternoon when a man named Hans Tiesler, an independent producer on Poverty Row offered me the leading male role opposite Eileen Sedgwick in a two-reel Western. I told him I wasn't an actor. 'I don't want an actor,' he said, 'I want a cowboy who can ride. If I engage one of these ham actors who have never been on a horse in their lives, it'll just mean that I'll have to hire a double to do the riding. This way I can hire you to play both parts. It's cheaper!'"

And so, in this frank and undignified fashion," laughs Gary, "I became a Hollywood leading man!"

AN agent who delved among the unknowns of Poverty Row pictures looking for fresh screen material happened to see Gary's first horse opera. Two days later he phoned to say he had signed Gary up for the role of Abe Lee in "The Winning of Barbara Worth." Gary's days of leaning against the Paramount casting sign were over!

"I suppose I must have left an imprint on that sign," said Gary, "for my next screen call was from B. P. Schulberg of Paramount. Boy, I got a kick sailing past that office boy into Mr. Schulberg's office."

The outcome of that meeting between Schulberg and two of his associates and the embarrassed, awkward Coop was a Paramount contract! He didn't even make a test for it. They said they had seen his work in "Barbara Worth" and found it satisfactory. They wanted to know if a salary of \$125 weekly would be okay.

"That first check of \$125 brought the wildest adventure of spending and eating and having fun of my entire life . . . that far," says Gary.

His first Paramount role was a very small one—with Clara Bow in "It." Gary played the part of a young newspaper reporter. He was awed by being in the same picture with so much fame as Clara represented at that moment. He felt a lot more at ease and poised, however, in his next picture, "Children of Divorce," with Clara again and Esther Ralston. Upon the completion of that picture he was assigned to the big Paramount special, "Wings," to be made with Clara Bow, Richard Arlen and Buddy Rogers (two other Paramount newcomers) in Texas.

Remembering the flying scenes in "Wings," Gary said to me, "I'll never get over that sick, gone feeling when I took my plane off the ground for the first time alone. But I didn't want William Wellman, the director, to know I was nervous. He's a swell guy . . . but he's not the one to let in on a weak moment. I knew he would ride me to death. My first scene was a war scene in which I was stormed and bombed. I know it wasn't real war—but it might as well have been. Since then I've been in some pretty tight spots, especially on that African hunting jaunt, but never again have I had that feeling of not caring whether I came out the winner of the adventure or not. Enemy planes (the picture planes, of course) were beginning to whirl and circle and close in on me. Suddenly I seemed to forget all I had learned about keeping a ship to the clear—bringing her safely down. The damn thing started to spin and careen. 'O. K., Coop,' I thought to myself, 'here goes nothing . . . and such a nice new shiny movie actor, too!'"

Don't fail to read the final installment of Gary Cooper's story in the May issue. Get the inside slant on his love affairs, his African trip, and last-minute news about his career.

Charm Gossip

(Continued from page 76)

CONNIE BENNETT'S newly decorated bedroom is an inspiring sight. The only color used is yellow. The floor is covered with a Chinese rug and Connie herself wears a yellow Chinese dressing robe to match. Her picture frames were designed by Bill Haines. They are all made of old-fashioned gingham.

The most unusual thing about the room, however, is the fact that it has no draperies. In fact, to the newcomer it seems to have no windows. Connie's new idea is to panel the walls with mirrors (even covering the windows with them) and when she wants light or air she merely moves back a panel of mirror and opens a window. Clever?

GARY COOPER burns nothing but cedar logs in his fireplace. The reason for this is that cedar has a habit of crackling more than ordinary firewood and the moment it starts burning the odor of cedar fills the whole room.

THE most luxurious bathroom in Hollywood is owned by the Dick Arlens. What with a *chaise longue*, a reading lamp and a bookcase filled with books, it's almost a room by itself. Dick and Joby both like to stretch out after a bath and read for relaxation.

THE new Hollywood game seems to be "who can have the widest bed." Thelma Todd has a bed ten-foot wide with a telephone on either side; Dick Arlen goes in for this extra luxury, too (with a fireplace just opposite the bed); and Marian Nixon looks almost lost in her mammoth bed.

PROBABLY the freshest and most transparent looking skin in Hollywood is owned by Jean Harlow. The funny part is that she never uses creams of any kind on her face . . . merely water, first hot then ice cold. Jean doesn't just pat the water on either—she sticks her whole face in a big bowl of it.

The last time we saw Jean in the evening, she was wearing that new type sandal without any hose and her toenails were manicured and tinted to high heaven.

MARY PICKFORD really started the idea of having a menu card at each dinner guest's place . . . but Connie Bennett has gone her one better and uses this formal notion even for informal luncheons! It's nice to know!

HAVE you heard about the "milk can lamp" that Lil Tashman has in her red and white beach place? Lil bought one of those five-gallon milk cans, had it beautifully decorated and wired with a lampshade on top, and then built a ledge to set it on about ten feet above the floor. Really one of the most unusual ideas seen in Hollywood for some time.

NAN (Mrs. Director William K.) HOWARD has originated the idea of having bunches of glass flowers twining around the mirrors in her French bedroom. They're realistic, too . . . you can almost smell 'em!

LEW AYRES and Lola Lane were the first couple in town to have one of those new-fangled dealing bridge tables. Not only *that* . . . the chairs to go with the table have upholstered arms and cushions of down. Can you imagine being comfortable while playing bridge?

WHEN Mary Pickford gives an autographed picture of herself to some close friend she always destroys the negative, so that the friend can feel certain that her picture is absolutely exclusive.

HOLLYWOOD'S newest idea for dining room furniture seems to be to have chairs that are huge and comfortable. How often have you heard this statement: "Let's go into the other room where it is more comfortable?" Several of the motion picture stars have come to the point where they will have to put lamps and library tables in their dining rooms because it's utterly impossible to get their guests out of the comfy dining-room chairs!

AND now it's quite the thing to have pale moon-maiden fingertips. There is a new nail polish out that gives a sort of mother-of-pearl finish. A dead white, it is, with a heavenly lustre. Lilyan Tashman was among the first to use it so you know it's the vogue. If you prefer red, though, make it brilliant! In Hollywood dark red fingernails are as outmoded as ruffled underwear. Tomato red is *the* shade and you cover the moons too. Occasionally you see this color combined with platinum for the very tip of the nail.

SINCE Elsa Maxwell, famous English hostess, declared the rectangular tables used at the Mayfair parties to be "altogether too formal," Hollywood has adopted the small table idea for dinner parties. At Gary Cooper's party for the senior Douglas Fairbanks everybody sat at tables for four. The new way to entertain is not to entertain at all. You let the guests do that for themselves. Some may want to play bridge, others backgammon; some may want to dance to the music from the radio. At Marie Dressler's recently there was a "mixed" crowd—people both in and out of the movie profession, young and old alike—and what did Marie do? She started an old-fashioned "Paul Jones" dance going and it proved the hit of the evening.

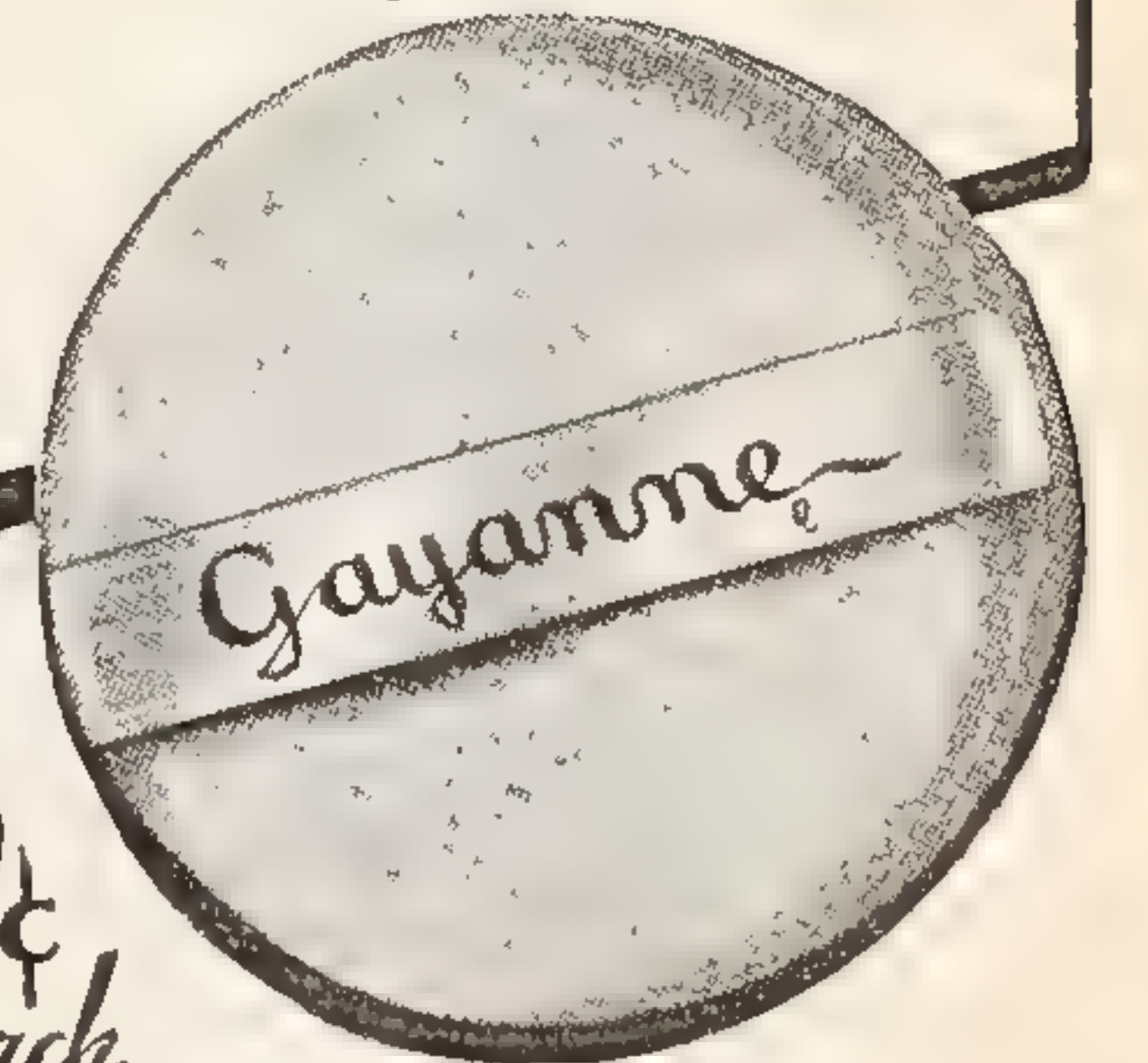
IRENE DUNNE has satin gloves smocked or trimmed with lace cavalier cuffs to match the majority of her evening costumes. And now comes Joan Crawford sporting novel gaunt-

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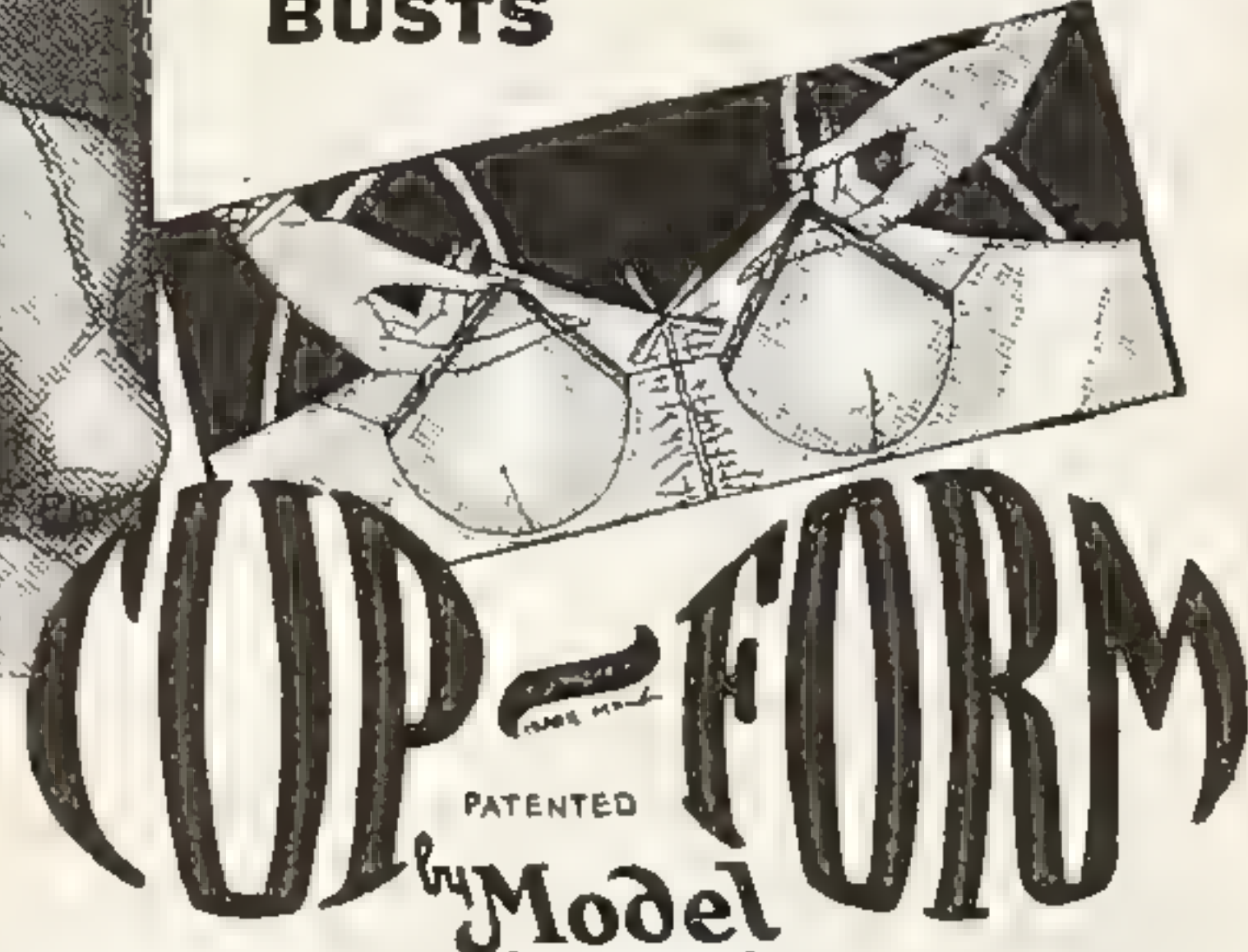
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MEN take notice! This is exclusively for you, but unless I miss my guess the ladies are going to adopt it for their own personal use—it's that clever. It's called the war correspondent coat. Lee Tracy's responsible. It's of gabardine and has a military collar that can button right up over the chin. There's a distinct cape effect and the buttonholes are outlined with leather. The cut in front is zigzagged and there are pockets—five of them, to be exact. Clark Gable and James Gleason have sent their tailors over to make copies of it.

BARBARA STANWYCK believes in efficiency to the nth degree when it comes to raising a baby. She has just installed a duplex machine in the nursery of young master Dion Fay, her adopted son. The top acts as a refrigerator in which the baby's milk is kept at the right temperature and the bottom is a heater where the bottles can be warmed before feeding time.

SPEAKING of babies—Helen Hayes has a darling. Little Mistress Mary is like an old-fashioned miniature with her quaint manners and Helen is dressing her like one. She invariably wears diminutive Empire frocks and lace mitts when she goes out with her mother. Her tiny 'hankies' and parasols always match.

DEPRESSION has brought a new fad into Hollywood drawing rooms. Slot machines. (Yes, the drugstore variety.) If you're lucky, an avalanche of nickles flows out; otherwise you probably get a stick of gum. The proceeds go to charity and the guests have a grand time. Maureen O'Sullivan has an amusing cupboard for hers in the new farmhouse she has just purchased.

BETTE DAVIS (Mrs. Harmon O. Nelson, you know) is one bride who needn't fear for her cooking. In fact,

she's an all-round excellent cook. Her specialty is one of the most tasty dishes ever set smoking hot on a table. It's named the "Ring of Plenty" and if you want to rejoice your husband just try it.

- 1½ cups of cooked macaroni
- 1 cup diced American cheese
- 1 cup soft breadcrumbs
- 1 tablespoonful of minced parsley
- 3 tablespoonsfuls of minced pimientos
- 2 tablespoonfuls of melted butter
- 1 tablespoonful of minced onion
- 1 cup scalded milk
- 1 egg, well beaten
- 1 teaspoonful salt
- ⅛ teaspoonful pepper

Cut the macaroni into small pieces and mix in the ingredients in the order named. Put into a ring mould rubbed with lard and place it in a pan of hot water. Bake in a moderate oven for 35 minutes. Serve the ring with creamed chipped beef or ham in the middle.

A COMPLETE black and white dinner service is what Ramon Novarro uses for the jolly informal dinners he gives in his new hilltop home. Black linen doilies with white appliquéd roses offer an interesting contrast to the pure white china and the fine crystal glass.

Occasionally on Sunday nights he and his friends gather around the huge fireplace and then Ramon's favorite sandwiches are served. They're medium slices of crunchy golden toast filled with what is known as a Mexican filling. Here's the recipe:

- 1 cup of tomatoes—as little juice as possible
- ½ can of Spanish pimientos
- 1 cup shredded beef
- ¼ pound American cheese
- Seasoning to taste

Put beef into saucepan and cook without extra fat until brown. Add pimientos, cut small, and tomatoes and stew until well blended. Cut cheese into tiny pieces and add, stirring until melted and well mixed. Season with salt, pepper and paprika. Chill and spread on toast.

Don't Wait for His Proposal

(Continued from page 31)

her to go on a yachting party with him and the King Viders and some others over the week-end. "I'm sorry," Joan said, "Sunday is my birthday and Mother has planned a family party with a cake and things." This was the truth but she had expected George to beg her to give up the family party.

He didn't. Instead he said, "Oh, I'm sorry" and let it go at that. While Joan was doing a scene she said to herself, "If he doesn't ask me to go again I'm going to ask him," and she was just about ready to be bold and brazen

when George strolled over to her and said, "Don't you suppose your mother might put the party off until Monday?"

"Call her up and ask her to," Joan said and then she ran to the nearest telephone, calling her mother and telling her just what to say. Joan's mother is a grand person and when George called she said, of course, that Joan must go on the yachting party and she would have the birthday dinner on Monday, instead.

And right from then on they both knew it was love—with a capital L.

So inseparable were they and so suddenly did Joan change from a melancholy dame into a radiant happy girl, that everybody thought they had been secretly married. They couldn't marry, of course, until George's divorce was final, but they knew, now, that they were going to be married and they began shopping for Early American furniture for the house they were to buy on the highest hill in Hollywood. Glorious adventures these shopping trips were. At last the time came when they could marry.

They tried to have a secret wedding—Joan in a dark red wig and thick lensed glasses and George in glasses, too, and a funny hat perched up on his head. They left Hollywood attired like

this and in that garb they were married—the minister did not know who Joan was on the screen. But reporters found it out anyhow and by that time they were so happy that they didn't care.

"It's great what love can do," Joan beams. "I—who couldn't boil water. Why, I've learned to cook and I love it. I—who had just as soon live in a hotel as a house. Why, I go around touching every little vase and picture in our house. I think marriage is grand—and maybe if I hadn't smiled at George and kept smiling at him until he noticed me I wouldn't be married to him now. I'm glad I didn't wait for him to propose. I'm glad I did the chasing. It's swell!"

And that goes for George, too.

Pickfair—In Your Own Home

(Continued from page 74)

Striped fabric for this covering can be purchased for from sixty cents to a dollar a yard. For the entire covering five and one-half yards of fifty-inch goods will be needed—that is for a sixty-inch sofa. Its color should be chosen to go with the tone of the rugs in your room and with the wall coloring—green and gold being suggested or gray and egg plant color, if silver has been used for the divan's edges.

The whole piece, including covering, could cost way up into the hundreds of dollars, but by working over it you can reduce that cost to fifty or sixty dollars.

The little end table is of the sort which can be purchased for five or six dollars from any little shop that handles this type of furniture. It, too, should be painted the same color as the divan.

As for the lamp, it can easily enough be duplicated in kind for a few dollars, and the pleated silk shade in silver or gold tissue to go with the outlining on the furniture is a matter of another dollar or two.

NOW for the portrait which hangs back of the divan. The one in Pickfair is undoubtedly a genuine old painting of some distinguished personage. But there are colored lithograph prints of old masters obtainable, already provided with authentic copies of antique frames. They are extremely good looking and cost from thirty-five to forty-five dollars each. Of course, you can find your own print for much less and pick up some old frame second-hand or have a new one antiqued by rubbing in gold paint over brown.

With this corner for a start, the rest of the room will work itself out with

comparative ease. Once you get going on a project of this sort, one thing follows another with almost inspirational effect.

One thing you will notice from even this minute portion of the room that is shown. Everything is arranged in satisfying proportion. That is, just the right spaces are left between picture and divan, table and bracket and so on. This is one of the big secrets of successful interior decoration.

You may have a sixth sense for spacing, and if so you will know certainly when an arrangement is right. On the other hand, it may be necessary for you to shift the furniture about and move it again and again until you are quite satisfied with the ultimate effect. Do not accept the first arrangement until you have tried another and another and at last are sure that one above the others is the one to remain fixed.

The principles outlined in this duplication of a bit of the Pickfair home may be used for other and perhaps simpler ensembles.

A daybed on Sheraton lines could be substituted for the French piece. It might be easier to obtain all ready-made. But the striped upholstery would go as well with that type of thing as it does with the more elaborate design.

It is all a question of adapting the furniture and the upholstery to your own needs and the construction of your own particular house.

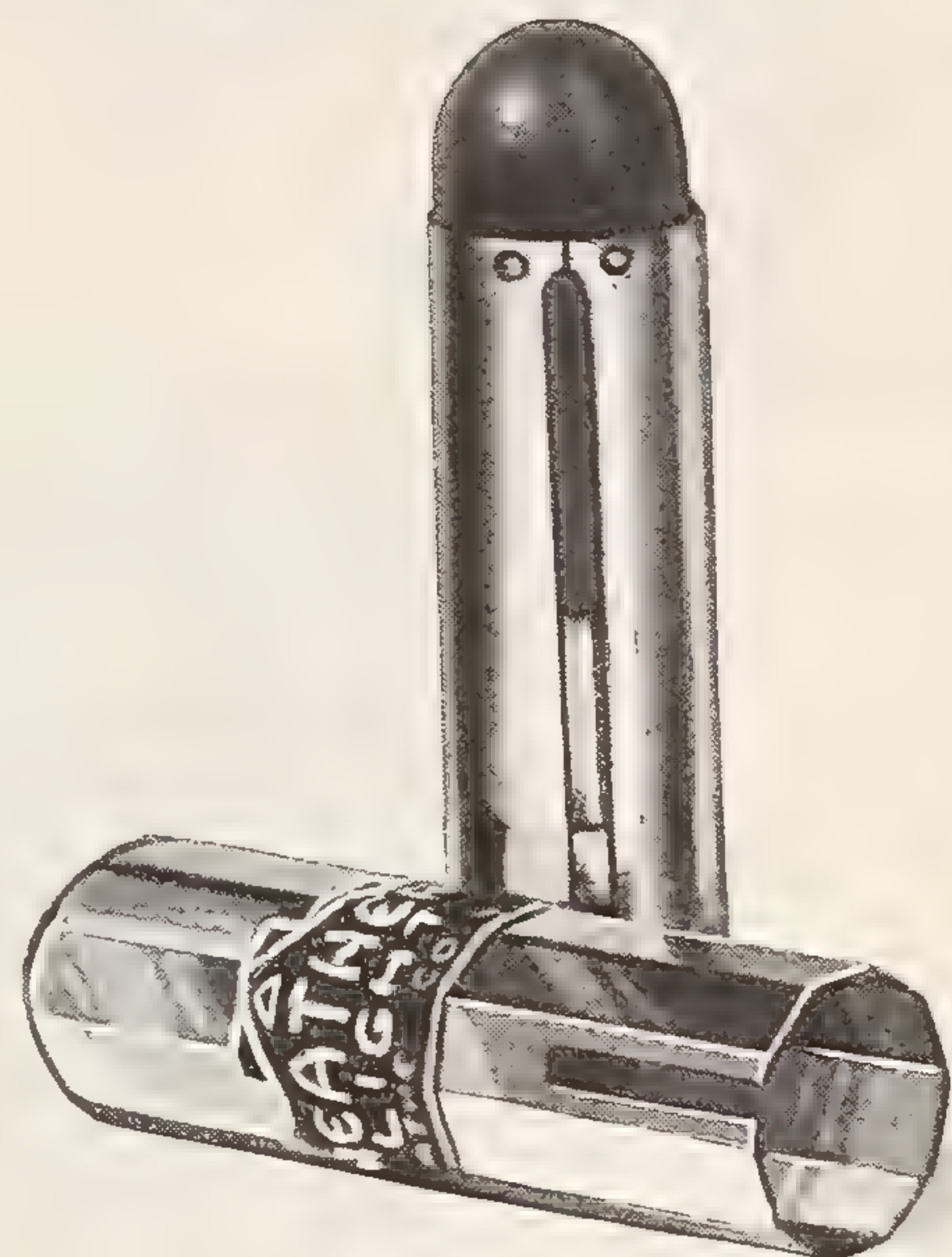
If you have questions to ask concerning the working out of this idea—or any question pertaining to the decorating and beautifying of your home, write to Olive Crew, MODERN SCREEN, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

HOLLYWOOD DARES TO BREAK THE RULES

By Princess Murat

A fascinating feature on the Hollywood of today by a woman who is the great-great-niece of Napoleon and the great-great-granddaughter of the King of Naples

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Can This Be Ethel?

(Continued from page 50)



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in any of us," Ethel answered, smiling, "it all started, I suppose, at the pen of some fictionizing newspaper woman. The ball gathered moss. The Royal Family of Broadway—very bad taste, that—is really just like any other hard working family. Only more so. Ten generations of us, if you go to England. Four generations of us here in America.

"Family folks, all of us. We adore babies—any kind of babies. We love each other after the homespun fashion of good old-fashioned families. We fight among ourselves and criticize and have brawls and picnics together all on the same day. We send the kiddies Christmas presents and birthday presents with appropriate family sentiments inscribed. The women of us love clothes and books and houses and the men love out-of-doors and books, and the companionship of other men. We eat, sleep, darn socks and pay rents as other people do. I'm sorry to have to explode a myth of long standing because myths are really rather dear things. But you would ask me—"

WHICH led me to ask Ethel Barrymore my key question. I said, "In your full life, having had fame and work and children and marriage and everything—what is the most important thing in life? What would you tell other women is the most precious thing of all?"

The answer came before I could get the question out of my mouth. "Children," said Ethel Barrymore instantly, "Children." You know that little verse of Longfellow's—it goes:

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are the living poems
And all the rest are dead.

"That expresses my sentiments exactly. 'All the rest are dead. . . .' The fundamental process of having children is a life experience in itself. But it is even a more vital experience to keep them near to you after they leave the bassinette. I do not mean physically near, necessarily. I mean, to have them as near to you in friendship and confidence as they are near in the flesh. For children belong to their mothers. Never forget that. A man's participation in a child is a momentary thing. It is done. It is over. They are the mother's. All of them, all the responsibility of their bodies and their minds and their souls.

"I have said to my children all their lives, 'Whenever you are in trouble, and you will be in some kind of trouble sometime, of course, no matter what it is or where it is—come to me.' I have said to my sons, 'If you kill a man, don't stop to talk, don't say a word to anyone, hop on the nearest train and come to me, wherever I am.' They would. They do. And the result of all this is that I have three adult-minded, splendidly independent, charming friends in my children. Isn't that worthwhile?"

NEXT to my children the most important thing in my life is that I have been able to meet the great, the giants of my generation. The great musicians, the great writers, the great sculptors and painters. I wanted to be a musician, you know, before the bread of necessity forced me on the stage. I am happiest, now, when I am with musicians. Recently, I went to tea in Boston, to the home of William James, son of Henry. I sat in that room, I didn't talk, I just absorbed the feeling of being in his house, among his dear possessions, *there*.

"Love is important, of course. The love between man and woman. But, for me, it is a rare thing to find. I was engaged to be married three times before I actually did marry and each one of those three times I slipped the ring off my finger before the day arrived. Slipped it off with the shudder of one who has escaped some hateful contact. I would think, 'What, live all my life with you. No, oh no!'"

"I have not been happy—of course. But happiness isn't awfully important. It really doesn't matter as much as people believe it does. I know that life has come in to me, richly, and I am able to take unhappiness as part of the rich stuff I have fingered. I am a firm believer in the fact that only those of us who know great misery are ever truly great.

"People ask me what it is I want for my three children. I want for them *what they want for themselves*. No person should dare to decide for any other person, no matter what the relationship may be. I want them to be free—free to choose, free to find their own path out of the jungle. I advise when I'm asked. I suggest. I try to make it possible for them to experiment in pleasant places, among pleasant choices. In the last analysis they must choose their own goal.

"There is nothing to this topic which hasn't been written ragged—whether or no a woman can have a career and children. Of course she can. Why not? I have done it and I have taken nothing away from the children. On the contrary I have given them things they could never have had otherwise."

"Would you," I suggested, "prefer your daughter to follow her stage career or would you, honestly now, prefer her to marry, have children, lead the normal life?"

Ethel Barrymore smiled that wise, sad smile of hers. "I might not say that I would prefer her to marry and have children and a home," she said.

HERE is the heart of Ethel Barrymore's gentleness. For gentleness was, to me, her keynote, the leitmotif of her spirit and her life. She would never force her will upon the will of another. She would never demand or command. She would *suggest*, she would persuade, she would try to show a way among other ways—that would

be all she would permit herself to do. "Playing on the screen," I said, "this Hollywood—what do you think of it?" "I think it is desert land," she said, "and was never meant to be lived on. It does not want to be lived on. One cannot make a home here. When I look about me I have the feeling that one of these days a Master Carpenter will come striding over the hills. He will cry 'STRIKE!' in a tremendous voice and all—all of this will disappear, the funny houses, the painted people—all of it will be gone and the desert will be its own again."

"If," I said, as the third call came for Miss Barrymore to return to the set—she had disregarded the first two, "if you had your life to live over again, would you change it? Are you one of the legion who say, 'If I only could do

it again I would do thus and so...?'?" "No," Ethel Barrymore said. "No. I wouldn't change one thing in my life, not one thing. I would do everything all over again, exactly as I have done it. I would want it all again just as it has been. I have no regrets. I have no vain repinings."

I had forgotten, all the while we were talking—and drinking black coffee—I had forgotten that I was face to face with Ethel Barrymore of the Royal Family of Broadway. I had forgotten the fantastical legends, the grand tradition—I had thought only that here was just another woman, with three children and work to do and money problems and little, funny human failings and timidities and her fingers on the pulse of life.

Which is why she is great, of course.

George Raft—As He Really Is

(Continued from page 27)

"Then you're not superstitious like most actors?"

"I should say not! Why, I can give you the low-down on most of those goofy ideas."

He was stern now. He was New York's Tenth Avenue, wanting and only accepting facts, New York's Tenth Avenue well able to protect himself.

"I've just been looking over a book about superstitions, and when you get right down to them, they're the bunk!" This was said enthusiastically, with a sudden boyish bravado of Broadway.

"Take the black cat. People thought it bad luck because it was supposed to be the companion of witches.

"And the nine lives of a cat. That belief started in old time Egypt where they worshipped a goddess of cats who had nine lives."

He paused. It was a thoughtful pause.

"You know one of the oldest human instincts is fear. A man feels before he thinks."

Tenth Avenue groping for knowledge. Tenth Avenue thinking.

Instinctively, you are certain George Raft is not afraid of anything. You can tell that by the way he looks, by his firm mouth, by his sure manner. You can tell he gets down to rock-bottom reasoning.

He continued.

"And thirteen. I read that that started in a Scandinavian legend. They had twelve demi-gods, and a thirteenth, a bad one, joined them. He was full of the devil, and so from then on thirteen was thought unlucky."

"Got any more?" I asked.

"Plenty." He smiled. "There are black letter days. They started because the Romans marked their lucky days with a piece of chalk, and their unlucky ones with charcoal."

PERILOUSLY, he tilted back on his chair and went on with his theme.

"You can find a reason for nearly every superstition. They say the one about Friday started because Adam and Eve ate the apple on that day.

"As for breaking the mirror, that began centuries ago, because people believed that the will of the gods was in the mirror, therefore, to break it was a warning that the gods were trying to keep a person from seeing into an unpleasant future.

"Seven years hard luck started because the Romans thought the health of a person changed every seven years, and so, when a mirror was broken, that meant breaking the health for seven years.

"Then there's changing one's seat during a card game. Gamblers frequently do this. Evidently, they believe with the primitives that any change was a means of escaping from bad luck.

"And spilling salt. Years ago salt was of such great value that people were sure spilling it made all good spirits angry."

He sat forward in his seat now. He was warming to his subject. Again he smiled at me.

"I bet you don't know why you say 'God bless you' when a person sneezes," he said. "In the early days people thought that when someone sneezed his soul immediately left his body. The Princes of the East, who were good merchants," his eyes twinkled as he said this, "thought they could fix things for themselves and their relatives by asking a blessing each time anyone sneezed. And that's that!"

He relaxed, leaning back in his chair. "What about good luck superstitions?" I asked. "Do you know about them?"

"Not much." He looked rueful. "I know that the horseshoe was believed lucky because it resembles the crescent moon. That was always regarded as a good sign. And four leaf clovers were supposed to have grown in Para-

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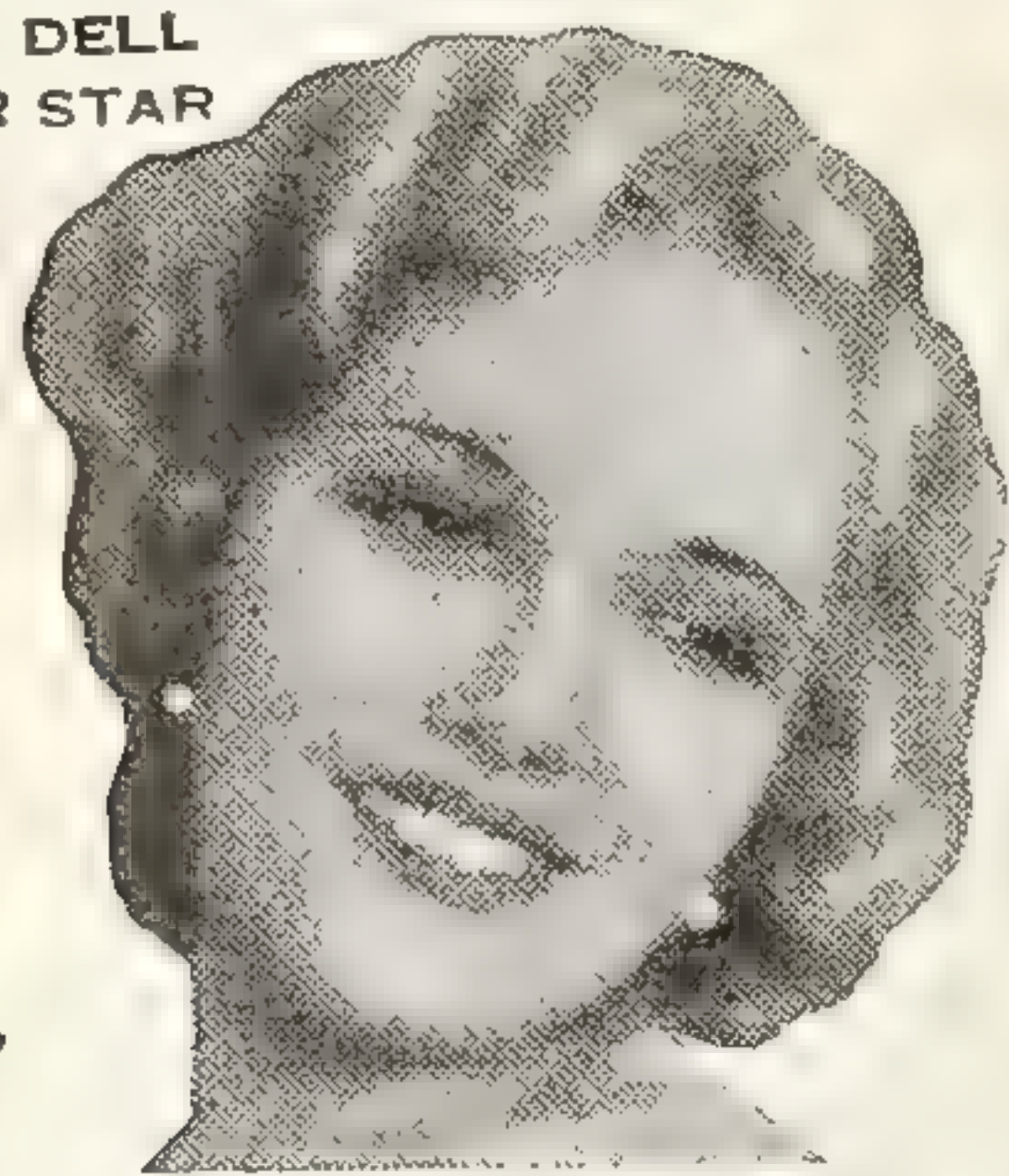
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dise, so people think it's lucky to find them in your own garden. And I also know I get sore when people say I'm lucky. I work darn hard for everything.

"That's why I don't like that Valentino comparison. I don't want to trade in on anyone's reputation. Valentino was a grand guy. We did dance at Churchill's, but we're different, I guess," he stopped. Then. "See this ear," and he pointed to the left one. It was slightly nicked. "That came from a fight. I used to be a boxer."

THERE is a certain hardness about his thin lips, about his patent leather hair. He made me think of George White. I said so.

Once more George Raft became enthusiastic.

"He danced at Rector's when I did. We had a lot in common . . . horses . . . Broadway. He's a swell guy." He bit his lower lip, as if annoyed. "Of course I don't blame him. It was good for his shows, but he claimed the Charleston when it was I who originated it. I danced it in cafés way before it became popular in White's show. He had the advantage of presenting it with a tune, and that's what really puts a dance over. His show 'Running Wild' had the Charleston melody in it. You remember 'Charleston—Hey—Hey!'"

He hummed a bar or two as he rose to close the door.

"This room is drafty."

As he crossed the room his body swayed a bit. He holds himself very erect. He is so sure of himself, with the sureness of Times Square, with the sureness of one who has had to fight every inch of the way. A strange combination, this Raft, a combination of Broadway and Tenth Avenue.

"I know most of the Broadway mob and racket-men," he told me. "In my picture 'Under Cover Man' I could have told those 'script writers a thing or two.

"I'd like to do a picture based on the life of Maurice—you know. Maurice the dancer. I'd feel it. I could do it

well. I'm dead certain of it."

Maurice! Of course, there was just as much resemblance in Raft and Maurice as Raft and White or Raft and Valentino. He has the suaveness, the perfect poise of Maurice, that trick of carrying the shoulders erect, that marvelous control of the trained dancer, that easy, gliding walk, almost a skating walk.

The part would be right for Raft, who not only looks like Maurice, but who has the same attitude toward women which Maurice had—an attitude of worship. Maurice put his beautiful partners on pedestals and then worshipped them. I can picture Raft doing the same thing.

"I think Constance Cummings is gorgeous," he said, his eyes shining, "and Marlene Dietrich . . ."

It was time for his number. I watched from the wings.

His is a wicked dance. His movements are sensuous. No wonder they call him the Black Snake. He dances a sexy dance. He dances slowly, rhythmically. He has perfect muscle control.

Suddenly I knew the secret of his acting. He gets that poise from his dancing. In his now famous death scene, in "Scarface," he used the exact rhythmic motion he exploits in dancing the Charleston.

I watched him swaying there in the spotlight. Valentino . . . White . . . Maurice . . . now, Raft, all with the same posture, the same rhythm, and not one took a dancing lesson. White learned when he was a messenger boy on the Bowery. Maurice worked out his own beautiful waltz. Valentino told me he mastered the tango in front of the monkey cage in Bronx Park.

And Raft?

As he came off the stage he turned to me.

"I never took a lesson," he said.

Yet he danced so perfectly, that when Maurice was the toast of Broadway, he used to watch Raft to see how he did it.

He said good-by. A Broadway good-by.

"I wish you everything that I wish myself," said Mr. Raft.

I Have Fooled Fate

(Continued from page 33)

Thus disturbed, my jump was delayed, perhaps a split second . . . and when I hit the water I knew why Silvertip had died.

The delayed jump, together with the momentum of the train, hurled me to the far edge of the stream, where in crashing into the water I narrowly missed some protective piling for the trestle. Silvertip had been crushed on that piling.

I missed by inches my calculations when to jump to hit the center of the stream. Silvertip missed by feet and inches, and those inches were the difference between his death and my life.

While working in the same picture I was knocked off a speeding stage coach during a fight, and fell onto the tongue between the wheeler team. The horses ran away. The driver yelled "Whoa!"

The wheel horses tried to stop. The leaders leaped forward, jerking the legs from underneath the wheelers and they fell on top of me. I had all the wind knocked out of me, but realizing the stage would soon strike me, I rolled myself into a ball, figuring to roll out of its path.

The right-front wheel struck me across the eye, then ran over my foot.

I thought my leg was broken. I rolled then, beneath the center of the coach and it passed over me.

Miss Roland and the company came running up. They thought I had been killed. I tried to tell them I was all right, but I couldn't talk because my breath was gone. So they bundled me into a wagon and started me for the hospital.

Once in town, however, I climbed out of the wagon and went to a Turkish bath instead, and that same night leaped from a second story balcony into the tonneau of an automobile.

I couldn't let anybody else do my job.

BILL BOYD once asked me what odds stunt men had to gamble with when they risked their lives to thrill motion picture audiences.

I explained that a screen thriller, to thrill, must be something almost impossible, and as such, the odds were invariably about seven to ten against success.

While the seven chances for failure make stunting risky enough to be remunerative, the three extra safety factors are most vital, for they spell tragedy if overlooked.

Once I overlooked one of them and nearly lost my life.

I neglected to rehearse a speed boat driver before I attempted to change from a boat to an airplane, *via* rope ladder. It was for another Ruth Roland production, called "Haunted Valley."

I got on the boat and faced the plane which was tearing up from behind with Dick Grace in the cockpit. In those days such a change was most difficult because of the wide variance in speed of boat and plane. There were no Gar Woods.

Forgetting the boatman, I concentrated upon the approaching ladder, and as Grace was the best stunt flier in those days as now, I had every confidence of success.

Grace swooped over. I grabbed the ladder and was yanked out of the boat and just over the boat pilot's head. Up to this time Grace had been watching me. When he looked ahead, preparatory to giving the ship the gun, there was a lighthouse, dead ahead.

The boatman, perhaps excited by the stunt, had steered straight for it instead of on a line to pass it as he had been instructed to do.

Grace was compelled to bank to avoid a crash and in so doing he lost altitude. Clinging to the bottom of the rope ladder I smacked one wave after another, about eight, I believe. It was like bumping into rocks. Fearing I might be crushed I prepared to let go, but tightened my grip desperately when I saw the speedboat, which I had previously passed, tearing right at me. It was a case of two choices, but "take it" in either event.

Just as I was beginning to feel every bone in my body had been broken and that I couldn't hold on a second longer, I smacked another wave, which bounced me up like a ball. It revived me somewhat. I managed to climb up the ladder, over the wing and into the cockpit as Grace finally succeeded in avoiding a crash by a veritable miracle.

My clothes had been torn from my body and blood was oozing from my flesh like perspiration.

WITH Leo Nomis, one of the best pilots of that time, I once went to Riverside, California. There, in one operation I changed from the top of a speeding passenger train to a rope ladder dangling from the plane, and then dropped from the ladder to the top of a freight train.

It went off without a hitch. I imagine it really looked no more dangerous than alighting from a street car.

An aviator who had witnessed the performance as a spectator, decided that here was an easy way to make a lot of money. He sold himself the idea and then enthusiastically sold himself to Universal as a stunt pilot. When he was asked if he had ever landed stunt men on trains he was so convinced of the simplicity of such a task that he declared he had done so. This misguided confidence cost a human life.

Shortly after my train hopping job, the new aerial stunt pilot was assigned to land Gene Perkins, one of the most famous of all early day stunt men, on top of a train. Perkins was double for William Desmond.

The pilot was asked if he wished to rehearse. He declined. They took off. Perkins crawled under the plane and crept down the rope ladder, and as the plane neared the cars, he dropped to the bottom rung and there clung with his hands, preparatory to dropping when over the train.

Then came the pilot's disillusionment. His bubble of cock-sureness burst when he ran into the terrific backwash of that speeding row of cars. He didn't know how to fight it. The plane began side-slipping and he forgot his human freight in a desperate fight to keep from crashing.

Each time the plane was hurled across the train Perkins was slapped against the cars. Observers say he clung grimly for his life. But as the plane continued to slip he was finally knocked off. The plane was traveling about 70 miles an hour when he fell. His body bounced ten feet into the air.

I HAVE saved what I consider the crowning success of my career as movie "stunt man" for the last.

Between the great Miles and Childs glaciers in Alaska, and just above them, is a narrow gorge through which the great Ambercombe Rapids hurls its way.

It is concentrated fury, mammoth like the monstrous icy guardians of its portals—portals of death.

When RKO-Radio Picture officials asked me what I considered the most terrific feat of my career, I unhesitatingly named the snarling, roaring Ambercombe, the very force of whose conflicting waters hurls up walls of liquid as high as houses.

I shot those rapids, never before attempted. And which never will be attempted again, for three men lost their lives there, making a movie thrill for "The Trail of '98," a famous film of the old silent days. Here's the story.



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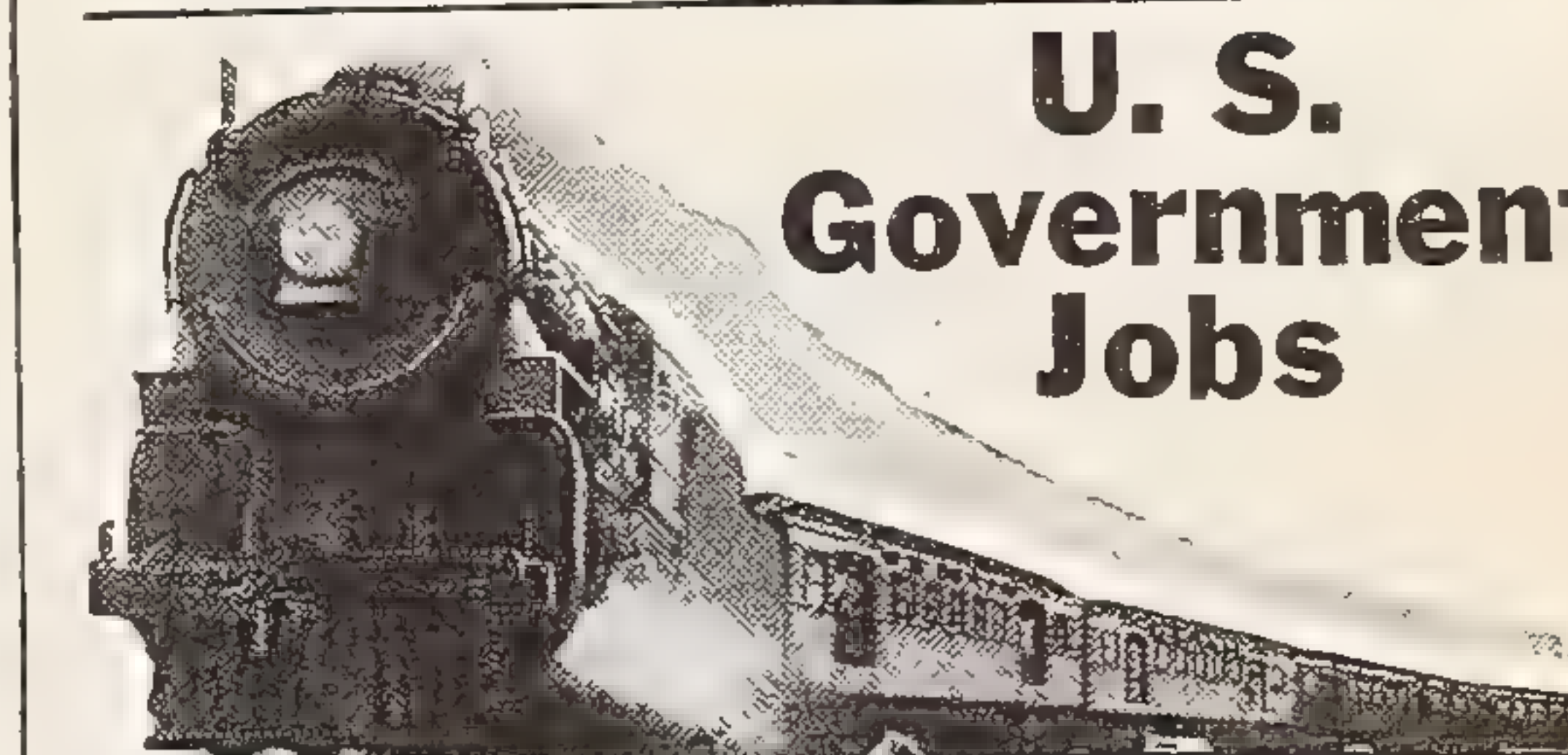
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After weeks of preparation the tragic attempt was made.

Red Thompson, an early day stunt man was in one boat, myself and two other men in another. I shall never forget the thrill of that roaring, grinding, merciless torrent. Huge floating ice cakes added to the terror.

Ahead lay certain death, boulders as large as city buildings, amidst which that huge volume of water, one hundred feet wide and goodness only knows how deep, dropped precipitately, smashing against those giant rocks with the force of a falling mountain.

Between the first part of the rapids and that death-trap, however, was one small bit of sheltered water. We were to work into that. My boat, with the three of us rowing like mad men, made it. Thompson missed, and was whisked away before anyone could attempt aid.

The awful force of that current sucked him and his boat beneath the surface, then hurled it and him into the air. Over and over again until he was thrown into the maw of the grinding water and mountainous rocks, never to

be seen again—almost instantly killed

Farther down the stream a cable had been stretched across it, suspending a platform upon which two men, Howard Daughters and Jerome Bautin, were stationed to give assistance in case of trouble.

Attempting to grasp Thompson's body as it hurled by, Daughters tumbled into the waters. Unhesitatingly Bautin leaped after him. Running along the bank with other members of the company, I saw them smashed against a boulder. It must have killed them instantly, for their bodies rolled across the top of the rock like soggy sacks of meal.

The tragedy was over . . . three lives gone in as many seconds.

We never found the bodies of Thompson and Daughters.

Days later we found that of Bautin, wedged under the edge of the gigantic Miles glacier. Hundreds of miles long and seven across its face, it seemed to stretch above him, a fitting memorial of sparkling white, to the man who gave his life for a friend.

Hollywood's Prize Romance

(Continued from page 59)

IT was the production manager on Jimmy's picture, "Society Girl," who finally effected their meeting. He arranged a birthday party—his own—and five minutes after Jimmy entered he didn't know another girl existed except Maureen.

"Going with anyone?" he asked her with elaborate casualness. "No? Then let's go together and have some fun!" That's typical. The Dunn get-them-quick method.

Under the spell of his enthusiasm she thought it *would* be fun. But once away from it, Maureen was aghast at herself. You see, the fight was already beginning . . . When she reached home she said to Kay English, the girl who lives with her: "Of all the schoolgirl tactics! I was silly enough to make a date with him for tomorrow night."

So she phoned him in the morning that after looking at her engagement book she discovered she was going to be busy that evening. Some other time perhaps . . .

Jimmy was furious. He was off women for life—well, for twenty minutes at least. Two weeks passed before he called her. This time she didn't back out. From that first date they had last April, their romance has grown from mild proportions to something that is bigger than they are. Something that has swept them off their balance by its immensity . . . caught them up in a tidal wave of emotion that never seems to recede. It ceased long ago to be merely a boy-and-girl affair; it is the rich, overpowering love of matured people. You don't experience such feeling without change in yourself. Maureen and Jimmy *have* changed. So much so that

their friends stand back in wonderment. There's a new depth to the girl—you sense it the moment you speak to her. And Jimmy has forgotten to be flippant. He's surprisingly gentle and painstaking and considerate.

"She did something to me the first time I saw her," he said slowly, very thoughtfully. "I was broke in New York. I'd just tried to show Wall Street what a financial wizard I was and they wouldn't believe me. Anyway, I had a dollar left so I went to see 'Song O' My Heart.' There was something so cute and *different* about Maureen. Gee—"

Now I have listened to Mr. Dunn do quite a bit of raving about quite a few girls but it was the first time I'd ever seen *that* expression on his face. Humble and almost reverent . . .

WHEN Maureen was working with George O'Brien and had to go away on location there wasn't a single "Hi, there!" left in Jimmy. He was as subdued and preoccupied as a scholar. Imagine, *Jimmy!* Instead of bouncing into the Fox café for lunch and saluting everyone hilariously, he ate quietly alone in his rooms. But the greatest evidence of all to me that he had the "real thing" at last was when I saw him pass the most beautiful blonde in Hollywood without a second glance. He walked right by and she might have been a fireplug for all the attention he paid her.

Watching him and Maureen together, you get the impression of two charming young people snatching at realities to keep from being carried away by their own too intense, too erratic emotions.

Said Maureen to me one time: "I love Jimmy more than I have any one in my life—but I'm not sure that I want to marry him. No, we're not married now. Not secretly, you may be sure. There are so many hindrances . . ." As if an Irish girl couldn't hurdle every obstacle for romance. I said as much.

"It isn't that. Love can survive the hardest trials; it's the petty little thing that kills it. Jimmy and I have overcome a lot of things together—jealousies and certain intense dislikes. I suppose that's a test of love. But I can't help feeling we're not suited to each other. Oh don't you see, *I'm loving him against my better judgment* . . . He has traits that I wouldn't want my husband to have. Perhaps if life were not so complicated it might work out. But life is. Here in Hollywood especially. I don't see how anyone *stays* married in the face of so much opposition to their happiness. And I want above everything else to make my marriage a success. Oh, *I'm afraid* . . ."

MAUREEN has a right to be. She was in love once before since coming to California. The man was much older than she. A writer surfeited with sophistication and an overdose of siren beauties. It was natural that her naïveté should appeal to him, captivate him. But it was an experience that brought only misery and heartache for the girl.

"I need love," she continued simply. "It brings out all that's best in you, I think, and certainly I'd never place my career above it. A career is so empty—I realized that when I first came here. There was my name up in electric lights on Hollywood Boulevard, I was given tremendous publicity, and night after night I sat alone in my apartment so lonely that it was torture. No, a career is like a beautiful billboard—there's nothing behind it, no substance. But I want to love in accordance with my reason and not only with my heart."

Ah, Maureen, don't you know that love isn't like that? Take what you have and hold it as something infinitely precious. You said that when you and Jimmy were up in the mountains a while ago you were almost snowed in. I wish you had been. There's a jolly old padre up there who could have settled once and for all your doubts and bewilderment with a single sentence. I know that love has hurt you, that it came near crushing the sweet spirit of you, but surely you know that it wasn't the kind of love that exists between you and Jimmy.

Even if, as you say, this romance "blows over," it will leave its mark on the two of you. Two people cannot love as you have and expect to take up life in quite the same channel again. It's the most beautiful of all gifts. Don't try to analyze it. Just take it! Oh, Maureen, don't be afraid. . . .

Recently Maureen gave out the statement that she had bought an old farm house and furnished it with old-fashioned furniture. But I hear that actually they bought it between them. Oh, I hope it's true—for that must mean they really do expect to marry. And I do so want them to.

Then I heard about the row they had when Maureen made a luncheon date with Johnny Farrow, her old flame. Oh, it was all over between Maureen and Jimmy. Absolutely. For at least thirty-six hours. Then they made up—and at a Hollywood premiere, Jimmy, speaking a few words of greeting over the radio, just couldn't help adding that he thought Maureen O'Sullivan was the sweetest girl in the world.

Just recently came the rumor that Maureen was leaving Hollywood for good. Giving up her career. It was hinted that her reason was "a broken heart." And *that* was all bosh, too. Just another Hollywood rumor.

So I say again, "Don't be afraid, Maureen. And don't let the rumors worry you. Ignore all ridiculous little obstacles. Take your love."

What Became of Conway Tearle?

(Continued from page 34)

"If I hadn't felt such fine scorn and contempt—mixed with an ironic sense of humor," Conway says now, "I should have done what the character in 'Dinner At Eight' does—turned on the gas."

But instead, he managed to get to London and there made a hit on the stage. He was, of course, well known in England and they had not forgotten him. Fresh from the London success, his morale much improved, he went to Hollywood again. And still there was no work for him, but he did get stage offers and among them was this part in "Dinner At Eight." It was a role close to his heart and he plays it with the intensity of a man who has lived

through it. And now he has more than enough to feed his dog. Now he is on top of the world again and offers from other stage producers are coming to him.

But he won't—he says with vigor—go back to Hollywood.

"And it's not just because I've made this so-called hit on Broadway that I talk this way. I hated Hollywood when I was there and begging for jobs—and I said so.

"Go back—go through what I've been through again? Pawn my effects again? Play in serials? Play minor roles? Listen to them talk? No indeed! Guns are too cheap for that!"



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(Continued from page 95)



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of the Cross"; "Tonight Is Ours." Next is "I Cover the Waterfront," United Artists.

COLLINS, CORA SUE: child actress; born in Beckley, West Virginia, April 19. Free lance. Write her at 1509 North Vine Street, Hollywood. Featured in "Smilin' Through," "Silver Dollar" and "Picture Snatcher," Warner Bros. Next is "Jennie Gerhardt," Paramount.

COLMAN, RONALD: separated from Thelma Ray, born in Surrey, England, February 9. United Artists star. Starred in "Arrowsmith" and "Cynara." Working in "The Masquerader."

COMPTON, JULIETTE: married; born in Columbia, Georgia, May 3. Paramount player. Featured in "Man Called Back," Tiffany; "The Match King," First National. Working in "The Masquerader," United Artists.

COOK, DONALD: divorced; born in Portland, Ore., September 26. Write him at Columbia. Free lance. Working in "Baby Face," Warner Bros.

COOPER, GARY: unmarried; born in Helena, Mont., May 7. Paramount star. Featured in "If I Had a Million" and "Farewell to Arms." Working in "Today We Live," M-G-M.

COOPER, JACKIE: boy actor; born in Los Angeles, Calif., September 15. M-G-M player. Featured in "Limpy" and "Divorce in the Family."

CORTEZ, RICARDO: widower of Alma Rubens; born in New York City, July 7. Radio star. Starred in "Phantom of Crestwood"; "Flesh," M-G-M; "Scandal Street," Warner Bros. Next is "Police Surgeon."

CRAWFORD, JOAN: married to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; born in San Antonio, Texas, March 23. M-G-M star. Starred in "Letty Lynton," M-G-M and "Rain," United Artists. Working in "Today We Live."

CROMWELL, RICHARD: unmarried; born in Long Beach, Calif., January 8. Columbia player. Featured in "Brown of Culver," Universal; "Age of Consent," Radio; "That's My Boy," Columbia.

CROSBY, BING: married to Dixie Lee; born in Tacoma, Wash., May 2. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "The Big Broadcast," Paramount; "Girl in the Transom," Mack Sennett.

CUMMINGS, CONSTANCE: unmarried; born in Seattle, Wash., May 15. Columbia player. Featured in "Night After Night," "The Billion Dollar Scandal," Paramount; "The Mind Reader," Warner Bros. Next is "Promenade Deck," Fox.

DAMITA, LILI: unmarried; born in Paris, France, September 10. Write her at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Goldie Gets Along," Radio; "The Match King," First National.

DANIELS, BEBE: married to Ben Lyon; born in Dallas, Texas, January 14. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Silver Dollar," "Forty-Second Street." Next is "Hard Times Square."

DAVIES, MARION: unmarried; born in Brooklyn, N. Y., January 1. M-G-M star. Starred in "Polly of the Circus" and "Blondie of the Follies." Next is "Peg O' My Heart."

DAVIS, BETTE: married to Harmon O. Nelson; born in Boston, Mass., April 5. Warner Bros. star. Featured in "Cabin in the Cotton"; "Parachute Jumper"; "Ex-Lady." Working in "The Adopted Father."

DEE, FRANCES: unmarried; born in New York City, November 26. Paramount player. Featured in "Night of June 13th"; "If I Had a Million," "The Crime of the Century." Working in "King of the Jungle."

DEL RIO, DOLORES: married to Cedric Gibbons; born in Mexico City, Mexico, August 3. Write her at Radio studio. Free lance. Starred in "Bird of Paradise," Radio.

DEVINE, ANDY: married; born in Flagstaff, Arizona, October 7. Universal player. Featured in "Fast Companions" and "The All American." Working in "The Big Cage."

DIETRICH, MARLENE: married to Rudolph Seiber; born in Berlin, Germany, December 27. Paramount star. Starred in "Shanghai Express" and "Blonde Venus." Working in "Song of Songs."

DILLOWAY, DONALD: unmarried; born in New York City, March 17. Write him at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "Attorney for the Defense," Columbia; "Pack Up Your Troubles," Roach-M-G-M; "Night Mayor," Columbia.

DIX, RICHARD: married to Winifred Coe; born in St. Paul, Minn., July 18. Radio star. Starred in "Hell's Highway" and "The Conquerors." Working in "The Great Jasper."

DORSAY, FIFI: unmarried; born in Montreal, Canada, April 16. Write her at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Girl From Calgary," Hoffman; "They Just Had to Get Married," Universal; "The Sucker," Warner Bros.

DOUGLAS, MELVYN: married to Helen Gahagan; born in Macon, Ga., April 5. Write him at United Artists. Free lance. Featured in "As You Desire Me," M-G-M; "The Old Dark House" and "Nagana," Universal.

DOVE, BILLIE: divorced from Irvin Willat; born in New York City, May 14. Write her at M-G-M. Free lance. Featured in "Blondie of the Follies," M-G-M.

DRESSLER, MARIE: unmarried. Born in Coburg, Canada, November 9. M-G-M star. Starred in "Emma" and "Prosperity." Working in "Tugboat Annie."

DUNN, JAMES: unmarried; born in New York City, November 2. Fox player. Featured in "Walking Down Broadway" and "Handle With Care." Working in "Sailor's Luck."

DUNNE, IRENE: married to Dr. E. F. Griffin; born in Louisville, Ky., July 14. Radio star. Starred in "Back Street," Universal; "Thirteen Women" and "No Other Woman," Radio; "The Secret of Madame Blanche," M-G-M.

DURANTE, JAMES: married; born in New York City, February 18. M-G-M player. Featured in "Blondie of the Follies," M-G-M; "The Phantom President,"

Paramount. Working in "Hell Below," M-G-M.

DVORAK, ANN: married to Leslie Fenton; born in Los Angeles, Calif., August 2. First National player. Featured in "Stranger in Town"; "The Crooner" and "Three on a Match."

EILERS, SALLY: married to Hoot Gibson; born in New York City, December 11. Fox player. Featured in "Second Hand Wife" and "State Fair," Fox; "Grand Central Airport," Warner Bros. Working in "Sailor's Luck," Fox.

ERWIN, STUART: married to June Collyer; born in Squaw Valley, Calif., February 14. Paramount player. Featured in "He Learned About Women"; "Fortune Smiles" and "The Crime of the Century." Next is "Under the Tonto Rim."

EVANS, MADGE: unmarried; born in Los Angeles, Calif., July 1. M-G-M player. Featured in "Hal-lelujah, I'm a Bum," United Artists; "Fast Life," M-G-M. Working in "Men Must Fight" and "Hell Below."

FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, JR.: married to Joan Crawford; born in New York City, December 9. First National star. Starred in "Scarlet Dawn"; "Parachute Jumper" and "The Sucker." Working in "Narrow Corner."

FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, SR.: married to Mary Pickford; born in Denver, Colo., May 23. United Artists star. Starred in "Robinson Crusoe."

FARRELL, CHARLES: married to Virginia Valli; born in Walpole, Mass., August 9. Write him at Fox Studio. Free lance. Starred in "The First Year," "Wild Girl," "Tess of the Storm Country," Fox.

FARRELL, GLENDA: married; born in Enid, Oklahoma. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "The Match King"; "Wax Museum"; and "Grand Slam."

FORD, WALLACE: married to Martha Halworth; born in England. Birthday unknown. M-G-M player. Featured in "Employees' Entrance," "Central Park," Warner Bros. "The Big Cage," Universal.

FOSTER, NORMAN: married to Claudette Colbert. Born in Richmond, Ind., December 13. Fox player. Featured in "Strange Justice," Radio; "State Fair," Fox. Next is "Department Store," Fox.

FOSTER, PRESTON: married; born in Ocean City, N. J., October 24. First National player. Featured in "I'm a Fugitive From a Chain Gang" and "Ladies They Talk About." Working in "Elmer the Great."

FOX, SIDNEY: married to Charles Beahan; born in New York City, December 10. Universal player. Featured in "Once in a Lifetime," "Afraid to Talk," Universal; "Don Quixote"; "Roi Pausole."

FRANCIS, KAY: married to Kenneth McKenna; born in Oklahoma City, Okla., January 13. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Trouble in Paradise," Paramount; "The Lowdown" and "Keyhole," Warner Bros. Working in "Narrow Corner."

GABLE, CLARK: married to Ria Langham; born in Cadiz, Ohio, February 1. M-G-M player. Featured in "Red Dust," M-G-M; "No Man of Her Own," Paramount. Working in "White Sister," M-G-M.

GARBO, GRETA: unmarried; born in Stockholm, Sweden, September 18. M-G-M star. Starred in "Grand Hotel" and "As You Desire Me." Next is "Christine From Sweden."

GARGAN, WILLIAM: married; born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 17. Radio player. Featured in "Rain," United Artists; "Animal Kingdom" and "Lucky Devils," Radio. Working in "Sweepings."

GAYNOR, JANET: separated from Lydell Peck; born in Philadelphia, Pa., October 6. Fox star. Starred in "The First Year," "Tess of the Storm Country," "State Fair." Next is "Adorable."

GIBSON, HOOT: married to Sally Eilers; born in Takomah, Neb., August 6. Write him at Tec-Art Studio. Starred in "A Man's Land"; "The Boiling Point"; "Cowboy Counsellor."

GIBSON, WYNNE: divorced; born in New York City, July 3. Paramount player. Featured in "Night After Night"; "If I Had a Million"; "Crime of the Century." Next is "Eleven Lives."

GILBERT, JOHN: married to Virginia Bruce; born in Ogden, Utah, July 10. M-G-M star. Starred in "Downstairs." Next is "Rivets."

GLEASON, JAMES: married to Lucille Webster; born in New York City, May 23. Write him at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "Penguin Pool Murder," Radio. "The Billion Dollar Scandal," Paramount; "Clear All Wires," M-G-M.

GOMBEL, MINNA: unmarried; born in Baltimore, Md., May 28. Fox player. Featured in "Wild Girl" and "Walking Down Broadway."

GRANT, CARY: unmarried; born in Bristol, Eng., January 19. Paramount player. Featured in "Hot Saturday"; "Madame Butterfly"; "She Done Him Wrong." Working in "The Woman Accused."

GRAVES, RALPH: separated from Virginia Goodwin; born in Cleveland, Ohio, January 23. M-G-M player-writer. Featured in "Huddle," M-G-M, and "War Correspondent," Columbia.

GREEN, MITZI: child actress; born in New York City, October 19. Radio player. Featured in "Girl Crazy" and "Little Orphan Annie."

HAINES, WILLIAM: unmarried; born in Staunton, Va., January 1. M-G-M star. Featured in "Are You Listening?" and "Fast Life."

HALE, LOUISE CLOSSER: unmarried; born in Chicago, Ill., October 13. M-G-M player. Featured in "Son-Daughter" and "Rasputin and the Empress." Working in "The White Sister" and "Today We Live."

HAMILTON, NEIL: married to Elsa Whitner; born in Athol, Mass., September 9. Write him at Radio studio. Free lance. Featured in "The Animal Kingdom," Radio; "As the Devil Commands," Columbia; "Tarzan and His Mate," M-G-M. Working in "The Silk Express," Warner Bros.

HARDING, ANN: divorced from Harry Bannister; born in Fort Sam Houston, Texas, August 7. Radio star. Starred in "The Conquerors" and "The Animal Kingdom." Next is "Déclassée."

(Continued on page 112)

Beauty Advice

(Continued from page 73)

of the hat. The back of the hair should be arranged in slightly tighter curls.

The fourth coiffure I think is just grand—practical enough for everyday, but still feminine enough for the present mode. The hair is divided several times in the nape of the neck and each division rolled in a flat curl.

IN the next two hats one gets something of a shock. Aren't they Merry Widowish and Gibson Girlish? As a matter of fact, that's exactly what they're going to be called—the Merry Widow hat and the Gibson Girl hat. And all of you who have been moaning for slightly larger hats may now dry your tears and be thankful. The one on the left is made of white grosgrain ribbon, with a band and brim edge of stiffened fishnet. The one on the right is made of white organdie with black ciré ribbon arranged to give a plaited effect. And the hair must be curled—curled—curled!

Now for some beauty spring-cleaning.

I advise you first to do some house-cleaning on your cosmetics. Take an inventory, so to speak. Decide what you'll need to buy for the spring and summer and budget accordingly.

If you have on hand a good reliable weather cream or protection cream, hold on to it—and buy some more when it gives out. At this time of the year a weather cream is essential. In this connection, I know just exactly the cream I'd use. It's been on the market for years and I'm calling myself all kinds of names for never using it before. Can be used as a protection—applied before making up—on any except very oily skins. You can leave it on all night and it will soften and act as a tissue cream. It's practical for cleansing, too, although here it works best if you wash your face after creaming. Drop me a note if you wish to know the name of it.

AND I discovered another sensible beauty aid the other day. It's a cold cream soap—comes in a jar and looks like a cream, but it will lather, just as soap does and rinse off with water. Very fine to keep on hand for occasional and emergency use, I think. Especially good for office workers—to keep in the desk drawer all ready for a quick freshen-up after work.

Now I want to return once more to the very important subject of hair.

You will notice that curls are in evidence on everyone's head. That's true—but let's not overdo it. If you look best with a sleek, Madonna-like coiffure, keep it. If you look better—oh, much better—with a long bob than a shorter one, keep that, too. But adapt it to look well with hats. Make tighter curls of the ends at times so that they will reach up to the nape of the neck. If you have a low forehead or a pronounced cowlick on your temple, don't try bangs. And if your cherished bangs look well without hats but simply miserable with hats—then

adapt them to suit both demands. It can be done, you know.

TELL me honestly—have you a really good hairbrush? Do you know a really good one when you see it? Well, it should have long, supple, tufted bristles. The tufts should have ample space between them so that air can get down into the brush and so that it can be washed easily. Such a brush is not cheap—I saw some English imported ones the other day in a shop and how much do you think they were? Seven dollars apiece. Of course, that's just a bit too much—one doesn't need to pay that price to get a really good, effective American brush. Certainly half that amount would suffice. But do get one and keep it scrupulously clean by washing it often—either in warm suds (with plentiful rinsings afterwards) or by dipping it in a weak lysol solution. And brush your hair every single day. You needn't go through that nonsense of counting the strokes—just brush firmly and systematically until your scalp feels a slight tingle.

Have any of you tried the new paper curls? The better hairdressers are giving them—but I think they could be adapted to home use. In the beauty shops, the hair is wound around a rod, which is in turn wrapped in brown paper. Then this whole arrangement is clamped in steel clamps and the heat turned on for just a minute or so. The resulting curl is a delightfully natural, carefully careless looking curl and it stays in until the next washing.

Oh, there are all kinds of delightful things to try. There have been revolutionary changes in the permanent wave world. A permanent these days can be anything you want it to be. Swirled across the back of the head, with one or two ridges of ringlets placed just where you want them. Fluffy curls, actual roll curls, shadow waves, water-wave effects—anything. And before the waving comes the perfect hair-cut—nicely tapered, done with an eye to concealing flattened crowns, poor hairlines, big ears, pesky cowlicks—whatever your own personal problem may be.

Miss Biddle has had mimeographed copies made of several treatments, exercises and a diet which may be helpful to you. There are treatments for blackheads (both dry and oily skin), for acne and for the removal of superfluous hair. There are exercises for reducing various parts of the body. And a simple-to-follow, sensible eight-day diet—which can be followed for the specified eight days or indefinitely, as you like. Also a folder of eight lipstick shades, with samples of actual lipstick for you to "try before you buy." And if you wish to know what remedy to use for this or that beauty problem, or if the task of selecting the right cosmetics becomes a difficult one, drop a note to Mary Biddle, MODERN SCREEN, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. She'll willingly help you.



"Smart as Sin"

yet her hands attract you first

Every woman may not approve of smoking, but no woman can deny the subtle grace, the arresting whiteness of the fingers that hold this cigarette.

Your hands, too, can be smooth and white and alluring. A little THINC HAND CREME rubbed on at night works instant wonders. It imparts beauty to the hands . . . makes them soft to the touch . . . satiny in texture . . . makes them look as though they had been bathed in moonlight.

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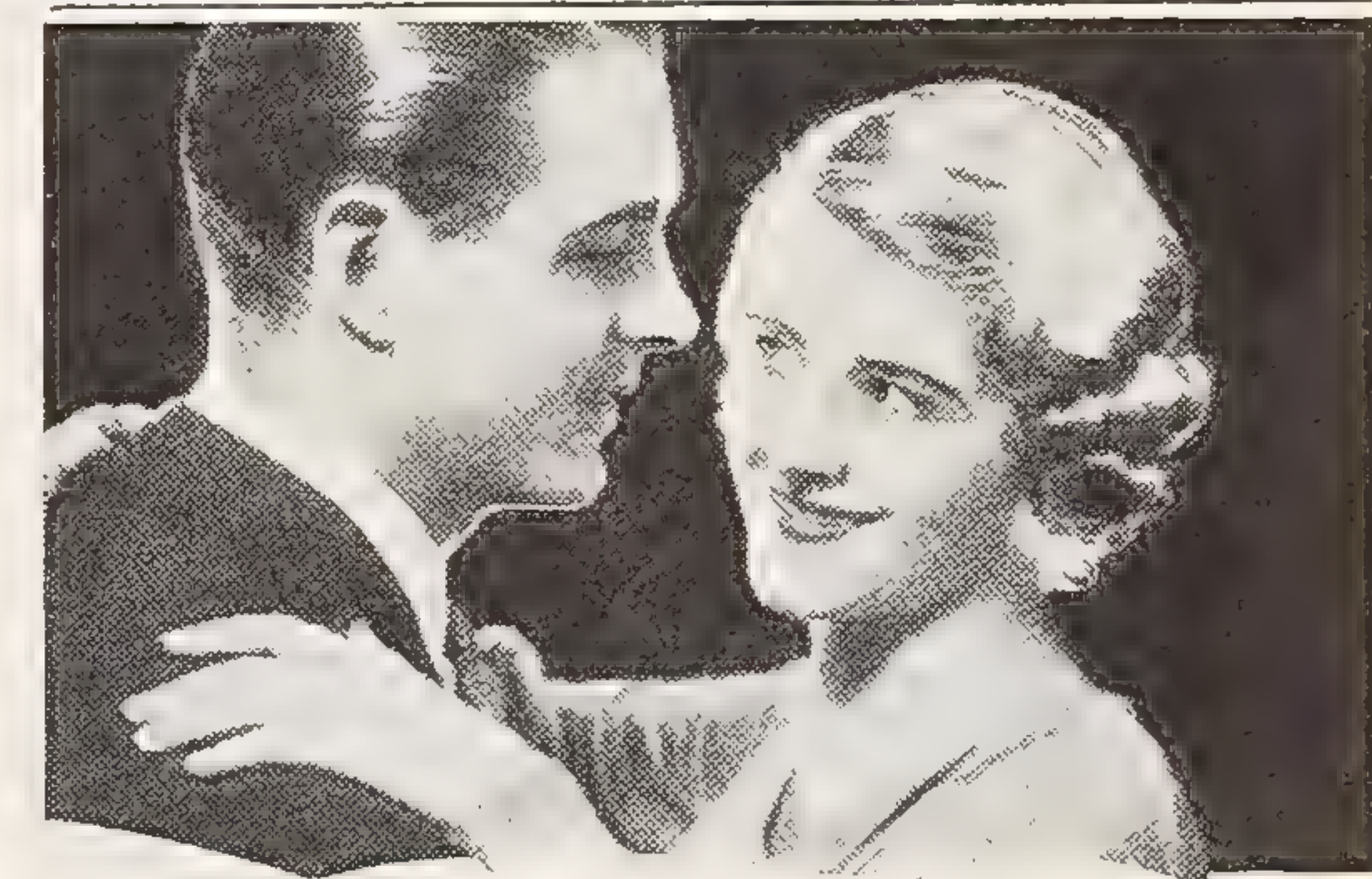
If your toilet goods counter hasn't been supplied, just clip and mail this coupon.

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41 E. 42nd St., New York (In Canada, 69 York St., Toronto)
I enclose 10 cents (15 cents in Canada) for a TEN TREATMENT package of THINC Hand Crème as shown below.

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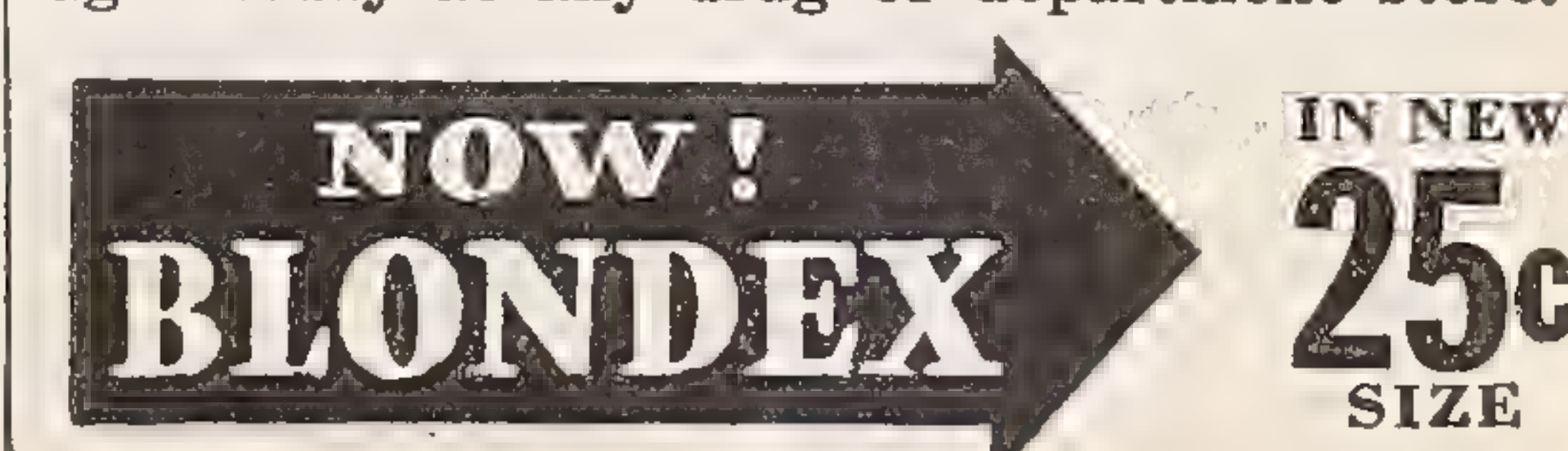
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Directory of Players

(Continued from page 110)



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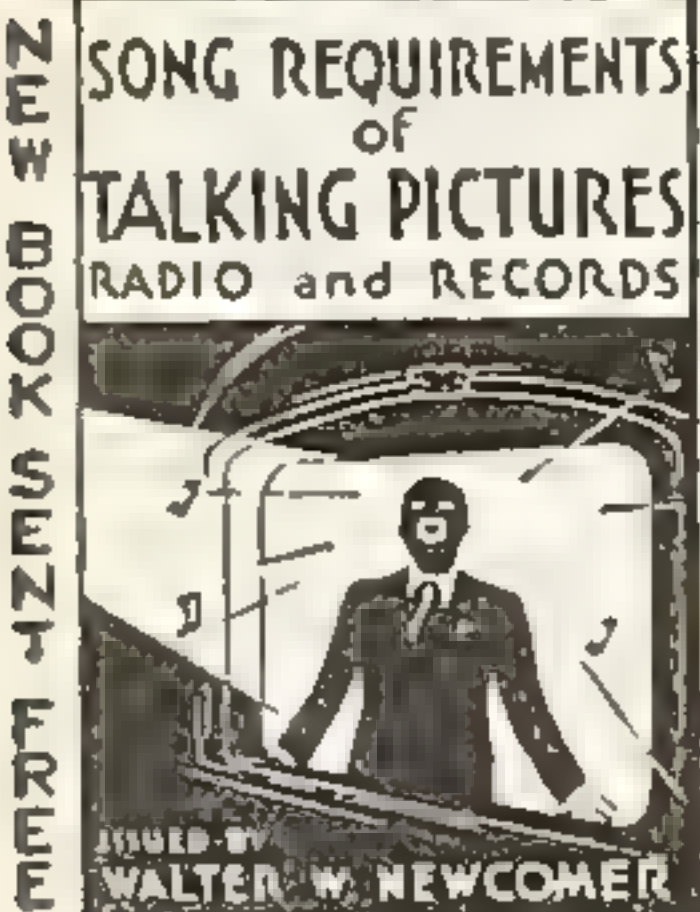


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HARDY, OLIVER: divorced; born in Atlanta, Ga., January 18. Hal Roach star. Costarred with Stan Laurel in "Their First Mistake" and "Towed in a Hole"; also "Twice Two."

HARLOW, JEAN: widow of Paul Bern; born in Kansas City, Mo., March 3. M-G-M player. Featured in "Red Headed Woman" and "Red Dust." Working in "Night Life." Next is "Sex Appeal."

HAYES, HELEN: married to Charles MacArthur; born in Washington, D. C., October 10. M-G-M star. Starred in "Farewell to Arms." Paramount; "Son-Daughter," M-G-M. Working in "White Sister."

HEPBURN, KATHARINE: married to Ludlow Smith; born in Hartford, Conn. Radio player. Featured in "Bill of Divorcement." Working in "The Great Desire."

HERSHOLT, JEAN: married; born in Copenhagen, Denmark, July 12. M-G-M player. Featured in "Mask of Fu Manchu"; "Flesh," M-G-M; "Crime of the Century," Paramount.

HOLMES, PHILLIPS: unmarried; born in Grand Rapids, Mich., July 22. M-G-M player. Featured in "70,000 Witnesses," Paramount; "The Secret of Madame Blanche," M-G-M. Working in "Men Must Fight."

HOLT, JACK: married; born in Winchester, Va., May 31. Columbia star. Starred in "This Sporting Age" and "Man Against Woman." Working in "Fever." Next is "Tampico."

HOPKINS, MIRIAM: divorced from Austin Parker; born in Bainbridge, Ga., October 18. Paramount player. Featured in "Trouble in Paradise." Next is "The Trumpet Blows" and "The Story of Temple Drake."

HOPPER, HEDDA: divorced from DeWolfe Hopper; born in Holidaysburg, Pa., June 2. M-G-M player. Featured in "As You Desire Me," "Speak Easily," and "Downstairs." Working in "Men Must Fight."

HOPTON, RUSSELL: married; born in New York City, February 18. Universal player. Featured in "Once in a Lifetime" and "Air Mail."

HORTON, EDWARD EVERETT: unmarried; born in Brooklyn, N. Y., March 18. Write him at Radio Studio. Free lance. Featured in "Roar of the Dragon," Radio; "Trouble in Paradise," Paramount. Working in "A Bedtime Story," Paramount.

HOWARD, LESLIE: married; born in England, April 24. Write him at Radio. Free lance. Featured in "Smilin' Through," M-G-M; "Animal Kingdom," Radio. Working in "Secrets," United Artists.

HUDSON, ROCHELLE: unmarried; born in Claremore, Okla., March 6. Radio player. Featured in "Hell's Highway"; "Lucky Devils."

HUSTON, WALTER: married to Nan Sunderland; born in Toronto, Canada, April 6. M-G-M player. Featured in "Rain," United Artists; "Kongo," M-G-M. Working in "Hell Below," M-G-M.

HYAMS, LEILA: married to Phil Berg; born in New York City, May 1. M-G-M player. Featured in "Red Headed Woman," M-G-M; "The Big Broadcast" and "Island of Lost Souls," Paramount. Next is "Sing You Sinner."

JOLSON, AL: married to Ruby Keeler; born in St. Petersburg, Russia, May 26. Starred in "Hallelujah I'm a Bum," United Artists.

JONES, BUCK: married; born in Vincennes, Ind., December 12. Columbia star. Starred in "Reckless Romance" and "The California Trail." Featured in "Child of Manhattan." Next is "Lovable Liar."

JORDAN, DOROTHY: unmarried; born in Clarksburg, Tenn., August 9. M-G-M player. Featured in "70,000 Witnesses," Paramount; "Cabin in the Cotton," Warner Bros.; "That's My Boy," Columbia. Working in "Strictly Personal."

JUDGE, ARLINE: married to Wesley Ruggles; born in Bridgeport, Conn., February 21. Radio player. Featured in "Roar of the Dragon" and "Age of Consent." Working in "Sweepings."

KARLOFF, BORIS: married; born in London, November 23. Universal star. Featured in "The Mask of Fu Manchu," M-G-M; "The Mummy," Universal. Next is "The Juggernaut."

KEATON, BUSTER: divorced from Natalie Talmadge; born in Pickway, Kan., October 4. M-G-M star. Starred in "The Passionate Plumber" and "Speak Easily." Working in "Buddies."

KEENE, TOM: married to Grace Stafford; born in Smoky Hollow, N. Y., December 30. Radio star. Starred in "Renegades of the West," "Cheyenne Kid" and "Scarlet River." Next is "Son of the Border."

KIBBEE, GUY: married; born in El Paso, Texas, March 6. First National player. Featured in "The Conquerors," Radio; "Central Park," First National; "The Sucker," First National. Working in "The Silk Express."

KIRKLAND, ALEXANDER: unmarried; born in Mexico City, September 15. Fox player. Featured in "Passport to Hell," "Tess of the Storm Country" and "Call Her Savage." Fox. Working in "I'm Guilty of Love."

KNAPP, EVALYN: unmarried; born in New York City, June 17. Columbia player. Featured in "Night Mayor"; "This Sporting Age"; "Air Hostess." Working in "State Trooper."

LANDI, ELISSA: married to J. C. Lawrence; born in Venice, Italy, December 6. Fox star. Starred in "Passport to Hell," Fox; "Sign of the Cross," Paramount. Working in "The Masquerader," United Artists. Next is "The Warrior's Husband."

LAUGHTON, CHARLES: married to Elsa Lanchester; born in Scarborough, England, July 1. Paramount player. Featured in "Payment Deferred," M-G-M; "If I Had a Million," and "Sign of the Cross," Paramount.

LAUREL, STAN: divorced; born in Ulverston, Eng., June 16. Hal Roach star. Co-starred with Oliver Hardy in "Their First Mistake"; "Towed in a Hole," and "Twice Two."

LEE, LILA: divorced from James Kirkwood; born in New York City, July 25. Write her at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "Unholy Love," Allied;

"Night of June 13th," Paramount; "Face in the Sky," Fox.

LINDEN, ERIC: unmarried; born in New York City, July 12. Radio player. Featured in "No Other Woman" and "The Past of Mary Holmes," Radio. "Afraid to Talk," Universal. Working in "Sweepings."

LLOYD, HAROLD: married to Mildred Davis; born in Burchard, Neb., April 20. Write him at Paramount studio. Producer-star. Starred in "Movie Crazy."

LOMBARD, CAROLE: married to William Powell; born in Fort Wayne, Ind., October 6. Paramount player. Featured in "Virtue," "No More Orchids," Columbia; "No Man of Her Own," Paramount. Working in "From Hell to Heaven," Paramount.

LOUISE, ANITA: unmarried; born in Vienna, January 9. Radio player. Featured in "Phantom of Crestwood." Working in "Our Betters." Next is "Little Women."

LOWE, EDMUND: married to Lilyan Tashman; born in San Jose, Calif., March 3. Write him at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Chandu the Magician," Fox; "The Devil is Driving," Paramount; "Hot Pepper," Fox. Next is "Only Yesterday," Universal.

LOY, MYRNA: unmarried; born in Helena, Mont., August 2. M-G-M player. Featured in "The Mask of Fu Manchu," M-G-M; "Animal Kingdom," Radio; "Son-Daughter," M-G-M. Working in "Topaze," Radio.

LUGOSI, BELA: unmarried; born in Lugos, Hungary, October 20. Write him at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "Chandu the Magician," Fox.

LUKAS, PAUL: married; born in Budapest, Hungary, May 26. Universal player. Featured in "Downstairs," M-G-M; "Rockabye," Radio; "Grand Slam," Warner Bros. Working in "A Kiss Before the Mirror," Universal.

LYON, BEN: married to Bebe Daniels; born in Atlanta, Ga., February 6. M-G-M player. Featured in "Week Ends Only"; "Hat Check Girl," Fox; "Blue Moon Murder Case," Warner Bros.

MACDONALD, JEANETTE: unmarried; born in Philadelphia, Pa., June 18. Paramount player. Featured in "One Hour With You" and "Love Me Tonight." Next is "Merry Widow."

MACKAILL, DOROTHY: married to Neil Miller; born in Hull, England, March 4. Write her at First National. Free lance. Featured in "No Man of Her Own," Paramount.

MACMAHON, ALINE: married; born in McKeesport, Pa., May 3. First National player. Featured in "Silver Dollar"; "Life Begins" and "The Sucker."

MANNERS, DAVID: divorced from Suzanne Bushell; born in Halifax, N. S., April 30. Write him at First National. Free lance. Featured in "Bill of Divorcement," Radio; "The Mummy," Universal; "The Death Kiss," Tiffany. Working in "From Hell to Heaven," Paramount.

MARCH, FREDRIC: married to Florence Eldridge; born in Racine, Wis., August 31. Paramount star. Featured in "Smilin' Through," M-G-M; "Sign of the Cross," Paramount; "Tonight is Ours," Paramount. Next is "Song of Songs."

MARITZA, SARI: unmarried; born in China, March 17. Paramount player. Featured in "Forgotten Commandments" and "Evenings For Sale." Working in "A Lady's Profession."

MARSH, JOAN: unmarried; born in Porterville, Calif., July 10. Write her at M-G-M. Free lance. Featured in "Bachelor's Affairs," Fox; "Speed Demon," Columbia; "Daring Daughters," Tec-Art. Working in "Kiss of Araby."

MARSH, MAE: married to Lee Arnes; born in Madrid, Mexico, November 9. Fox player. Featured in "Over the Hill" and "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," Fox; "That's My Boy," Columbia.

MARSH, MARIAN: unmarried; born in Trinidad, British West Indies, October 17. Write her at Warner Bros. Free lance. Featured in "Strange Justice" and "Free, White and Twenty-one," RKO; "Daring Daughters," Tec-Art.

MARSHALL, HERBERT: married to Edna Best; born in London, May 23. Paramount player. Featured in "Blonde Venus," "Trouble in Paradise" and "Evenings For Sale."

MAYNARD, KEN: married to Mary Leiber; born in Mission, Texas, July 21. Universal player. Featured in "Fargo Express," Tiffany.

MEIGHAN, THOMAS: married to Frances Ring; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., April 9. Write him at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Madison Square Garden," Paramount.

MENJOU, ADOLPHE: married to Kathryn Carver; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., February 18. Write him at Columbia. Free lance. Featured in "Murder of the Night Club Lady," Columbia; "Farewell to Arms," Paramount. Next is "The Doctor," Radio.

MERKEL, UNA: married to Ronald Burla; born in Covington, Ky., December 10. M-G-M player. Featured in "Men Are Such Fools," Radio; "Forty-Second Street," Warner Bros.; "Whistling in the Dark," M-G-M.

MILJAN, JOHN: married to former Mrs. Creighton Hale; born in Leeds, S. D., November 9. M-G-M player. Featured in "The Kid From Spain," United Artists; "Flesh," M-G-M; "Whistling in the Dark," M-G-M.

MIX, TOM: married to Mabel Ward; born near El Paso, Texas, January 6. Universal star. Starred in "Oh Promise Me," "Terror Trail," "The Rustlers Round Up." Traveling.

MONTGOMERY, ROBERT: married to Elizabeth Allen; born in Beacon, N. Y., May 21. M-G-M star. Co-starred in "Lety Lynton"; "Blondie of the Follies" and "Faithless." Working in "Hell Below."

MOORE, DICKIE: boy actor; born in Los Angeles, Calif., September 12. Hal Roach player. Featured in "Blonde Venus" and "The Devil is

(Continued on page 114)

Dietrich's Trousers

(Continued from page 38)

(and, I hope *look*) more feminine than the most beautiful dress in the world!

"Also, it takes too much time, trouble and MONEY to be a well-dressed woman in Hollywood. Motion picture stars are always buying some terrifically expensive gown, wearing it once or twice and then discarding it because they 'can't afford' to be seen in the same dress more often! As for me, wearing a dress more than twice is easy. If it weren't for the fact that the style changes before one has the opportunity to get the gown on the third or fourth time! Isn't it silly to spend all that money . . . just for a whim? It really isn't worth it!

"In my present wardrobe, though, I

have ten suits—a few pairs of extra trousers—a sweater or two—some shirts and a polo coat! That is all I need—the style will be good two years from now! I tried to figure out, the other night, what it would cost me to wear dresses during those two years . . . I quit before I reached the astounding total!

The other day, we overheard several women talking about Dietrich's costume at a recent party. They seemed unanimous in their shocking reaction. The group of *men* at the party had eyes for no other woman! Are women jealous of Dietrich in pants? Or do they hold the idea in contempt? What do you think?

Hollywood and the Doug, Jrs.

(Continued from page 12)

conference was an attempt to reach some mutual understanding.

Now the only faction in Hollywood which has wanted Joan and Doug to stay married are their respective studios. Both of the stars were talked to about this situation.

Why should Hollywood have hoped for a divorce?

Here's the answer. Hollywood represented that Doug—the prince of the royal family of the screen—should have married a girl who had once been a chorus girl.

Long before they married Hollywood said, "They won't do it—Mary and Doug will never give their consent."

And then Hollywood was forced to watch Joan being accepted at Pickfair, Joan being liked by the family, Joan and Doug, Sr., becoming real pals.

Hollywood hated to be wrong.

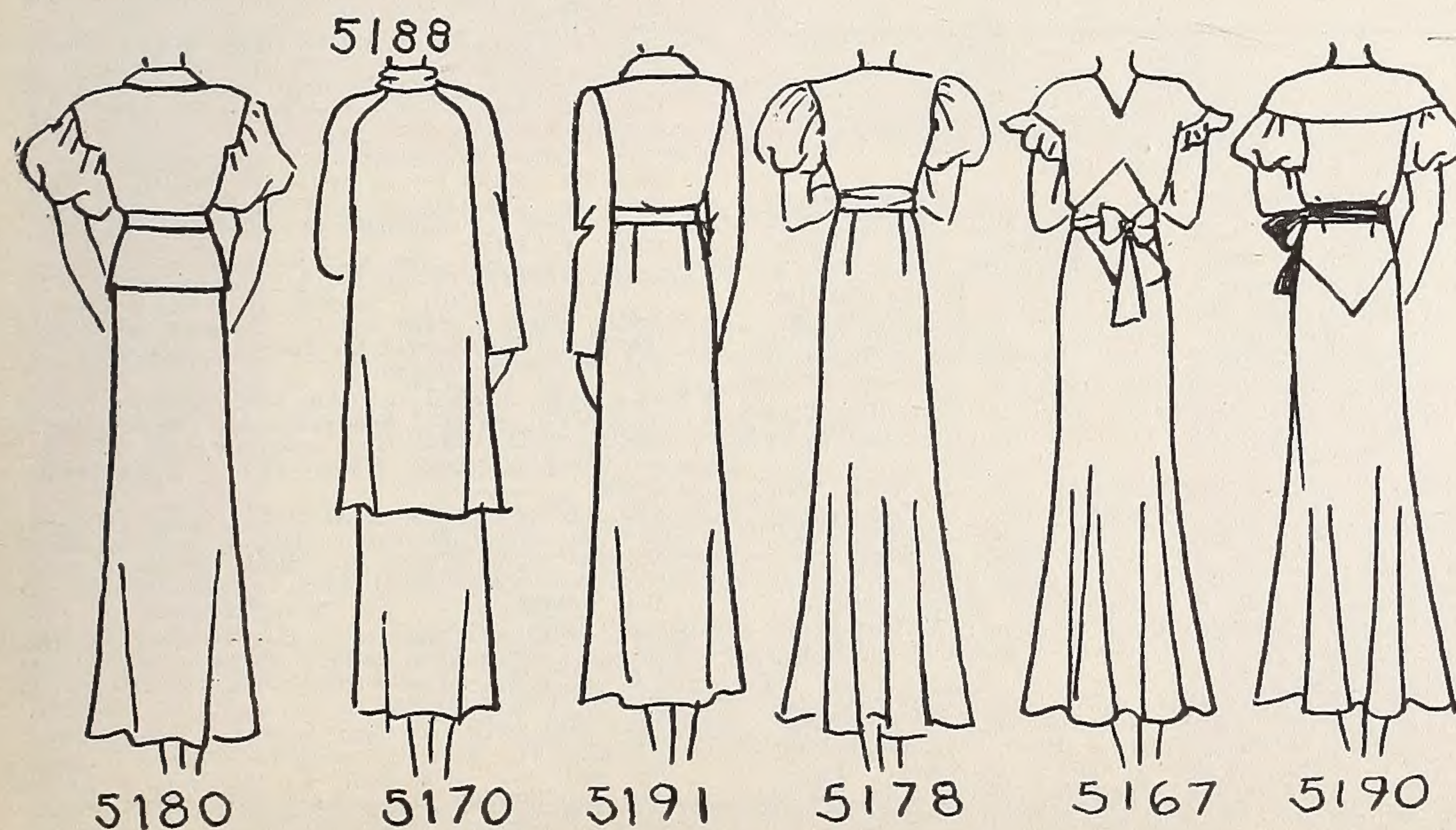
THEY started to hammer away at Joan again. "She's ritzy, she's up-stage," they said—and then they saw the look of adoration that comes over the faces of the electricians, the cameramen, the prop boys—when she walks on the set.

"She'll never be a real lady," Hollywood whispered. And they saw her entertaining in her beautiful home with all the grace and poise of a countess.

Had Doug, Jr., married a visiting celebrity, instead of a girl who won her spurs in Hollywood (you know about the prophet in his own country) none of this would have happened.

Of course, it was none of Hollywood's business. If Doug, Joan and Doug, Jr., were content, why should Hollywood chip in?

But—Hollywood just never wanted them to stay married!



Here are the back views of the patterns shown on page 71.

ANNOUNCING the new COMBINATION PACKAGE of KAPAK SANITARY NAPKINS AND LOTIRIS

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10¢

SIX FOR
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S.S. KRESGE CO.
5-10-25 and \$1.00 STORES

Directory of Players

(Continued from page 112)

Driving," Paramount; "Obey The Law," Columbia. Working in "Oliver Twist."

MORAN, POLLY: unmarried; born in Chicago, Ill., June 28. M-G-M player. Featured in "Passionate Plumber" and "Prosperity."

MORGAN, FRANK: married; born in New York City, June 1. Write him at 1509 North Vine, Hollywood. Free lance. Featured in "Billion Dollar Scandal," Paramount; "Half Naked Truth," RKO. Working in "Kiss Before the Mirror," Universal and "Sailor's Luck," Fox.

MORGAN, RALPH: married to Grace Arnold; born in New York City, July 6. Fox player. Featured in "Son-Daughter" and "Rasputin and the Empress," M-G-M; "Road to Heaven," Fox.

MORLEY, KAREN: married to Charles Vidor; born in Ottumwa, Iowa, December 12. M-G-M player. Featured in "Phantom of Crestwood," Radio; "Mask of Fu Manchú," and "Flesh," M-G-M.

MORRIS, CHESTER: married to Sue Kilbourne; born in New York City, February 13. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Breach of Promise," World Wide; "Blondie Johnson," Warner Bros.; "The Infernal Machine," Fox.

MUNI, PAUL: married to Bella Finckle; born in Vienna, September 22. Write him at First National. Free lance. Starred in "Scarface," United Artists; "I'm a Fugitive from a Chain Gang," First National.

MCCREA, JOEL: unmarried; born in South Pasadena, Calif., November 5. Radio star. Featured in "Bird of Paradise"; "Rockabye."

McLAGLEN, VICTOR: married to Enid Lamont; born in London, Eng., December 10. Write him at Fox. Free lance. Featured in "Guilty as Hell," Paramount; "Rackety Rax" and "Hot Pepper," Fox.

NAGEL, CONRAD: married to Ruth Helms; born in Keokuk, Iowa, March 16. M-G-M player. Featured in "Divorce in the Family"; "Konso"; "Fast Life." Next is "Auction in Souls," Tiffany.

NISSIN, GRETA: separated from Weldon Heyburn; born in Oslo, Norway, January 30. Fox player. Featured in "Devil's Lottery" and "Rackety Rax."

NIXON, MARION: married to Edward Hillman; born in Superior, Wis., October 20. Fox player. Featured in "Madison Square Garden," Paramount; "Too Busy to Work" and "Face in the Sky," Fox.

NOVARRO, RAMON: unmarried; born in Durango, Mexico, February 6. M-G-M star. Starred in "Son-Daughter." Working in "Men Must Fight."

OAKIE, JACK: unmarried; born in Sedalia, Mo., November 14. Paramount player. Featured in "Madison Square Garden," Paramount; "Uptown New York," Tiffany; "Sailor Be Good," RKO. Working in "From Hell to Heaven," Paramount.

OLIVER, EDNA MAY: divorced; born in Boston, Mass., January 12. Radio player. Featured in "Penguin Pool Murder" and "The Conquerors." Working in "The Great Jasper."

OSBORNE, VIVIANNE: unmarried; born in Des Moines, Iowa, December 10. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Men Are Such Fools," Radio; "Luxury Liner," Paramount; "Sailor Be Good," Radio. Next is "Why Pay Alimony?"

O'BRIEN, GEORGE: unmarried; born in San Francisco, Calif., September 1. Fox star. Starred in "The Golden West" and "Robber's Roost." Working in "Canyon Walls."

O'BRIEN, PAT: married to Eloise Taylor; born in New York City, September 1. Write him at Universal. Free lance. Featured in "Air Mail," "Laughter in Hell" and "Destination Unknown," Universal.

O'SULLIVAN, MAUREEN: unmarried; born in Dublin, Ireland, May 17. M-G-M player. Featured in "Payment Deferred," M-G-M; "Robber's Roost," Fox. Working in "Tarzan and His Mate," M-G-M.

PAGE, ANITA: unmarried; born in Flushing, N. Y., August 4. M-G-M player. Featured in "Prosperity," M-G-M; "Jungle Bride," Monogram. Working in "The Big Cage," Universal.

PALLETTE, EUGENE: divorced; born in Winfield, Kan., July 8. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Night Mayor," Columbia; "Wild Girl," Fox; "Half Naked Truth," RKO.

PICHEL, IRVING: married to Violette Wilson; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., June 24. Paramount player. Featured in "Strange Justice," Radio; "Wild Girl," Fox.

PICKFORD, MARY: married to Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.; born in Toronto, Canada, April 9. United Artists star. Working in "Secrets." Next is "Shanty Town."

PITTS, ZASU: divorced from Tom Gallery; born in Parsons, Kan., January 3. Hal Roach player. Featured in "Walking Down Broadway," Fox; "They Just Had to Get Married," Universal; "Sneak Easily," Hal Roach.

POWELL, RICHARD: divorced; born in Mt. View, Arkansas. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Blessed Event"; "Forty-Second Street." Next is "High Life."

POWELL, WILLIAM: married to Carole Lombard; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., July 29. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "Jewel Robbery"; "One Way Passage"; "Lawyer Man."

RAFT, GEORGE: unmarried; born in New York City, September 27. Paramount player. Featured in "Night After Night"; "If I Had a Million" and "Undercover Man." Next is "The Eagle and the Hawk" and "The Trumpet Blows."

RAYMOND, GENE: unmarried; born in New York City, August 13. Paramount player. Featured in "Night of June 13th," Paramount; "Red Dust," M-G-M; "Ex-Lady," Warners. Working in "Zoo in Budapest."

ROBINSON, EDWARD G.: married to Gladys Lloyd; born in Bucharest, Roumania, December 12. First National star. Starred in "Tiger Shark" and "Silver Dollar." Working in "Big Shot" and "The Little Giant."

ROGERS, CHARLES: unmarried; born in Olathe, Kan., August 13. Write him at M-G-M Studio. Free lance. Next is "Shanty Town," United Artists.

ROGERS, GINGER: divorced from Jack Pepper; born in Independence, Kan., July 16. Write her at First National. Free lance. Featured in "You Said a Mouthful," "Forty-Second Street" and "Scandal Street."

ROGERS, WILL: married; born in Okagah, Okla., November 4. Fox star. Starred in "Down to Earth"; "Too Busy to Work"; "State Fair." Next is "Arizona to Broadway."

RUB, CHRISTIAN: married; born in Passau, Bavaria, April 13. Free lance. Played in "Secrets of the French Police," Radio; "The Silver Dollar," First National. Next is "The Road to Heaven," Fox.

RUGGLES, CHARLES: married; born in Los Angeles, Calif., February 8. Paramount player. Featured in "Trouble in Paradise"; "Evenings for Sale"; "Madame Butterfly." Working in "Murder in the Zoo."

SALE, CHIC: married to Marie Bishop; born in Huron, S. D., August 25. Write him at Warner Bros. Free lance. Featured in "Stranger in Town," Warner Bros. Next is "Pals," Universal.

SCOTT, RANDOLPH: unmarried; born in Orange, Virginia, January 23. Paramount player. Featured in "Heritage of the Desert"; "Hot Saturday"; "Wild Horse Mesa" and "Hello Everybody." Working in "Murder in the Zoo."

STARRETT, CHARLES: married; born in Athol, Mass., March 28. Paramount player. Featured in "The Mask of Fu Manchú," M-G-M; "Jungle Bride," Monogram. Working in "Our Betters," Radio.

STONE, LEWIS: married to Hazel Wolf; born in Worcester, Mass., November 15. M-G-M player. Featured in "Divorce in the Family" and "Son-Daughter." Working in "The White Sister" and "Men Must Fight."

STUART, GLORIA: married; born in Santa Monica, Calif., January 21. Universal player. Featured in "The All American"; "Laughter in Hell"; "Private Jones." Working in "Sweepings," RKO, and "Kiss Before the Mirror," Universal.

SUMMERVILLE, SLIM: married; born in Albuquerque, N. M., July 10. Universal player. Featured in "Tom Brown of Culver," "Air Mail," "They Just Had to Get Married."

SWANSON, GLORIA: married to Michael Farmer; born in Chicago, Ill., March 27. United Artists star. Starred in "Tonight or Never"; "Perfect Understanding."

TALBOT, LYLE: unmarried; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., February 8. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "Blue Moon Murder Case," "The Sucker." Working in "She Had to Say Yes." Next is "The Silk Express."

TASHMAN, LILYAN: married to Edmund Lowe; born in New York City, October 25. Write her at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Those We Love," Tiffany; "Scarlet Dawn," First National. Working in "Style," Reliance.

TAYLOR, ESTELLE: divorced from Jack Dempsey, born in Wilmington, Del., May 20. Write her at United Artists. Free lance. Featured in "Western Limited," Monogram; "Call Her Savage," Fox.

TOBIN, GENEVIEVE: unmarried; born in New York City, November 29. Fox player. Featured in "Hollywood Speaks," Columbia; "Perfect Understanding," United Artists; "The Infernal Machine," Fox.

TODD, THELMA: married to Pasquale de Cicco; born in Lawrence, Mass., July 29. Hal Roach player. Featured in "Call Her Savage," Fox; "Air Hostess," Columbia. Working in "Sneak Easily," Hal Roach.

TOOMEY, REGIS: married to J. Kathryn Scott; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., August 13. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Whirlwind Wilson," Superior. Working in "State Trooper," Columbia. Working in "She Had to Say Yes," Warner Bros.

TRACY, LEE: unmarried; born in Atlanta, Ga., April 14. M-G-M player. Featured in "Washington Merry Go Round," Columbia; "The Half Naked Truth," RKO; "Private Jones," Universal. Working in "Clear All Wires," M-G-M. Next is "Gabby Joe."

TRACY, SPENCER: married to Louise Treadwell; born in Milwaukee, Wis., April 5. Fox player. Featured in "20,000 Years in Sing Sing," Warner Bros.; "Me and My Gal" and "Face in the Sky," Fox. Next is "A Modern Hero."

TWELVETREES, HELEN: married to Frank Woody; born in Brooklyn, N. Y., December 25. Paramount player. Featured in "Is My Face Red?," Radio; "Unashamed," M-G-M. Working in "Bedtime Story," Paramount.

VELEZ, LUPE: unmarried; born in San Luis Potosi, Mexico, July 18. Write her at Radio studio. Free lance. Featured in "The Half Naked Truth," Radio; "Hot Pepper," Fox.

WEST, MAE: unmarried; born in Brooklyn, New York, August 17. Paramount player. Featured in "Night After Night" and "She Done Him Wrong."

WEISSMULLER, JOHNNIE: divorced from Bobbé Arnst; born in Chicago, Ill., June 2. M-G-M player. Starred in "Tarzan the Ape Man." Working in "Tarzan and His Mate."

WHEELER, BERT: separated from Bernice Spear; born in Paterson, N. J., August 31. Write him at Radio studio. Free lance. Featured in "Hold 'Em Jail," Radio; "In the Jungle," Columbia; "So This Is Africa," Columbia.

WHITE, ALICE: unmarried; born in Paterson, N. J., August 28. First National player. Featured in "Employees' Entrance," "Picture Snatcher," Warner Bros.; "Luxury Liner," Paramount.

WILLIAM, WARREN: married; born in Aitken, Minn., December 2. Warner Bros. player. Featured in "The Match King," "Employees' Entrance"; "The Mind Reader."

WILSON, DOROTHY: unmarried; born in Minneapolis, Minn., November 14. Radio player. Featured in "Age of Consent"; "Men of America"; "Lucky Devils"; "Scarlet River." Working in "The Great Jasper."

WILSON, LOIS: unmarried; born in Pittsburgh, Pa., June 28. Write her at M-G-M. Free lance. Featured in "The Crash," First National; "The Devil Is Driving," Paramount. Working in "Obey the Law," Columbia.

WOOLSEY, ROBERT: married to Mignone Reed; born in Oakland, Calif., August 14. Write him at Radio studio. Free lance. Featured in "Hold 'Em Jail," Radio; "In the Jungle," Columbia; "So This Is Africa," Columbia.

WRAY, FAY: married to John Monk Saunders; born in Alberta, Canada, September 25. Write her at Radio studio. Free lance. Featured in "Dr. X" and "Wax Museum," Warner Bros.; "King Kong," Radio.

YOUNG, LORETTA: divorced from Grant Withers; born in Salt Lake City, Utah, January 6. First National star. Starred in "Employees' Entrance," "The Sucker," "Grand Slam," "She Had to Say Yes." Working in "Zoo in Budapest."

YOUNG, ROBERT: unmarried; born in Chicago, Ill., February 22. M-G-M player. Featured in "Strange Interlude" and "Unashamed," M-G-M; "Kid From Spain," United Artists.

YOUNG, ROLAND: married; born in London, Eng., November 11. Write him at Paramount. Free lance. Featured in "Hallelujah I'm a Bum," United Artists. Working in "A Lady's Profession," Paramount.

HERE ARE THEIR BIRTHDAYS FOR MARCH AND APRIL— Why Not Send Them a Birthday Greeting?

Jean Harlow	March 3
Edmund Lowe	March 3
Dorothy Mackaill	March 4
Rochelle Hudson	March 6
Guy Kibbee	March 6
George Brent	March 15
Conrad Nagel	March 16
Joan Crawford	March 23
Gloria Swanson	March 27
Warner Baxter	March 29
Wallace Beery	April 1
Bette Davis	April 5
Spencer Tracy	April 5
Walter Huston	April 6
Mary Pickford	April 9
George Arliss	April 10
Lee Tracy	April 14
Harold Lloyd	April 20
Leslie Howard	April 24
Charles Chaplin	April 26

SHANNON, PEGGY: separated from Allen Davis; born in New York City, January 10. Fox player. Featured in "Society Girl," "The Painted Woman" and "Blue Moon Murder Case."

SHEARER, NORMA: married to Irving Thalberg; born in Montreal, Can., August 10. M-G-M star. Starred in "Strange Interlude" and "Smilin' Through." Next is "La Tendresse."

SHERMAN, LOWELL: divorced from Helene Costello; born in New York City, October 11. Write him at Radio studio. Free lance. Featured in "What Price Hollywood," Radio. Starred in and directed "False Faces," World Wide.

SMITH, KATE: unmarried; born in Greenville, Virginia. Paramount player. Featured in "Hello Everybody!"

SIDNEY, SYLVIA: unmarried; born in New York City, August 8. Paramount player. Featured in "Merrily We Go To Hell"; "Madame Butterfly." Next is "Pick Up" and "Jennie Gerhardt."

SKIPWORTH, ALISON: unmarried; born in London, England, July 25. Paramount player. Featured in "He Learned About Women"; "Night After Night"; "Tonight Is Ours." Working in "A Lady's Profession."

STANWYCK, BARBARA: married to Frank Fay; born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 16. Warner Bros. star. Starred in "The Purchase Price," Warners; "The Bitter Tea of General Yen," Columbia; "Ladies They Talk About," Warners. Working in "Baby Face."

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CAVALCADE. Clive Brook and Diana Wynyard.
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